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Poetry.

SUCH WAS SHE, MY SISTER.

BY LOUISE M. ALCOTT.

A child her wayward pencil drew
On margins of her book
Garlands of flowers, dancing elves,
Birds, butterflies and brook.
Lessons undone and play forgot,
Seeking with hand and heart,
The teacher whom she learned to love
Before she knew 'twas art.

A maiden full of lofty dreams,
Slender and fair and tall
As were the goddesses she traced
Upon her chamber wall.
Still laboring with brush and tool,
Still seeking everywhere
Ideal beauty, grace and strength
In the divine despair.

A wife low sitting at his feet
To paint with tender skill
The hero of her early dreams,
Artist, but woman still.
Glad now to shut the world away,
Forgetting even Rome;
Content to be a household saint
Shrined in a peaceful home.

A mother, folding in her arms
The sweet supreme success,
Giving a life to win a life,
Dying that she might bless,
Grateful for joy unspeakable
In the brief, blissful past,
The picture of a baby face,
Her loveliest and last.

A fair Madonna, golden haired,
Whose soft eyes seem to brood
When the little child whose hand
Crowns her with womanhood.
Sainted by death, yet bound to earth
By its most tender ties,
For life has yielded up to her
Its sacred mysteries.

GOIN' TO MILL.

A. W. BELLAIR.

I set on the porch 'n I smoke my pipe,
Er I chaw terbacker a bit,
I'm old 'n I disremember a lot,
But thar's things I never fergit.
I think of the farm on Sycamore Crick,
The place whar my daddy was born,
Whar I went to mill on sway-backed Jim,
A-straddle a sack o' corn.

Thar wasn't no idle bone in my corpse,
Fer them was the days we worked.
The fields had many more stumps than stalks,
But I stood at the plow 'n got jerked.
Yit if ever you seed a red-headed boy
Feel gay, 'twas me some morn,
When I rode to mill on sway-backed Jim,
A-straddle a sack o' corn.

Thar wasn't no keer on my young head then—
On'y a' ole straw hat.
Whis'lin' I went ever' foot o' the road
Er whoopin', well, you mind that.
My heart was ez light ez my bar'-footed feet,
'N the leaves, 'n the birds o' morn,
How they sung ez I rode on sway-backed Jim,
A-straddle a sack o' corn.

I wanted no better a circus 'n that,
It war plenty enough fur me.
I could have rid on to the end o' the land,
'N a good waps over the sea.
I filled all the little naber boys
Chuck full o' envy and scorn,
When I rode to mill on sway-backed Jim
A-straddle a sack o' corn.

Sumtimes he moseyed a leetle too fas'
'N then we'd go to the yearth—
Me 'n the grist—fur no saddle had we,
'N neither stirrup er girth.
But that 'ud neber dry up the chune
O' that happiest rascal born,
That went to mill on sway-backed Jim,
A-straddle a sack o' corn.

Our Story Teller.

DICK ARVASKOUG.

An Episode in a Parisian Pension.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BLADE FROM THE FACTS OF AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.

BY

PAUL CHAPUIS.

SHE was tall, and graceful of figure, bright and attractive of face, strong and independent of mind, in short she was the best type of genuine American womanhood, and as such made a strong contrast to the half dozen girls of various nationalities who made up the family at No. ——, Rue Bassano.

It was the spring of '83 when the Misses Bence arrived in Paris, and after a week at the Hotel Splendide, sought more comfortable, and at the same time more inexpensive, quarters out the Champs Elysees, on the Rue Bassano.

Just a word as to the Misses Bence. The elder, a matronly looking woman of any age above forty, was the aunt of the younger Miss Bence, who was of any age under thirty.

The former, determined to see Europe before she died, and having an abundance of money wherewith to gratify that determination, easily persuaded the latter that she would make an excellent traveling companion for her "dear old auntie."

So the Misses Bence, Florence and her aunt, became a part of the coterie of boarders at Madame Michael's most excellent *pension*, as Auntie Bence soon fell into the way of calling it, although during the early days of her sojourn beneath its hospitable roof she referred to it in her homely way as a boarding house.

If the aunt failed to make an impression upon the minds of the susceptible young gentlemen boarders, the same cannot be said of Florence. Before she had been there a week, four of the fellows whom I smoked with after dinner, had boldly confessed that the fair American had completely captivated them, and that without her they could not live.

Knowing that but one could capture the prize and regretting the discomfort of three funerals I secretly hugged myself and settled back to watch the little comedy that was sure to follow, never dreaming that this first burst of confidence was but the ringing up of the curtain on a terrible tragedy.

Of the four young fellows who confessed their infatuation, my favorite was Dick Arvaskoug, certainly the handsomest specimen of physical manhood I had ever seen. He was a Swede, tall, broad shouldered and fair, with a face which lighted up with a smile that was fascination itself. It was that smile which won me, an old fellow of no matter how many years, who, having knocked about the world all his life, was not, as you may imagine, one easily satisfied with external appearances.

But Dick was a delightful young fellow, frank, open-hearted, of a cheery, sunny disposition that saw the bright side of everything. And why should he not laugh the happy hours away in this gay French capital? His father was attached to the court of Denmark, and Dick, on a princely allowance, was in Paris learning French mercantile life.

He must have been an ardent wooer, this Dick Arvaskoug, or else his manly beauty fascinated the young American as it did all who came within reach of its influence, for the first month had scarcely rolled around before Dick confided to me that Florence Bence had promised to be his wife.

The other three fellows did not commit suicide, but for a day or two consumed more than their usual allowance of absinthe, and at the end of a week had solaced themselves, one by heavy losses at baccarat, the other by a pretty, vaudeville artiste, and the third with a thin, gaunt English girl who had come to spend the summer at our pension.

Somehow it happened that Auntie Bence took a liking to me, perhaps on account of the similarity of tastes existing in people of our mature age, and as a result I made a convenient fourth, when Dick and Florence and Auntie B. made up a party to Versailles, or went boating, or as was most frequently the case, took an al fresco dinner in the Bois.

On these occasions Dick was a queer study to me. He was always in the most exhuberent, not to say boistrous, spirits, and once or twice took just a little more champagne than he should. He seemed passionately devoted to Florence, who like the noble girl she was, gave her whole soul to the man whose wife she had promised to be.

Beneath all of Dick's gaiety and mirthfulness, however, there was a something that I could not fathom.

It once occurred to me that possibly some dark-eyed grisette whom he had lavished flowers and bon bons upon during the days before he met his fate had reproached him for his fickleness and was vowing to make it unpleasant for him if he did not resume the joyous merry-making, theater-going, ball-attending days of yore.

When I suggested this to Dick, he laughed at me with all his old-time good nature, and swore that there was nothing of the kind. There were no previous attachments of any nature, Florence filled his whole heart, and he was unqualifiedly happy. "Why, Father Paul," he said. "we are to be married in the autumn. What more happiness can I want?"

Poor Dick had little idea, as he reveled in his joy what the autumn was to bring forth.

After the splendid fetes of the fourteenth of July, which that summer were unusually fine, Auntie Bence found that Paris was getting unendurably warm, and dull, and nothing would do but she must go to Switzerland. Of course Florence had to go, and of course Dick couldn't get away, and so there was an affectionate parting, with the promise of Dick's arranging matters to meet them on their arrival in London after they had "done" Switzerland and had gone by easy stages through Belgium and Holland, over to England.

It must be said to Dick's credit, that he was an examplary fiance. He wrote regularly every day, gave up bal masques, and was so wrapped up in his memories of Florence and their approaching happiness that he really never knew for a week who had taken the apartments vacated by the Misses Bence.

The rest of us knew it soon enough, I assure you, for Pepita Xertedes, with her great, lustrous black eyes, melting away with admiration and longing, had been unable to conceal from any one, save Dick himself, that she was madly, desperately in love with the manly, fair-haired Swede. Dick was wrapped up with his American love, and had eyes nor thoughts for any one else until one evening he happened into the drawing-room just as Pepita finished a Spanish love song. Her sister, a widow, accompanied her on the guitar, and it seemed to us as though the poor girl was singing out her very soul in ecstatic adoration to the one man in all the world whom she loved with the fierce intensity of a thorough Southron.

Dick stopped, spell-bound, on the threshold of the door, and then, as the passionate notes died away, he, with the rest of us, advanced to thank the Southern songbird for the treat she had given us.

In his usual impetuous fashion Dick took her hand in his, thanked her earnestly and begged that she would favor us again. I watched them carefully as he spoke and I saw the love light came into her eyes as their hands touched. A thrill passed through her, that sent the warm blood mantling to her cheeks, and her whole expression said as plainly as though written with letters of fire upon her every feature: "Oh Dick! Dick! I love you with my very soul."

Perhaps it was the song she sang at Dick's request, a soft languous air, full of subtle imagary that intoxicated one's very senses, or perhaps it was one of the caprices of the blind little God who goes around doing such damage with his fateful arrows, at any rate after that night Dick Arvaskoug was no longer himself.

His excitable northern nature seemed to have been bewitched by this beautiful Spanish girl, this syren who by the witchery of her voice and the magic of her glances had enslaved this great strong man. His letters to Florence became less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. He neglected his business and lavished time and money on the girl who had taken complete possession of him.

Remonstrance was of no avail. I told him in a fatherly way that he was not only ruining himself, but what was more, he would break the heart of the American girl whom he had promised to marry, and who, before many weeks now, would be expecting him in London.

To all this he had but one answer. "I love Pepita. She loves me, and we shall be married in spite of all."

This, "in spite of all," I afteward learned was the opposition of the sister who had bestowed Pepita's hand upon a cousin, who was shortly expected to join them in Paris.

But an obstacle of which Dick little dreamed was opposing itself to the union of Spain and Sweden as represented by Pepita Xertedes and Richard Arvaskoug. Auntie Bence fell ill at Geneva, and posted back to her well-beloved pension in Rue Bassano, to recover her strength before going further into Switzerland.

I was late to dinner the day the Misses Bence returned, and, as Florence was with her aunt, I did not know of their arrival until Dick pulled me into my room after dinner and, placing both his hands on my shoulder, said:

"What in the world am I to do. The Misses Bence came this afternoon—some one has told Pepita that Florence is an old sweetheart of mine—she is furious with me, and—and Florence has sent word asking why I haven't at least called to inquire after Auntie Bence's health. What shall I do? You must help me out of this, old fellow, or I am lost."

Before I could reply there was a knock at my door, and a servant said that Miss Bence presented her compliments to Mr. Arvaskoug, and would like to see him a moment.

Dick excused himself to me and followed the servant, and I quietly went after them.

Pepita was in the drawing-room and saw Dick and the servant go down the corridor in the direction of the apartments of the Misses Bence.

Quietly as a tigress she glided after them. When Dick entered the room and the servant withdrew she was at the door in an instant.

In a moment she heard Dick swearing to Florence that he had been ill and unable to write to her, that he loved her and her alone and was a true and loving fiance.

With a scream that brought us all from the drawing-room, Pepita dashed into that room and seizing Dick by one arm she placed herself in front of the horrified Florence and shrieked, "It's a lie. He loves you not. He is mine, mine, ah mine!!"

Poor Auntie Bence fainted, while Florence, drawing herself up to her full height, asked in her iciest tones:

"And, pray, whom may you be to come between me and my future husband?"

"Your future husband! That he shall never be! He is mine or he is no one's," and before we could move a hand the frenzied girl had plunged a keen stiletto deep into Dick's heart. Without a sound he sank, a lifeless mass, at the feet of the mad girl who had wrecked three lives.

"H..! stand back," she cried, brandishing the stiletto in front of her, as we recovered from our petrefaction and started forward. "He is mine, and mine alone, and I am going to him."

Turning, like a flash, to Florence, she exclaimed, "You shall never have him," and plunging the stiletto into her own bosom, she fell dead across the body of handsome Dick Arvaskoug.

Some Figures About Steady Drinking.

"How many drinks of whisky do you average a day?" said one gentleman to another, as they were enjoying a social glass at a resort on Cotton avenue yesterday afternoon.

"Oh, taking the year round, I presume my avearge would be about ten a day?"

"And how long has this been going on?"

"Straight along for twenty years, I guess; but it never hurt me any, and I can attend to my business just as well as I ever could."

"But how much whisky, taking your own statement for it, do you suppose you have drank during that time?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I never thought about that."

"Well, let us take another nip and then figure on it," and they did, and here is the result of their work:

"Ten drinks a day would be 70 drinks a week, or 2,640 drinks in a year. In twenty years that would give the enormous number of 72,800 drinks. Now, the average drink in this country is said to be 60 to a gallon. Then divide this 72,800 by 60, and you will find that you have consumed 1,213 fraction gallons. Now, there are supposed to be, on the average, 36 gallons to a barrel. Divide 1,213 by 36 and you find that you have drank just about 36 barrels of the stuff."—*American Recorder.*

MARK TWAIN'S DEBT RAISING.

He Describes a Novel Scheme to Raise Money for a Church.

"Did you ever hear how Mark Twain lifted a church debt?"

"No; I didn't know that that was in his line. When and how did he do it?"

"It was at the time the Rev. T. K. Beecher was building his large church at Elmira, where Mark was living at the time. He wrote up the plan on which Beecher was doing it. A church in a town on the Hudson River had a debt of $18,000, and the treasurer happened to come across the account of Mark's. At the next meeting of the church board he told the brethren of it. He said there was no telling whether it was told for a fact or as a joke, for he was always thought Mark was joking when he was telling the truth and serious when he was joking. At any rate he thought it was worth trying. So he sent out letters to every member of the church to send him by a certain date what he or she thought was his or her portion of the debt, giving as the Lord had prospered them, no matter how much or how little. They were asked not to give according as others might give, but to leave the matter entirely with their own conscience and with God. They were not to communicate the amount they gave to anybody except the pastor.

"The result was astonishing. Persons that had never given anything to the church responded promptly and generously. Parties that had always given grudgingly and meagerly gave astonishingly large sums. When the date fixed arrived the whole amount asked for was in the hands of the treasurer, and no one, except the treasurer, pastor and donor knew what anybody had given. The plan called the 'confidential subscription' plan was based on the true law of giving, and was a gratifying success. But it is not known to this day whether Mark Twain was in earnest or was joking when he wrote about debt raising."

The Artful Canvasser.

I went straight to the minister's house on reaching Sleepyville (said a canvasser for a religious weekly). Never think of going anywhere else first, my boy, if you are canvassing for a religious paper. The minister was a nice fellow, and I booked him early in the day. He pressed me to stay to supper. It was warm, the minister was entertaining, his quarters comfortable, so I stayed. After supper the minister had to go to prayer meeting. He asked me to go along. It was not my cue to refuse. I went.

After there had been some praying done and a hymn had been sung, the minister rose, and looking at me said: "We will now ask Brother ——," meaning me, "to lead in prayer."

I thought mighty quick for about ten seconds; my thinking flywheel flew around. It was a question of policy I was debating in that interval. Then I said: "For a reason which I shall be very glad to explain after the meeting is over, I must beg to be excused from leading the prayers."

The pastor accepted my declination very gracefully and called upon somebody else. After the meeting was over I went up to the minister and said: "The reason I did accept your kind invitation to lead in prayer was that I was afraid that my motives might be misunderstood. You see my business is to obtain subscriptions for a certain religious paper. If I had led in prayer some members of your congregation would have been sure to have suspected me of trying to advertise my papers in church. Neither I nor my employer would tolerate such a suspicion for a moment."

The minister was profuse in his praise of my straightforward motives. I think he must have said something about the matter to his congregation, for, with hardly an exception they subscribed for the paper.

Verily, virtue is its own reward.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Paying Dear for Her Curiosity.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord has been doing a part of the "season" here, and I have heard a funny story about her—not at all at her expense.

A well known lady correspondent called on the wife of a Representative and said: "I am dying to call on Mrs. Hicks-Lord and describe her apartments. But I don't know her and haven't anybody to introduce me. Now, if you will let me have that beautiful bit of embroidery on that table I will go on pretext of showing it to her and getting her to order one like it."

The bargain was struck.

The enterprising newspaper woman seized the attractive souvenir and made her way to Mrs. Lord, who received her pleasantly, even after she had announced her errand.

"This is lovely!" she exclaimed. "I should think you would stay at home and do as much as you could and sell it in the stores. How much does such a stand cover as this bring, for instance?"

"I sell these for $15," carelessly answered the scribe, casting furtive eyes about the room and taking an inventory of furniture and wardrobe.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the millionairess; "fifteen dollars! How cheap! Here's the money!" counting it out at once.

"O, dear, no! I can't sell this! This is already spoken for and promised. But I can make you another one like it," said the terrified visitor, reaching for the embroidery.

"I go home this very day," said Mrs. Lord, "and must have this. You can make Mrs. Whatsername another," and she calmly went and put it in her trunk and resumed her packing. The correspondent had not energy enough to recover the property, and when she reappeared before the obliging owner, she was grieved to hear: "O, well, it's nice to gratify your curiosity, but that embroidery cost me $84!"—*Washington Letter.*

Their Ages, and so Forth.

Gladstone is 78.

Meissonier, the painter, is 75.

Tennyson is 78. Pope Leo is 77.

Prof. Mommsen, the historian, is 70.

John Bright is 76. Robert Browning is 75.

Cardinal Newman is 86. Louis Kossuth is 85.

Neal Dow is 84. Ferdinand de Lesseps is 82.

David Dudley Field is 82. Bonamy Price is 80.

Cardinal Manning is 79. Hannibal Hamlin is 78.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is 78. Hamilton Fish is 79.

Admiral Porter is 73. Verdi, the composer, is 73.

P. T. Barnum is 77. James Freeman Clarke is 77.

Marshal Von Moltke is 87. Theodore D. Woolsey is 86.

George Ticknor Curtis is 75. Ex-President Jules Grevy is 74.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton at 72 is as much interested in this world as ever.

In the "Society Column."

Young Husband—"Clara, my dear, I wish that in sending in notices of your luncheons to the Sunday papers you would not speak of yourself as Mr. Henry Hustler, *nee* Van der Poel. I don't like it. Her husband's name should be sufficient for a wife."

Young wife (meekly)—"Well, Harry, how shall I put it?"

"Oh, say, 'Mrs. Henry Hustler, wife of that enterprising and successful real estate man, Henry Hustler, whose beautiful residence addition is now upon the market.'"—*Kansas City Times.*

A Limit to License.

He was judge of an Indiana county court, and in a New York barroom he called for whisky.

He filled a big glass to the brim, drank it off, and laid ten cents on the counter.

The barkeeper politely shoved the coin back to him.

"What's the matter?" demanded the Hoosier. "Don't you want my money?"

"No, thank you, judge; can't take it."

"I didn't know that my reputation had got this far away from home. Why can't you take my money?"

"We have no license for selling whisky at wholesale."—*Drake's Magazine.*

What Worried Mrs. Snaggs.

"I see," observed Mrs. Snaggs, "that the Sultan of Zanzibar left 27 widows."

"Yes," replied Snaggs, heartlessly, "he ripened a heavy crop of weeds very suddenly."

"That wasn't what I was thinking of. What I can't understand is how all those widows will get their thirds."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

RUM RAN LIKE WATER.

Thirsty Confederates Were Kept from Drinking it by Soldiers.

In April, 1865, I was on a short furlough. When I arrived at the depot I was informed that Gens. Cobb and Forrest were whipped out of Columbus, Ga., the day before, and that the Federal army was on its way to Andersonville, to liberate the Federal prisoners who were confined there, and would soon be in Macon. I was advised by my friends not to go down, as I would be captured. I remarked that I was due in Macon next morning, and that as I had never missed a roll call I would go down and see the thing out.

So I boarded the train with honest Billy Mitchell as engineer, and the Hon. W. A. Huff conductor. The train was a little behind time, and on arriving at Barnesville we were twenty minutes behind. The train from Thomaston had arrived with the Confederate officers, who were fleeing from the fights of the day before at Columbus. But they were in so much haste they did not wait for us. Gen. Howell Cobb and and staff, consisting of about eight or ten men, had left on foot, going toward Macon. We run about two or three miles and overtook them, counting crossties with their gripsack in hand. The whistle blew and the train stopped. Capt. Huff got out and laughed at them and took them aboard, greatly to their satisfaction. They had left word at Thomaston for their horses and baggage to follow on after them to Macon. The horses had arrived at Barnesville when we got there, showing that they had made time from Thomaston. Nothing unusual happened before arriving at Macon.

After leaving the depot I went up to Second street, when the Confederate government kept their liquors, and there I saw what but few people ever see—liquors poured out on the ground until it ran down the street ankle deep. I leared that it was emptied out to keep the Federal army from capturing it.

There were a good many dry fellows (?) around, some with cups and others with dippers, but not a drop did they get, for it was guarded with soldiers with fixed bayonets until it was swallowed up by mother earth.—*Griffin (Ga.) Sun.*

THE COMIC SIDE.

With regard to sparking over the front gate, a good deal can be said on both sides. —*Texas Siftings.*

A Boston policeman shot a somnambulist the other night who was running in the street—a new form of rapid trance hit.—*Texas Siftings.*

A girl in Boston took poison about two weeks ago. Later she opened a vein in her arm, and on Sunday she jumped into the Charles river. Her friends begin to fear that she meditates suicide. — *Pittsburg Chronicle.*

We notice that Sayyid Barghash has recently died in Zanzibar. We had nothing against Mr. Barghash, but always thought that the only thing that prevented his becoming a great man was the last half of his name.—*Rochester Express.*

Jeweller (to young man exchanging a ring for cuff buttons)—Didn't the young lady like like the ring, sir?

Young Man (mournfully)—She didn't have a chance. It struck me that a $10 ring was too expensive for a mere sister-to-you sort of girl.—*Epoch.*

Smith—By the way, Bluff, how about that ten-dollar bill you were to leave at the office for me to day?

Bluff (impatiently)—Oh, that's neither here nor there.

Smith—Exactly what I expected.—*Tid-Bits.*

Countryman (in museum)—Did that stick belong to George Washington, mister?"

Explanatory official (impressively)—No, sir; that is the cane that killed Abel.

Countryman—Gosh, ye don't say so!—*Epoch.*

Rev. Dr. Dix, of Trinity, New York, charges that men who frequent theaters are in the habit of flirting with actresses behind the scenes. That might have been the case once, but it isn't now. Times have changed, Doctor, since you were a young man running around.—*Texas Siftings.*

Society Dame—Who is that young man who is so attentive to you now?

Great Belle—He is a poet.

Mercy on us! And do you, the proud daughter of a hundred millionaires, propose to throw yourself on a poor, miserable, starveling of a poet?

Oh, he isn't that kind of a poet. He writes soap advertisements.

My own, own daughter, after all. Ask him to dinner.—*Omaha World.*

How the Father Was Placated.

A friend of mine related to me his experience in reconciling a testy old fellow to the marriage engagement of his favorite daughter. My informant being a discreet and benevolent character, and intimate with all the persons concerned, was persuaded by the young people to intercede on their behalf. He undertook the task with no little hesitation, and the reception which his overtures met was not calculated to raise any hopes. He began by representing to paterfamilias the exceeding cleverness of his would-be son-in-law and the brilliant future which certainly lies before. This, however, produced not the least effect, and he succeeded no better when he fell back upon the young man's fine moral qualities and solid worth. At last the potential father-in-law exclaimed: "Now, ——, you have told me a lot of stuff in praise of this fellow who wants to marry my daughter—be honest, and say what there is to be said against him."

Being thus taken in flank, as it were, the family friend, a ridiculously conscientious person, admitted, with some hesitation, that the matrimonial aspirant is rather unpopular, that his manners are not pleasant, that he is supposed to be sullen at times, etc., etc. "Hum!" said the old gentleman, pricking up his ears, "has he many friends?" "No," the go-between confessed, "I am afraid not." "Well," the stern parent declared, unbending at last, "I don't know but what Fanny can have him if she likes. He is evidently disagreeable enough, but, in my opinion, the kind of man you describe makes a pretty safe husband. Your jolly, popular men are always spending other people's money and devoting themselves to other people's wives. Fanny is a sensible girl, and if she wants to marry this young fellow I won't stand in the way."

A Ridiculous Mother Properly Rebuked.

A mother writes to the Pittsburg *Dispatch:*

"Some days before last Christmas I had been reading Dr. Hall's suggestions as to the mistaken policy of teaching children to think more of SantaClaus than of their God. What the reverend gentleman said on the subject impressed me a good deal at the time, and I thought I would set to work at once to dethrone Santa Claus in our nursery. So that afternoon I went up and played with Arthur and Ethel for an hour, until they were glad enough to climb on my lap and rest.

"Then I seized the chance to attack the patron saint of the children. At the first mention of Santa Claus they were all attention. But when I began to lead up to a denial of his existence, you should have seen the astonishment that was written on those little faces. There was a chorus of 'Oh, mamma,' and I felt like stopping right there.

"However, I felt that as I had begun the attempt I ought to carry it to a conclusion. So I said: 'Yes, my dears, I'm telling you the truth; there is no such person as Santa Claus at all.'

"There was a dead silence for awhile. Ethel was the first to speak. With tears in her blue eyes she said: 'Then there isnt' any God, either, mamma.'

"I dropped the discussion at once and never renewed it."

She Was Not Satisfied.

He had made his declaration of love, and it had been heard with a lowering of the fair head; with a blush on the soft cheek. But he could not help saying something to fill in, while he waited for her answer.

"When I say I have never loved till now," he said, "it is not an empty word. My lips have never touched the lips of any woman —except my mother's; my hand has never pressed a woman's hand; I do not dance, and my arm—"

A look of strange wonderment came over the beautiful face, and the deep eyes grew large as she listened.

"Is this true, George?" she asked, with hushed breath.

"It is," he answered, "it is literally true."

The look of wonderment merged into a glance of icy sternness as she rose to her full height and confronted him.

"Then, for heaven's sake, George," she said; "go somewhere and practice till you get a record."—*Puck.*

Our Serial Story.

JACK DUDLEY'S WIFE.

A NOVELETTE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

By MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," "Under the Rose," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

And we were to be married on Friday! What would Edna think when she knew—what would she say? I could not keep my promise to her; it was impossible. Dame Fortune had turned her wheel in my favor, and I believed that I was being drawn onwards by fate.

That I was simply a mere puppet in the hands of Mrs. Hargreave, a weak woman, with one foot in the grave—never once occurred to me.

I went to Coaltown, saw my employers, and informed them that family affairs necessitated my immediately relinquishing my clerkship. I offered no explanation. There was none demanded.

Probably they guessed by my manner that some good luck had come to me; at any rate they agreed to let me go. I was able to wind up my affairs in a few hours, handing over my stool and desk to a young fellow clerk, who, I well knew, was longing to step into my place.

Then, thanks to the handsome cheque given me by Mrs. Hargreave, I made some purchases—among them a wedding ring—ordered new clothes, various elegancies and luxuries, and returned to Glendale House that same evening.

It may be asked here, where was my pride? The only explanation I can make is that "Love was lord of all." Every other feeling had given way to it.

After a hurried dinner, I ordered a carriage to convey me to Langdale Grange. It was about three miles distant; the roads, being hilly, rendered progress difficult and slow.

The exterior of the old Elizabethan house was quite familiar to me, commanding as it did a magnificent view of hill, dale, and river; but to-night I entered its gates for the first time. A stately butler opened the door. The large low entrance hall was panelled with dark oak and hung with tapestry. Langdale Grange was picturesque in the extreme—rich, too, in historical associations—notably the rebellion of 1745. But, as these matters have nothing to do with my tale, it is more to the point to state that when I was shown over the house, Mrs. Hargreave again impressed upon me the fact of the property being entirely my own, and she consulted me with regard to the minutest details concerning it.

There seemed nothing humiliating in accepting the gift at her hands; I regarded her as a dying woman; I took it—as she herself had taken all the property of her dead husband—in trust for Georgie.

Yet why buy an estate in Northshire when she already possessed one in Leicestershire? I confess, this question occurred to me repeatedly, but, circumstanced as I was, I scarcely liked to put it into words. Georgie solved the mystery, however. She was speaking with enthusiasm of the scenery in Northshire, saying how much she preferred it to the tamer beauty of the South.

"But your old home in Leicestershire—you must show me that some day," I observed

"It is sold," she answered, curtly, and a kind of spasm shot across her face. "Why do you look surprised?" she inquired. "Do you suppose I ever wish to see it again, after——after——"

"After what?" I asked innocently enough.

"My father's dreadful death. I shall never go near the place again. Never! And, Jack——" she exclaimed excitedly, with that strange look in her eyes I had tried in vain to read—"don't speak of this again. If you do, I—shall cease to love you."

This threat was omnipotent. Besides, the place had passed, probably, into the hands of strangers. What interest could it now have for me?

My time and thoughts were fully occupied. It was on Monday that the wedding day had been fixed; the three intervening days I spent almost wholly at the Grange. But never once did I see Edna, nor was her name mentioned in my presence. Mrs. Hargreave had engaged a large staff of servants—Edna's duties probably had been lightened.

On Thursday evening I quitted the Grange earlier than usual in order to make arrangements for the marriage. I called on the vicar of the parish, obtained the license and appointed 10:30 the following morning for the ceremony, stating that I wished it to be conducted with the strictest privacy.

It was between 8 and 9 o'clock when I returned to Glendale house, and as I entered the portico the first snow of the season was beginning to fall heavily.

I went upstairs to the room I had always occupied. It was one of those called in the Glendale establishment a "French room," because it served the double purpose of sitting and bedroom; a thick Algerian curtain divided the apartment into two.

A cheerful fire was burning in the grate. I turned up the gas, lit a cigarette and sat down contemplatively in my easy chair.

A bachelor to-day, a married man tomorrow! I was not sorry to have these few hours to myself. Events seemed to have been rushing me on so fast, I had had literally no time for sober thought. My mind felt calmer, clearer than it had done of late. I reviewed my past life. It had been by no means that of a saint, but I saw little in the retrospect with which to reproach myself. In the midst of my self communing I began to think of Edna. Her image rose so vividly—so persistently—before my mind's eye that I resented it. I got up impatiently, flung away my cigarette, and I went to the table on which stood my writing desk. I opened it and took from a secret drawer—where I had placed it six years ago—the one only letter I had received from Edna Lynton. It consisted of but a few lines renouncing me and my love forever, assuring me her decision was unchangeable, and asking as the only favor I could render her, that I would refrain from writing her or making any attempt to see her. I answered her letter but that reply came back unopened. I made several attempts to see her, but in vain. At last, bitterly wounded in my love and pride, I did my best to forget her. How had I succeeded? Ah, how indeed! Even now, with that cruel letter before my eyes, I owned to myself that, deep and passionate as was my love for Georgie, there was none of the tenderness in it I had felt for Edna. I started, almost guiltily, as a knock came at the door.

"Come in," I cried, and crushed the letter in my hand.

A slight, girlish figure stood quite still for a moment within the door, then advanced slowly to the center of the room. I was too much surprised, I think, to speak. The appearance seemed almost supernatural; so in harmony was it with my thoughts. She came close to me before I could utter a word, and taking off her hat and veil, Edna herself looked up at me with her sweet shy smile. The light fell full on her up-turned face and on her ruffled auburn hair.

"Jack ——" She said tremulously.

"You are wet with snow. You are half-frozen, child!" I exclaimed, and, taking her unresisting hand, led her to the easy chair in front of the fire.

She leaned back wearily.

I knelt down, unfastened her cloak, pulled off the wet gloves and chafed the cold little hands in mine. Presently, with a sigh she raised her eyes, while a faint tinge of color returned to her wan face.

"It was for your sake, Jack," she said, but in tones so low and sweet, the words were scarcely audible.

"What, dear? What have you done for my sake?" I asked, still kneeling there and chafing soothingly the small fragile hands.

Ah! this was the Edna I had once known, whom only to know had been to love. She was her own sweet self again. But—what did it mean?

"I will tell you. I came here now to tell you; for I knew you would keep your promise, Jack. I was quite sure you would keep your promise! I went away on Tuesday. I am on my road back to the Grange now, but walked here from the station to see —— to speak with you ——"

"You have been away?"

"Yes. Did you not know? But perhaps you have not seen —— Miss Hargreave since Monday night?" she asked, a gleam of gladness illumining all her face.

"I did not know you had gone. I have been very much engaged," I answered vaguely.

She drew one hand away, and, stooping, picked up a crumpled letter from the floor. "That is my writing," she said, as she smoothed it out. "How strange that you should have been reading that—that—cruel letter now, to-night!"

"Why so?"

"Because—— O don't get up, Jack! I love to have you kneeling there. It is like the happy days of long ago. You don't hate me, Jack—I see it in your eyes —although I behaved so badly to you?"

"Nothing could make me hate you, Edna. But, tell me, what is it you have been doing for my sake?"

"Ah, presently; but not this very moment. I want to make a confession to you first. I—I have always loved you, loved you better than my life. It was your own father who made me write that letter renouncing you. That was in your prosperous days. But now—now all is quite changed. We are both poor—both dependent. We are equals. Tell me, tell me that you love me still!"

She leaned forward looking into my eyes. What she read there I can only guess.

"You do, Jack?" she whispered, thus forcing me to answer her.

"God pity and forgive me—yes!"

It seemed to me in those few moments all moral sense must have forsaken me.

"My God!" I cried, starting away from her a minute later. "I am a villain."

"You—my Jack—a villain?" She smiled; then rose and stood before me. "No, no, no! You are the dearest fellow in the world. You flirted with her just a little. Yes? Well, that is all over now. She will not mind a great deal, for I think, dear, she was flirting too. Ah, she cannot care for you as I do, Jack! It was because I wished to see you happy that I made an excuse and asked for two days' holiday, and went to—to Leicestershire. I wanted to be sure, in case you really loved her, that she was worthy of you; and Jack—believe me—she is *not!*"

"Hush, hush!" I cried, beside myself. "I tell you I am a villain—a base, dishonorable man. I can't bear that you should look at me with your sweet, true eyes. I broke the promise that I made you. I have sold myself—body and soul—to mammon!"

"You have been hurried into something?" she asked gently. "Tell me, Jack. Perhaps I can help you. A woman's wit—a loving woman's wit——"

"Hurried! I—I will cast the blame on no one. A man should be master of himself. I have been a fool, a dupe; a slave to passion and to vanity. Edna! I am to be—married to Georgie Hargreave tomorrow."

I dared not look at her while speaking the last few words, but when I had ended, knowing that she had not moved, I raised my eyes and saw that her face grew very white; presently she swayed, and would, I feared, have fallen. Involuntarily I put out my arm to save her, but she recoiled:

"Don't touch me, please," she murmured faintly. "I—I shall be better presently."

She caught hold of the mantelshelf with one hand as though to steady herself; the other she passed across her eyes, and then once more looked up at me. O! the tenderness and pity of that look.

"I must go now," she said sadly.

"Stay," I exclaimed, "you said she is not worthy. What did you mean?"

She put on her hat and veil. "I ordered a carriage to take me to Langdale Grange. Will you please inquire if it is ready?"

Her apparent calmness astounded me.

"Will you answer my question first?"

"I prefer to withdraw my words."

"Good heaven! And I am to marry a woman whom you ——*you*—— have called unworthy! By all you hold most sacred—by your love for me, and mine for you," I cried in my passionate selfishness, "I adjure you to tell me all you know."

She had moved toward the door while I was speaking, and, laying her hand upon the handle, opened it a little way. Then looking at me with imploring eyes, and a face that told too plainly the torture she endured:

"Think what you will of me," she said. "Deem me most vile for saying what I did. But, Jack——. O. Jack, believe it was untrue!"

She was gone before I could reply.

I hastened down the stairs after her, and across the hall, and was just in time to see her into the carriage that was waiting. Then I held out my hand, but she either did not or would not notice it.

"Good bye," said she simply.

I turned and re-entered the house. In doing so, I ran against Dr. Gascoigne. "Anything wrong, Dudley?" he asked, as I stood for a moment staring at him.

"What the deuce is that to you?" I exclaimed, roughly. "I beg your pardon, doctor, I've got put out a bit—that's all. Good night."

Half mad with conflicting emotions, I rushed up to my room, and walked the floor the whole of the livelong night.

CHAPTER X.

AN ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

My marriage morning dawned. Snow was falling heavily, the cold intense.

It had been arranged we were to leave for Edinburgh by the mid-day train. I packed my portmanteau and set off at the appointed time in the carriage that was to convey me to church.

An old man was sweeping the snow away from the church porch as I alighted; and the clerk apparently on the look out, conducted me up the aisle and left me standing at the altar rails. He and a woman who was dusting the pews were to be the sole witnesses to our marriage.

The building felt chill and vault-like, and the time I waited seemed interminable. More than once the vicar, opening the vestry door, looked at me and glanced anxiously down the church. He invited me to go in beside the fire, but I declined. Every minute my anxiety increased. I consulted my watch for the twentieth time; it was more than half-past eleven, and the hour appointed was half-past ten.

Supposing after all an unlooked for accident should delay the marriage!

Shortly after this idea suggested itself, Mrs. and Miss Hargreave entered the church, and the moment they did so, I knew there was something wrong, and went down the aisle to meet them.

"Mother only had one of her fainting fits," Georgie whispered, looking radiant and happy, as though she had not a care in the world. Mrs. Hargreave was deadly pale; a pink spot burned on either cheek.

"Never mind," she gasped; "I am well enough——"

We took our places according to the vicar's directions, and the service began at once.

Strange to say, my attention was much more fixed on Mrs. Hargreave than on the bride, who, in point of fact, seemed quite unconscious of her mother's appearance. The clergyman, I was sure, remarked it; as to myself knowing what I did, I could not divest my mind of the idea that but for sheer force of will she would have expired there and then. The thought made me nervous. I was conscious my hand trembled as I laid the ring on the book—it shook perceptibly when I had to place the ring on Georgie's finger.

She looked at me in surprise, and smiled not a little scornfully.

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Scarcely were these words spoken than my worst fears became verified. With a sharp cry, succeeded by a low moan, Mrs. Hargreave fell forward against the rails.

"Mother, mother! Keep up a little longer. Oh remember all that is involved," cried Georgie, striving to raise Mrs. Hargreave in her arms.

"Take me home, take me home!" gasped the unfortunate creature.

"O, this is too, too dreadful! What is to be done? We are not married yet!" exclaimed Georgie, wringing her hands.

The vicar, who was now assisting me to raise the prostrate figure, looked up curiously.

"You are duly married, Mrs. Dudley. You have but to give your signatures. I fear this poor lady is seriously ill, and in that case it will be best to take her home at once. The rest of the service, under such circumstances, were best dispensed with."

Georgie thanked him warmly. We got Mrs. Hargreave to the vestry, but she was unconscious. Not a minute was lost in signing the register. She was then conveyed to the carriage, and placed in it, Georgie supporting the poor white face upon her shoulder. But before getting in myself I directed the man who had brought me to church to go and fetch Dr. Gascoigne at once to Langdale Grange.

What a journey that was through the drifting snow; the driver all the while flogging his horses to their utmost speed—the bride and bridegroom supporting between them the insensible woman, on whose worn features death had but too surely set seal; but Georgie failed to read the his signs.

"We can scarcely go to Edinburgh today, unless mother is a great deal better," she remarked questioningly.

"Scarcely," I assented with considerable bitterness.

I was only beginning to realize fully my position. It flashed on me quite suddenly that the hour I had so ardently desired had arrived—that the beautiful girl beside me was my wife, and all the passionate love which the night before had wavered in the balance now reasserted itself with tenfold force.

I clasped my darling's hand and only looked the thoughts that in that presence I felt I dared not utter.

On arriving at the Grange it was evident enough the secret of our marriage had transpired. The door stood open; a crowd of excited, eager servants were assembled in the hall.

I was about to lift Mrs. Hargreave from the carriage, when Edna Lynton, running forward, whispered in my ear: "I sent for Dr. Gascoigne, fearing this. He is here."

Gascoigne appeared at the same moment, and, disdaining help, bore the poor lady in his strong arms to the nearest sitting room, and laid her on a couch, then ordered all to quit the room save me, my wife, and Edna.

One person, however, forbidden, lingered —a tall, masculine looking woman, dressed in stiff black silk, a bunch of keys at her side.

"Aa'm the housekeeper, Mistress Armstrong," she said in assertion of her right to remain, and the doctor intimated that she might do so.

"There is nothing to be done," said Gascoigne presently, facing round upon us, "nothing. She could not have lived many days in any case."

"Is she ——?" I asked.

He nodded.

But Georgie was inconsolable. She flung herself upon the floor before the dead woman, in the wildest abandonment of grief. The words she spoke were scarcely audible through her sobs. This ebullition of sorrow was the more distressing to me because I, the newly made husband, found myself totally incapable of affording consolation. Georgie refused to listen to my words of endearment. When I touched her she repulsed me angrily.

Presently she rose and throwing back her hair, which had fallen in disordered masses about her shoulders, she called imperiously to Edna: "Bring my dear mother's Bible—the book she loved so well." And, on the girl returning, she seized it from her, and kissing it frantically, exclaimed:

"Here, in the presence of the dear mother who lived and died for me, I swear —I swear to lead the life she would have me lead. O God, help me to be faithful to——"

But Dr. Gascoigne was at her side in an instant.

"Stay! Say nothing you nothing you may afterwards regret. Be calm."

The words, though spoken in a low, eager whisper, were distinctly audible to me. The authoritative tone displeased me. I was not surprised that it should be resented.

My wife's eyes flashed fire as she turned to him.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" she cried. "What have you to do with my oath? *That* is between my poor dead mother, myself, and—God. What right have you to interfere? None. I am married now. My husband will protect me. When I want your aid I'll ask for it."

She was quivering with indignant rage, and turned to me now, clinging convulsively to my arm. They were strange words surely; but then my darling was excitable and highly wrought. Had she not always been so from the first of my knowing her?

I looked at Gascoigne. A slight flush had risen to his face. He bowed his head.

"When that day comes," said he, very quietly and a little sadly, "You will find me ready."

With that he turned and left the room.

I made a movement as though to follow him, but Georgie held me back.

"Don't. O, don't speak to that man again. I hate—I loathe the sight of him." Then, once more falling on her knees before Mrs. Hargreave, she seemed to forget all else in sorrow for her loss.

I had to beg Edna to add her entreaties to mine before I was able to prevail upon my wife to leave the room.

The housekeeper followed us to the door.

"Eh, let her greet," said the woman with her strong Northshire burr. "Ye mun dree yor weird." And she went on to say what but sorrow could be expected for a Friday's wedding.

It was not until the ancient North-Country dame thus spoke of it that I remembered Friday was reckoned an unlucky day to marry on!

CHAPTER XI.

GEORGIE PUZZLES ME.

The blinds were closely drawn at Langdale Grange, shutting out the whitened wintry landscape. The inmates moved about with solemn faces and hushed voices, for, in one of the upstairs' rooms that had been set apart for her to live in, lay Mrs. Hargreave—dead.

Amid such surroundings my bride and I began what under ordinary circumstances would have been called our honeymoon.

The funeral arrangements were made, at my request, by Mr. Dod, of Wexham, the lawyer whom Mrs. Hargreave had employed to draw up her will, and when we returned from the cemetery on Monday morning he referred to the fact for the first time. With a smile which I was afterwards better able to interpret, he placed the document in my hand.

Although my life of late had seemed made up of surprises, I must own that the contents of that will staggered me. With the exception of two or three legacies in furtherance of certain religious movements in which Mrs Hargreave appeared to have been interested, the whole of her real and personal estate was bequeathed to —me!

"How like poor mother!" exclaimed Georgie, when, on the lawyer's departure, I gave her the will to read. "She said I must never marry a poor man, so you see she has made you rich."

And that was how she took it—she who, for the second time, as it seemed to me, had been defrauded of her rights—my beautiful, unselfish, noble-minded wife! Never had I loved her more truly than at that moment, and when the lawyer was gone, and we were alone, I told her so. But somehow she did not seem to comprehend. Of what use to her, she asked, were money and land? "Mother gave me to you, Jack—me for whom alone she cared to live. Why, then, are you so much surprised that she should also trust you with what she called 'mere dross?'" Then, before I could answer, changing the subject with a suddenness not unusual with her, but to which I had scarcely yet become accustomed: "Jack," she said, "I have not consulted you about Edna, but of course you could have no objections to any arrangements I might make?"

"She has left. You want a new maid?" I asked innocently enough; for, not having seen Edna since my marriage morning, I naturally enough concluded she had gone —that we should probably never meet again—while a feeling I had preferred not to analyse told me this would be the best for both of us.

"Edna left?" echoed Georgie smilingly. "On the contrary, she has promised never to go away unless I wish it. Mother took a great fancy for Edna, and spoke to her very seriously on the morning of her death; the result was that Edna agreed to remain with me as a companion—a friend. Of course she must be paid more than if she were my maid, but that is easily arranged."

This announcement petrified me. Edna in the house still—consenting to remain? It seemed incredible!

"Engage a new maid, Georgie, by all means," I said, "but I decidedly object to this plan of—a companion."

"Why?"

"What can you want with one? You have me, your husband."

"You may as well say at once that you hate Edna Lynton, for it is my belief you do," she answered hotly. "And, if you do, you must tell me why."

I felt myself color beneath her penetrating gaze; but her words offered a loophole for escape. I seized it eagerly, and asked:

"Is it not natural I should hate anything or anybody that comes between myself and you?"

"You absurd boy!" she cried, laughing. "If you are jealous of a girl, what will you be——"

"Stay!" I exclaimed. "This is no jesting matter," and taking her hands in mine, I continued: "You know that I adore you, Georgie; that I am your slave. Still, a slave may beg a favor of his mistress; aye, and she may grant it, too. Will you give up this scheme of keeping Edna Lynton? Pay her an annuity—as handsome a one as you like—but will you let her go?"

"You are prejudiced against her."

"That is not to the point. Georgie, darling, I ask you as a favor—to please me—just to please me—say that you will let her go?"

For an instant only she appeared to waver; the next, she drew away her hands and, with flushed face and flashing eyes, stepped back.

"No!" she asserted proudly. "I will not consent to part with Edna Lynton for any whim or reason that you can urge—and I know I am acting right! I am simply obeying my dear mother's wishes, and it strikes me that you are the last who should object to the carrying out of any request of hers. You need never see Edna. She will occupy the apartments that were mother's. She will continue to take her meals with Mrs. Armstrong. Remain she —shall."

"Then there's an end of it," I interrupted, "and for God's sake don't let us wrangle. What say you to be off to Paris, Rome, or where you will"—I continued desperately—"to spend our honeymoon?"

"Oh!" she cried, enraptured, "it will be heavenly. When shall we set off? Tomorrow?"

I nodded, smiling; well pleased at the transformation these few words had wrought in her. "Would time ever change, or custom stale, her infinite variety?" Another reference to Cleopatra! Why was I so continually drawing parallels between Georgia and Egypt's beauteous Queen?

"We can leave here by the earliest train," she went on rapidly. "In passing through London we can engage a courier, and—let me see—a *French* maid. I know where to apply. Ah, what a happy time I mean to have! I shall not even take Edna. *This* time I will be free!"

She broke off suddenly; her eyes filled with tears. "Poor mother," she said, brokenly. "I did not mean ——." Then, throwing herself into my arms, "I will make you a good wife, Jack," she whispered fervently.

"My beautiful darling! As though I ever for a moment doubted it."

Of those weeks spent abroad, I will not —I cannot—write in full. Never previously had I been, what I may term, so recklessly happy, never since have I felt so free from care.

We remained only a few days—a week at most—in any one place. Georgie revelled in the life of movement and perpetual change. She was happy. I believe now it must have been her happiness that reflected itself in me.

The third week in January we passed through London, dismissing courier and maid; and late one night we reached our North-Country home. How vividly I recall the impressions of that night, the first moments of my entering Langdale Grange.

The warmth, the lights, the mellow coloring, the atmosphere of truly English comfort that pervaded the old Grange delighted me. Besides, the place was mine. Surely it was not an unpardonable pride that caused me to rejoice in this sense of possession.

My wife had been very still and silent during the latter part of the journey. I turned to her now, and out of the fulness of my heart I spoke. To her who was to be the presiding genius of this home, I pictured our future life of love, of mutual confidence, of quiet country pleasures—an idyllic life, it seemed to me.

But I broke off suddenly in the midst of my rhapsody, for I felt her shiver. Her face had paled and wore an impassive look; apparently she had not heard my words.

"My dearest Georgie, what is it? What has come over you?" I asked anxiously.

"Don't notice me," she said petulantly. "There is nothing the matter that I can explain. Only—I must see Edna Lynton at once—at once!"

Cut to the heart by her lack of sympathy, I rose and rang the bell. "Request Miss Lynton to come here," I said to the servant who appeared; and in a few seconds Edna came.

She looked inquiringly at both of us; a frightened, startled expression crossed her face as her eyes and Georgie's met. My wife ran to her, took her hands and, bending forward, whispered in her ear, kissing her warmly. Then turning round to me:

"It is late, Jack," she said. "You will, I am sure, excuse me. I want to be with Edna. Good night."

Amazement and anger for the moment struck me dumb. My next impulse was to protest fiercely against this extraordinary proceeding on my wife's part, but ultimately pride came to my aid. Speechless I strode to the door and held it open and waited while Edna appeared to be remonstrating in a low tone with my wife. It was useless, however, and both passed out together. As they did so Georgie's looks were averted, but I knew that Edna raised those soft imploring eyes of hers to mine. I would not meet their gaze, but took out my watch. It was past midnight.

I did not see my wife again till luncheon time next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Unfailing Sign of Spring.

There are many kinds of marbles. The highest priced ones are carnelians, which are from 5 cents up to $1 and $2. Next come those made of flint, which cost from 3 to 25 cents. The "agates" are next in value and are made of glass, striped inside. These and the "brandies," also made of glass, but all of one color with little white specks in them, are sold for about two or three for a cent. The "chinas," as they are called, are next on the list. They are made of clay and glazed over, with bands painted on them. The alleys are next. They are made of pure clay only and are sold at the rate of fifteen for a cent. The "mibs" are next and last on the list. They are something like the alleys, only they are painted a dark red or green. The terms used in marble-playing are many and varied. The following are some of them: "Fen" means that the one that is shooting can't touch any marble in the ring, or if he is inside of the ring he he can't move his position. "Stakes" or "bait" means the number of marbles a player puts in the ring to begin with. "Dobs" means that if the player knocks out more than his stakes with one shot he cannot take them all. "Knuckle down screw bony" signifies that the player should put his knuckles tight to the ground to shoot.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Cigar Had to Go.

Governor Smith (now Judge Smith) says that upon a certain occasion while he was in Washington he sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. Presently he was tapped on the shoulder by an Irish doorkeeper, who said, "No smoking allowed in here." "Yes," replied the Governor, "I am not smoking; I am only holding the cigar in my mouth. You don't object to a gentleman's putting tobacco in his mouth in here, do you?" "Well," replied the officer, "the members below will see yez with a cigar in yer mouth and will think ye are smoking." "What," said the Governor, "do you mean to tell me that such an intelligent body of men cannot tell whether this cigar is lighted or not?" "O, h—l," said the officer, "I can never vouch for the intelligence of those men. Put up your cigar."—*Talbotton (Ga.) Era.*

A Calla Gone to Seed.

The botanical department of Cornell at Ithaca, has just succeeded in performing a very difficult and unheard-of feat in floriculture. One of the senior students while making a special study of the class of plants to which the calla belongs, determined to attempt to produce seed from it. He succeeded in two instances, and visitors at the conservatories can now see the rare spectacle of a calla "going to seed." This seed will be grown and novelties in the line of lilies are expected to be produced. The department has also some very rare specimens of the banana, fig, pineapple, mango, vanilla and coffee plant

Recent Literature.

BOOKS OF ALL KINDS.

Britons and Muscovites—Chips from a Teacher's Workshop—Classics for Home and School—Picked Up in the Street—William the Conqueror—The History of Protective Tariff Laws—Early Days of Mormonism—Pamphlets.

"Britons and Muscovites, or Traits of Two Empires," by Curtis Guild, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The author has already given to the public two volumes of his experiences abroad. This one begins with England, and the reader is taken to many picturesque old ruins and historic points of great interest. A considerable space is devoted to English hotel management, which is entirely different from the American. A descriptive sketch is given of the journey to Russia, and results of the author's observations in the cities there. His object seems to have been not only to entertain but to make his book of real service to the traveling public.

From the same publishers comes "Chips from a Teacher's Workshop," by L. R. Klemm. Many of the articles which make up the volume have appeared in leading educational journals, and have been collected here in book form because of their practical value. The object of these "Chips" was to arouse some enthusiasm in the hearts of teachers. There are some rather severe criticisms upon prevailing methods, written, however, with a purpose the author says. The whole subject is discussed from the standpoint of an earnest, honest, enthusiastic instructor of youth, who has ideas of his own with regard to education and does not hesitate to express them emphatically.

Among the "Classics for Home and School" a series published by Lee & Shepard is "The Flower People," by Mrs. Horace Mann, which has already made a place for itself in the hearts of the young, by its beautiful stories of the flowers that are made to seem like living, sentient beings. Another is "A Kiss for a Blow," by H. C. Wright. This is made up of a number of little stories written for the purpose of inculcating the principles of peace. They are both interesting and helpful.

In the series of "English Literature for Young People," comes "First Steps with American and British Authors," by Albert F. Blaisdell. It is intended to serve as a basis of a regular course of study in English literature. For a year, at least, the author says, no other book is necessary, but the student will have an excellent beginning for a thorough study in later years. This book is also published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"Picked Up in the Street" is a romance from the German by H. C. Schobert. To add that it is translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister is to insure it a hearty welcome, as she has a way of putting life into anything which she changes into English. The present story is, however, of itself most excellent and interesting. The scenes of the opening chapter are laid in Paris, and, in fact, the first half of the book, and then the story finds its end in Russia. It is well written, and holds the reader well to the end.

From Macmillan & Co., New York, comes "William the Conqueror," by Edward A. Freeman. It is the first of a series of "Twelve English Statesmen," and gives the written portrait of a man who exerted such a great influence upon the history of England. He is treated of here as an English statesman, whose personal character and will had so large an effect upon the laws and constitution of that country. If the rest of the series are as good as this, it will find great favor.

"The History of Protective Tariff Laws," by R. W. Thompson, will be likely to find many readers at the present time when every question in regard to the tariff is of so great importance. It does not pretend to bring out any new facts, but simply to put into a form convenient and easy of access all of the general aspect of the subject. It is entirely non-partisan aiming only to place the opposing principles of protection and free trade before all readers in a way to enable them to decide intelligently between them. The object of every citizen should be to have this question disposed of in the way to best promote the interests of the country, and the present volume is written to promote that end. It is published by R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago.

"Early Days of Mormonism, Palmyra, Kirtland, and Nauvoo," is a book written by J. H. Kennedy, the editor of the *Magazine of Western History*, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It purports to be a plain, concise, and unbiased history of the early days of the Mormon church, of the "inception and growth of that remarkable body of misleading and misled men, from the birth of Joseph Smith to his tragic death in Carthage jail. The author has been for years collecting the material for this narrative. Personal interviews with those familiar with the events of that time have been had, old, musty records have been searched and files of newspapers of that day been examined. The result is a volume of great interest, showing how curiously the leader of this movement controlled his followers.

"The Government Year Book" published by White & Allen, New York, is a record of the forms and methods of government in Great Britain, her colonies and foreign countries in the present year of 1888. It has also an introduction on the diffusion of popular government over the surface of the globe, and on the nature and extent of international jurisdiction. To this is added a brief review of the chief occurrences affecting national and international government in 1887. The editor of this work is Lewis Sargeant, who is already known by works of a character which would give him a preparation to do this now under consideration in a thoroughly intelligent manner.

The character of Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages" is too well understood to need more than a passing remark with the announcement of a new edition such as now comes from John B. Alden, New York. It is complete in four volumes, small quarto, and finely illustrated. The first volume treats of France and the Feudal System; the second of Italy, Spain, Germany and Greece; the third, Constitutional History of England, and the fourth of Society and the Ecclesiastical Power. They also appear in two volumes in half morocco with marbled edges. The set of four are sold for $1.75; of two for $2.50. The type is excellent, and the low price will render the edition popular with schools.

Mr. Wm. R. Jenkins, of New York, has determined upon issuing a uniform edition of all of Victor Hugo's novels, and "Quatre-vingt treize," printed in one volume, forms the second work in the series. While, possibly, not so popular with general readers as "Notre Dame de Paris," it presents the characteristics of Hugo's genius in its most picturesque aspect in the vivid depiction of turbulent events, in the deification of heroic manhood, and in the demonstration of the romantic attributes which, to him, formed a component part of every character, every event. As the story is considered one of the finest specimens of his literary genius and style, and as it is entirely unobjectionable in its narration, it will undoubtedly prove of great value to students as well as of interest to general readers. It is put forth in similar typography and binding to "Les Miserables." Paper, $1.

Erckmann-Chatrian's very amusing comedy of "L'Ami Fritz," with annotations in English by Prof. Alfred Hennequin, of the University of Michigan, has been added to the series of Theatre Contemporain published by Wm. R. Jenkins. New York. Price, 25 cents.

A new edition of Rand, McNally & Co.'s "Overland Guide to California, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas," by James W. Steele, has just been issued in a pretty illustrated pamphlet form in good, clear print upon fine paper. The traveler through those regions will find it of great assistance. Price 75 cents in paper.

The "Alcohol Question" is a little brochure of a translation by Mrs. Mary B. Willard of a lecture by Prof. G. Burge, of Switzerland, containing some potent facts in regard to this most important matter

Great Injury to Health!

The great danger in the traffic in adulterated food arises from the deception that is practised by manufacturers usually classing such goods as pure. This is almost invariably done when the adulterant is one that is injurious to health. For instance, manufacturers of Ammonia, Alum or Lime Baking Powders not only fail to inform the public of the real character of their goods, but carefully conceal the fact that they are made from these poisonous articles. Most of these manufacturers also claim that their articles are absolutely pure. No consumer will buy Ammonia or Alum Baking Powders knowingly, for it is well understood that they are detrimental to health. The sale of Ammonia and Alum Baking Powders as pure and wholesome articles, is therefore, criminal.

The official analysts have recently been active in the pursuit of these dishonest articles. The Baking Powders of several states have been carefully and critically examined. The officials are surprised at the large amounts of Ammonia, Lime and Alum goods found.

It is a suggestive fact that DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER has been found, by the several State Commissioners, Government Chemists and efficient food analysts, to contain neither Ammonia, Lime or Alum. While the Royal Baking Powder was found to contain Ammonia and Lime in large quantities. The chief service of Ammonia is to cheapen the product; but, being a caustic of a powerful nature, it produces serious effects on the delicate membranes of the stomach, intestines and kidneys; more particularly of infants and children, and especially when the Ammonia is taken into the system day after day, and with almost every meal. This is said by physicians to be one of the causes of indigestion, dyspepsia, and those painful diseases of the kidneys, now so prevalent.

Adulteration with Ammonia is quite as much to be dreaded as with Alum, which has always received the most emphatic condemnation from food analysts, physicians and chemists.

To determine the purity of any Baking Powder, make this simple test: Mix in a tin cup two heaping teaspoonfuls of the powder with three teaspoonfuls of cold water, place it over the fire, stirring constantly, allow it to boil thoroughly, or until the gas escapes freely; then smell. If adulterated, that unspeakable odor, proving the source of Ammonia, will be plainly detected. The presence of Ammonia in most cases, indicates that Alum is used, as nearly all the Alum of commerce contains Ammonia. Pure Baking Powder will not give the faintest Ammoniacal odor.

A BAKING POWDER CONTAINING THE DISGUSTING DRUG AMMONIA, IS NOT FIT FOR USE BY ANY MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD WHO VALUES CLEANLY DIET AND GOOD HEALTH.

We would advise all housekeepers to use Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, which is free from all drug taints and the most perfect made.

which everybody should read. It is published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, of Chicago.

In Lippincott's series of Select Novels comes "A Life's Mistake," a novel by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, author of "Nera Nevill," "Pure Gold," etc. The story is a good one, without being sensational. Paper cover, 25 cents.

Literary Notes.

Gen. Phil Sheridan's book on the civil war is promised for October.

Jefferson Davis expects to have his new book on the war ready for publication by next fall.

The *Critic* prints for the first time a little letter from Thackeray, now owned by Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Frank R. Stockton is said to be at work upon a story longer than any he has yet written.

The New England Publishing Company has just issued "A Memorial of the Life and Services of J. D. Philbrick," edited by Larkin Dunton.

"The Spell of Ashtaroth" is the title of a novel which the Scribners are about to publish. Joshua is one of the Biblical characters introduced.

George Macdonald, the novelist and poet, who is nearly 64 years of age, is now living in Bordighera, an Italian town near the French frontier.

Macmillan & Co. will soon issue 50 cent paper editions of F. Marion Crawford's successful and remarkable novels, "Mr. Isaacs" and "Marzio's Crucifix."

Mrs. Helen Campbell, the author of "Prisoners of Poverty," is in London investigating the condition of the workingwomen. The results of her work will be embodied in a book.

Three new partners have just been admitted to the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They are Thurlow Weed Barnes, James Murray Kay, and H. O. Houghton, jr. Mr. Barnes is a grandson of Thurlow Weed.

A translation of "Life," Tolstoi's latest work, is to be published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. The book was suppressed in Russia pending an investigation by the censor of its religious doctrines.

Alden's *Library Magazine* for April is a good one. Among its contents are Minister Phelps's article on the United States Constitution, Huxley's on "The Struggle for Existence," and the *Contemporary Review* essay on "Islam and Christianity in India."

Funk & Wagnalls have just ready an edition of Rev. E. Paxton Hood's "The Throne of Eloquence," which was first issued in England in 1885 and had just been revised by the author before his death.

A defense of "trusts" is promised in the *Popular Science Monthly* for May. Mr. Appleton Morgan, in answering the question, "Is combination crime?" will argue for the combiners that combinations of capital and labor work, on the whole, for the general good.

Robert Louis Stevenson's paper in the May *Scribner* will be entitled "Gentlemen," a subject which he treats with fine feeling, and in its highest aspect. He illustrates it with an anecdote of Grant, apropos of which he says: "Grant went down to posterity not perhaps a fine gentleman, but a great one."

A. C. Armstrong & Son will publish April 21 a novel of New Orleans life, for which they anticipate an unusually large sale. The story by Miss Grace King, a native of that city, is entitled "Monsieur Motte," and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has pronounced it a strong and tender story of interior Creole life.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, who represents the old type of southern story writers, has written a new novel. She lives in Mobile, Ala., in a house built with the proceeds of her literary work twenty years ago. Her library and conservatories are her chief sources of pleasure. Her collection of geraniums is very large—equal to her output of fiction.

New editions of "What Shall Make Us Whole?" and "Stray Leaves from Newport," published by Cupples & Hurd, will be ready Saturday, April 14. The first editions of these two books were exhausted immediately upon publication.

Don't Read This

If you have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but if you have not, write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All is new. Capital not required. Hallett & Co. will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

How a Financial Dude Got Even With a Money Slinger.

A young man, whose neck is like Cleveland's, and who has a deposit in a downtown savings bank, called this morning and asked to withdraw a single dollar of his hard-earned cash.

"We don't bother with nothing less than $5. If you want $5 you can have it, but nothing less."

"But it is printed in the pass book that sums of one dollar and upward will be received on deposit."

"Yes; but that's a different thing. You can deposit less than $5."

The young man was thoughtful for a moment and then he said: "Well, let me have $5 in one dollar bills." The money was gracefully flipped out to him. He put one of the bills into his pocket, and handed the remaining four back with the remark "that he wished to deposit the money."

The bank man reached for his sword cane, and was inclined to be indignant, but when his wrath faded into a smile he said they'd have to send out a fire alarm and amend the rules.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

Every one is familiar with the glimmer of the lightning bug, as he flashes his tiny lantern in the darkness of a summer night. The glow worm of America has a more brilliant cousin in the fire-fly of the Philippine Islands. They closely resemble live diamonds, and give a continuous twinkling light almost as large as a hazlenut and as bright as the electric light. They are particularly fond of trees that grow in damp places and sometimes cover a tree from the root to the topmost branches, making it look in the dark of the evening like a tall, slender cone of electric sparks. As the ladies of Brazil use the brilliant beetles of that country as adjuncts to their toilets, so do the fair ones of Manilla, in the Phillippine islands add the fascination of these living diamonds to their ball costumes. A number of them are placed upon the head under a thin veil, their continual flashings making the hair look as though it were sprinkled with diamonds and jewels rare. The effect may be pretty and startling, though this novel way of putting a "bee in the bonnet," is not entirely pleasing.

It is better to be out of the world than out of fashion, and a house without a rose jar is like a flower without perfume. Every household with any respect for itself contains at least one specimen of this sweet-scented craze. In some drawing-rooms they are elaborate and costly, in less pretentious apartments they are still handsome, and in humbler dwelling places, where beauty is less, the perfume is always as sweet. They can be bought in any variety of shape and size, and cost from fifteen cents to $200 each. The popularity of the rose jar, though of comparatively recent date, is really of very ancient origin. The rose jar proper was in the shape of an urn, and originated with the Turks centuries ago, where they were one of the indispensable adjuncts of the harem. From there they were introduced into Persia and even India, where they are still in use. A large American importing firm first brought them to this country, and, as their trade extends from Japan to Constantinople, the rosejar of to-day is a combination of the Turkish urn and Japanese tea jar. Many ladies prefer to gather and prepare their own rose leaves, though a tin can containing a potpourri of rose leaves and spices can be bought for a small sum. Fifty years ago the sweet-scented lavender blossoms were employed in nearly the same way. Who has not at least *read* of lying down to sleep in lavender-scented sheets? That there is nothing new under the sun is often a proven fact, and though the rosejar craze has not as yet reached Europe, doubtless some such household perfume has long been in use across the water.

THE habit of eating candy, as reported by the London *Telegraph*, is prevalent "not only throughout the East, where indulgence in sweets has been a popular custom from time immemorial, but in Western and Northern lands as well, has the appetite for goodies assumed formidable proportions." "Sweets to the sweet" has long been looked upon as a foregone conclusion, but the masculine element are encroaching upon this saccharine province, and men are becoming inveterate candy consumers. As New Year *etrennes* and birth-day gifts, bonbons put up in all sorts of enticing shapes, are much in vogue. Abroad, no gentleman of Latin or Teutonic origin, when permitted to escort ladies to a theater or concert, would, upon any account, omit to provide himself with an elegant bag or decorated packet of sweet confections for the refreshment of his fair companions during the performance. Gentlemen of fashion who, at one time, shuddered at the sight of a peppermint stick or a slab of molasses taffy, may now be seen any day at dessert, devoting their attention to chunks of nougat and innumerable squares of marsh malloros. Butter scotch and "taffy on a stick" are a most popular form of sweetmeats, while the suspicious looking mixture commonly known as "chocolate loaf" is found in the stock of every street corner candy stand. In England "Soldiers munch almond rock while doing 'sentry go,' the policeman on his beat has a bull's eye in his mouth as well as in his belt, and the British tar chews an American caramel instead of a quid of the filthy weed." In this country the famous American caramel is a favorite goody, while candies of all kinds are consumed in alarming quantities regardless of the teeth, health and all such trifling considerations.

IN the current number of *Puck* is a poem—entitled "Just a Common, Ordinary Strike," followed by the legend "From the German by Job Fish, Sr." He who runs may read the moral:

With wrath the tailors' souls were stirred,
They razed, they burned, they massacreed,
They sent the King their final word:
Three things, false King, or else your crown.

Three last conditions we will place:
And first the women tailors chase;
We run with them a losing race,
Grand this, false King, or else your crown.

With Honest Labor's Sturdy Pride,
Our next demand we choose to bide
Til with our first you've well complied,
Grant both, false King, or else your crown.

Our third we've never yet made out,
'Tis this we care the most about,
And, false Usurper, dare not doubt,
This you shall grant, or else your crown.

IT hardly seems possible that tobacco could figure as a promoter of decorative art, but since its introduction into Japan in the sixteenth century, it has exerted a potent influence in the artistic circles of that country. For centuries there have been ivory cutters and ivory in Japan, but the national use of tobacco made ivory carving a branch of the fine arts. Pendent from the girdle of every smoker may be seen a long narrow, an oblong, and, perhaps, a small oval, bag of leather. These three pouches contain the pipe, finecut tobacco and flint and steel. Connecting these smoking utensils by a silken cord, is a knob or mass of carved ivory called a *netsuhé*. As to practical use the netsuhé is a button; as to art it is a statuette, bust figure, group, pun or riddle, and to the production of this one article nearly all the ivory imported into Japan during the last three centuries has been applied. The most expert carvers are found in Tokio, and while the artisan of America generally stands at his labor, the oriental laborer is inevitably found sitting. Original designs and work make the fame and fortune of the carver. Pencil tracing of a design is sometimes practiced, but an expert scorns this method and carves from his head alone. Their tools are usually the size of jeweler's implements and in their carvings are expressed the histories of joys and sorrows, imagination and fancy, in which most of the legendary lore of Japan is contained, and to those not possessing the key, is as a sealed book. With other countries when the fire of genius burns, the world is informed of the fact through the medium of a three-volume book, while the Japanese laboriously carves out his fancy in an ornament that is pleasing to the eye but intelligible only to the intellect of the initiated.

THE nineteenth century seems to be an age for women. Their sayings and doings are everywhere quoted and made note of. There are woman doctors, lawyers, merchants and chiefs, and there is no enterprise in which she may not venture. In the old English university town of Cambridge, a college of carpentry has been recently established for the practical training of teachers who are already technically qualified for the work of teaching. No student is admitted who is not a university graduate or has passed some corresponding examination. The labor saving, scientific tools of carpentry are entirely ignored in this college, but there is no guess work allowed to stand, every stage of a piece of work being rigidly tested by rule and square, and perfection absolutely demanded.

The object of the college is not to teach a trade but rather the development of manual dexterity, the discipline of the course resulting in the training of the faculties as well as the fingers.

OLD England has recognized the worth of women in another department, that of landscape gardening. Miss Wilson, an English lady, who has won so fine a reputation in this employment, together with her assistant, Miss Lievking, who excels as a designer of woodland inclosures, have been commissioned to lay out fifteen acres of ground lately purchased as a public garden for the people of London. The Lord Mayor has assigned the sum of $100,000 to be used in this enterprise, and these two talented women are to have the handling of it. The work is to be done entirely under their supervision and after their own designs. Women have for some time been employed in the London postoffice, but the result brought about is not that anticipated by the department. The mail service seems to have been a promoter of marriages. Several of its most valued clerks have lately resigned to enter the state matrimonial. While the government is for a time inconvenienced, the young women left behind are in no ways displeased, as it gives them a chance of promotion and the opportunity of filling the vacancies left by the retiring sisters.

UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES.

BY THE LATE D. R. LOCKE.

I. THE HISTORY OF A SIMPLE-MINDED WOMAN.

Bibi was the widow of Hassan, the camel-driver. Hassan was a thrifty man who had a good trade, and he had amassed many shekels, which made it very provoking for him to die just at the time he did; for he had just sold his camels, and had invested the proceeds in four hundred dinars of land, on which he had established himself with Bibi and their little daughter, who was the picture of the father to a degree quite complimentary to the virtues of the mother.

Just at this time Hassan was taken with a mortal illness, and went to the bosom of the Prophet.

Bibi was the most modest and simple woman in the entire province of Kgodash. She had the reputation of being utterly guileless, and was, because of her simplicity, the admiration of the men of Dada, and the laughing stock of the women. She was as cunning as a kitten, and as artless.

Her simplicity was the worry of Hassan, who feared that the moment he had departed this life she would squander the property, and leave his child to beggary and want.

But Bibi promised him to learn something, and he died tolerably comfortable, having made her promise to take the advice in everything, of Pukluk, his head assistant in the camel business, in whose honesty he reposed a great deal of confidence.

Bibi promised.

Now, Pukluk was a bachelor of forty, and the first time Bibi came to him for advice, he said:

"Lo, Bibi, relict of my friend, your land will go to waste, and you will starve in the midst of plenty. What you want is a manager, who will plant and reap, and who will sell, and see that the merchants cheat you not, for you are too confiding and too good for this wicked world."

"You speak like a sage, oh Pukluk; but where shall I find such a man? And how can I, a simple woman, know that he will not embody all the wickedness of the others, and take to himself what I should otherwise squander among the many?"

"Listen, oh Bibi. I am tired of camel driving, and would fain change my business. Since my friend Hassan died, I have been discontented. My new master is not Hassan, and his camels are not as Hassan's were. What better can I do than to protect his widow. Could he look down and speak to you he would say, 'Take Pukluk.'"

Bibi thought it over, and decided that it was the best thing to do, and so she engaged him at a wage of two hundred tomans a year; and Pukluk acted for her.

From this time out things went very badly with the land of Bibi. There were bountiful crops, which Pukluk would harvest and sell; but when he brought the proceeds to Bibi, the story was told her that prices were naught. And once he was robbed on his way home and the money was taken from him. And the asses and kine would disappear, and Pukluk would bewail the ill-fortune of Bibi, but all the time he had a bank account growing with great rapidity.

Two years rolled around, and Bibi, instead of having been supported by her land, was in debt. And she mourned her evil fate.

At the end of the two years, Pukluk came to her one morning, with an austere look upon his honest face, and said:

"Lo, Bibi, I have served thee faithfully for two years, and have taken none of my wages, for things went so hardly with thee that I had not the heart to ask thee for it."

"It is four hundred tomans, I owe thee then!"

"Yes, but this is not all. To keep up the land, I have advanced from my earnings from time to time, four hundred tomans more. I went yesterday and paid all thy debts, and have taken receipts for them."

"Eight hundred tomans! Oh Pukluk, thou art too good."

Pukluk smiled at her simplicity, and immediately demanded instant payment, as he had determined with what he had to buy camels and set himself up in business. He would recommend a brother of his to the vacant place.

Bibi protested that she could not pay without selling the land, and then what would she and her child do.

Pukluk told her to think it over till morning, and Bibi, who was not so simple as not to be cast down, remarked that she would, and went to her bed.

The next morning Pukluk was with her, pressing his demand. Simple Bibi wept, and said to him with many blushes:

"Oh, Pukluk, what am I to do? I, a lone simple woman, with an angel child? I cannot protect myself, and the whole world, but you, robs me. What I must have is a protector."

"True, oh Bibi."

"Here is this land, and on it are sheep and goats and horses and asses. You have no wife——"

"Bibi!"

"I am in earnest. I loved Hassan. But he is in Heaven and I am on earth. Why should you not marry me, and live with me always, and be happy together?"

Pukluk, who had often thought of the same thing, was delighted. She was so simple that he could in no time so encumber the land as to force it to a sale, and get possession of it himself. There was nothing but a simple woman, and an innocent child to contend with, and what was to stand in his way? Nothing. He decided at once to accept the proposition.

"It is much you ask of me," he said, "but I so loved my master, Hassan, that I will do it. I will be your husband and the father of your child. When shall it be?"

"Immediately. But, oh, Pukluk, I am simple and know naught of business. But should you die your brothers would inherit your wealth, and they would compel me to pay what I owe you. As we shall be one, and as what I have will be yours, give me a paper, acknowledging that this claim is paid, and then we will marry and be happy."

And Pukluk did as she desired, and the next morning at daybreak, they went before the Mallah and we were married. And Pukluk was happy, and Bibi smiled a peculiar smile that was not so simple.

The same afternoon she told him that she had business with the Cadi, and asked him to let her have one hundred tomans, only for the afternoon. She wanted to show it to the Cadi, for effect.

"I have but one hundred and sixty," was his reply.

But, confiding in her, he gave her the hundred, and they went before the Cadi.

"What can be your business with him?" Pukluk asked.

"It is an old matter," she replied, "which I want to get settled before we settle down to happiness."

When they had arrived at the house of the Cadi, she entered first.

"What is your business?" demanded the Cadi. "I am busy."

Then Bibi's manner changed. She lifted up her voice and wept, and howled, and tore her hair, and her baby face changed to that of a devil's.

"Oh, Cadi, I married this man this morning at daybreak, and scarcely had we arrived at my home before he began such abuse of me as never woman endured. He——"

"Bibi!" shrieked Pukluk.

"He demanded that I kill my child, the son of Hassan, your friend, because it was in his way and would have to be educated, and when I refused he beat me and tore out my hair by the handfull and beat me with a stick."

"Is this true, Pukluk?" asked the Cadi.

"Dispenser of justice," replied Pukluk, "the woman is mad. She proposed to marry me last night, and we went to the Mollah this morning as pleasant as two doves, and have been so ever since."

"Oh! Cadi, he lies. Look!"

And she stripped up her sleeve and showed bruises, and pulled from her pocket long tresses of hair.

"I will have a divorce."

"Pukluk, this has a bad look. Come into the inner room."

When they were in the inner room the Cadi said:

"Did you beat the woman?"

"On my eyes, I did not. It is a lie. She wants to ruin me."

"How much money have you about your person?"

"Sixty tomans, oh, Cadi."

"Go hence for a moment. Send in the woman."

And Pukluk went out and Bibi entered.

"Did he actually beat you, or is this a lie?" Speak, woman, and tell the truth."

"He did beat me, and the words are true. On my eyes be it."

"How much money have you?"

"One hundred tomans."

"H'm—I believe you, and Pukluk is a brute. Have you the tomans handy?"

"Here they are."

The cadi took them, put them in his girdle and went out with Bibi.

Seating himself upon his cushions, he lighted his pipe with great gravity and said:

"I have heard both sides and judged. The cadi who will not do justice impartially deserves the bastinado. He is here to see that wickedness is squelched and virtue encouraged. Pukluk, the man who would lay his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a base wretch, whom 'twere base flattery to call a man. I am satisfied that you beat the woman. I believe you to be a thoroughly bad man and unfit to be entrusted with the happiness of a woman. I decree an instant divorce."

Pukluk was astonished, and as he slunk out of the court he remarked to the cadi in a low tone:

"My sixty tomans!"

The cadi replied that there was such a thing as the bastinado, and desired him to go.

Then Pukluk turned to Bibi, but she cast down her eyes in such utter simplicity that he dared not speak to her. And she went home happy and washed off the color she had put upon her arms and thenceforth managed for herself.

HOUSE CLEANING.

An Unfortunate Man Graphically Describes the Trouble It Brings.

It is house-cleaning time, and I am driven from my study to the library; from the library to the dining-room; from there to the attic, where you will now find me, if you choose to look for me. I cannot offer you a chair, excepting one of the broken and dangerous sort that have been sent up here during past ages for storage. There are sixteen or seventeen of them, with three or four rockers, with one arm and one rocker apiece. You can have your pick. There is some dust here, but that is why I like it. No one has ever cleaned house here; and no one probably ever will. Think of that! I can hear the infernal clatter down stairs, but it will not reach me. I have arranged five or six of the chairs so that they will fall down in a heap on the head of any one who pokes a mop or a broom through the door at the foot of the stairs.

House cleaning has but one alleviation—it is periodical; it does not come like a cyclone and scoop you out of content and the bosom of your family in an unexpected moment. You do know when to look for it. It is a biennual. It comes just before the flies in spring and just after the flies in autumn. I said the day before yesterday "It is coming," for a great blue-bottled fly crawled out of a crack by the window and looked at me in a curious way, as if to say, "Old fellow, don't you know! Bless us, what's to become of us—you and I? To-morrow we'll be out of house and home! They'll have no mercy on us. They've sent to town for three new brooms, and they went by the door just now with those horrid duster caps on—looks like a thorough one this time. Really, I wish I hadn't lived through the winter." "Thank you, my friend," I said; "we must be prepared in such a world as this for whatever Providence and prudence send upon us. I shall try to meet it with resignation."

Just then a soft breeze swept open my door, like a handful of perfume pushed by another handful, and the softest of voices said, in the most innocent of tones, like a honey bee humming a sonnet in a sweetbriar, "My dear!" "Yes!" "Well?" "Don't you think you could let us in here to clean, to-morrow?" "There's no dirt here," I spoke up cheerily. "I know that, John! but then, you know, we've got the cleaners engaged, and must keep them busy. I know how nice and neat you are, and you are just the best husband in the world, of course" (Of course) "And then the kalsominers will come in the morning, and it won't do to let them get here before we are ready; so I thought maybe you'd let us just get things ready."

When a wild north wind blusters and blows one slams the door tight, and won't stir out; but when a delicious May breeze, full of lilac sweetness, blows softly; you open the door and go out with a smile. That is it. That is the way it was. I went out of my own accord. I went out because the sweetness and soft air wooed me. I went as far as the library. Putting my hands in my pockets, I sat down in a big cushioned chair before the fireplace, and listened to the wind out of doors. That is not a lovely breeze, thought I, but I am comfortable here, and will take the time of my banishment to read up my *Scribner's* and *Century*, and all the rest of the magazines I am behind with. Did the door open? I did not hear it, but I was conscious of a presence and a voice. "My dear, I forgot to say that the carpet in this room is really getting quite shabby, and I have concluded to cut it into two for the boys' rooms, and if you say so, will have a new carpet for the library. If you do think best we will come in here and just untack this and loosen the edges as soon as we get through with your room. Or, if you *prefer*, Maria can come right in here now. It will make some dust, and you don't like dust, my dear. Perhaps you had better"— That was enough. With a pitiful glance at *Scribner* I left the room, and went drifting about till the happy thought came to me of the attic. "Yes, that is it," I said. "Nobody ever goes house-cleaning in the attic. There is a four-pane window there, and the great chimney goes through it, and 'tis the very thing." It was an inspiration. I am not often inspired, because it is a great trouble to manage inspiration. I like more freedom to drift. I do not like to say, "This is the law and gospel of it—the only right way." I like half a dozen ways. But this time there was only one way—the way to the garret.

You should see my window. It has been looked out of by about a thousand spiders, and each one has left his autograph. What antiquity! Down stairs the house is modern. Only one generation and a half has ever looked out the windows. But here there is antiquity and mediæval art. Not less than 500 generations of spiders and flies have followed each other in this attic. There is an old dust in the corner, and I had not been here long before I detected a faint perfume. At first I thought it was from the hyacinths in the yard below; but it was not. I know the odor of the hyacinths, and detest it; it is fleshly. But this was something different. It was spiritual; and curiously it seemed to be associated with something else. I could remember that smell; and when I did remember it there was a great golden sunrise all about me. Bless me, but I must find that odor. Following up nose I went to the old trunk and, opening it, for the lock was broken, sure enough there it was in the trunk. Lifting out a bundle of old rags and a few newspapers, I came on a big bundle of letters—perfumed letters sure enough. Breaking the twists of the cotton string I found exactly 214 of my own old love letters. Mournfully I wound the cotton string about them again and laid them away, simply muttering, "One more attic antiquity."

Whisk! whisk! clatter! tramp? downstairs; but here in this upper world all is peace and tranquility. Of course, heaven is upward and purgatory is downward. That is the way now. Underneath me everything is undergoing purgation, and I alone escape. If house cleaning is not purgatory then I have a very poor sense of what purgatory is or ought to be.

"My dear! My dear!" So a voice ascends to me from the lower regions. I am too chivalrous not to respond. Facilis descensus Averno. "What, my dear?" "Can you possibly spare time to help Robert whip the carpets?" As if it were only a question of time! I assure you it is a question of the soul, and of the body, of all that one holds dear. But I am in for it. Not even in the attic can I escape. When all the world is insane, why should I alone escape? Is this what those old love letters talked about? If I remember, they said something about perpetual spring and sunshine, and, yes, the millennium. Truly the millennium will not come till those carpets are whipped. I will let my feelings flow freely into the gad with which I lacerate their sides. By all means, good fellow, help whip the carpets. It is just the thing to ease your feelings. I have a gad 10 feet long. Whisk! crack! whisk! crack! Lord! but it is good for the mind!

—One small particle in the eye pains the whole body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract. It will cure many a pain.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnnie comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They gave him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men they cheered, and the boys did shout,
The ladies they did all turn out,
And we all felt gay when we were marching home.

Roast turkey and pie were none too good
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the boys who whipped Hardee and Hood,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They welcomed us back with right good cheer,
And tapped for us freely the good lager beer,
And we all felt gay when we were marching home.

They really reversed the army rule,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And the private out-ranked the government mule,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We were even preferred in the U. S. code,
And honors flocked into the soldier's abode,
And we all felt gay when we were marching home.

By the war being o'er and the nation at peace,
What then? What then?
The old crippled "vets" were a flock of old geese,
Or hens! Or hens!
Our preference laws so safe to elude,
Dropped into "innocuous desuetude,"
And we don't feel as gay as when we were marching home.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-four,
'Tis sad! 'Tis sad!
Out-ranked by the government mule once more,
Too bad! Too bad!
All future honors and all good cheer
Transferred to the rebel brigadier,
And we don't feel so gay as when we were marching home.

In eighteen hundred and eighty-seven,
For balls! Fish balls!
We wish we were dead and our souls in heaven,
With Saul! With Paul!
We'er heavy, dead weight on Uncle Sam,
For the coffee-coolers aren't worth a —clam,
And we don't feel as gay as when we were marching home.

Why ask for pensions or seek for aid?
Poor Tramps! Poor Tramps!
When we've already been overpaid
In stamps! In stamps!
We've clean given ourselves dead away,
For thirteen dollars was generous pay.
We should all feel as gay as when marching home.

But we're not exactly dependent yet,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the G. A. R. can take care of a vet,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the ladies auxiliary close at hand,
We'll care for the needy in our little band,
And still feel as gay as when we were marching home.

SUFFERING OF PRISONERS.

A Thirty Days' Furlough for Shooting a Prisoner—The Work of Democrats.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I would like to add some of the rich pine chunks that I used to dig out of the swamp at Andersonville, for I know that it made fire to cook our bugs and beans and raw mush that they would haul into the camp with a team and wagon in ten-bushel boxes, and then they would take a scoop shovel and throw the mush out into anything that we had to carry it to the detachment of a hundred men. I was a prisoner nine months in those places of torment. I was captured at the battle of Guntown, Mississippi, under Sturgis's command, where he sold 1,800 men and 125 wagons loaded with supplies and ammunition. The last I saw of Gen. Sturgis after the fight, he mounted his horse and said to us: "Go to hell, every d—d one of you." And so the most of us got there, and found it well guarded with hell hounds and blood hounds. There one of the hell hounds shot a prisoner for trying to get clear water to drink. I wonder if that little dirt-eater is living? I will never forget that moment; how sad I felt when that poor prisoner pitched headlong into the rippling stream. The cry went up from the prisoners: "Furlow, Furlow, the d—d guard." It was said that for every Yank they killed they would get a thirty days' furlough. I served three months in this horrible pen. I went from there to Milton, Ga., in another stockade, where we stayed about one month. There we had a chance to vote for President, and the Confederates wanted to learn our politics, or whom we wanted for President. My recollection is that we gave Lincoln over 9,000 majority over McClellan, which did not set very well with the Johnnies. I was taken down into Florida, and stayed there a few days, then was taken to Florence, S. C., where we wintered. I had not a shoe to my foot, only shirt and pants. When I entered Andersonville my weight was 180 pounds, and when I was liberated my weight was 90 pounds. This was done by starvation. For three months I had not a morsel of meat of any kind in my mouth. We may forget some war records but a prisoner's life will never be forgotten. Now when we see President Cleveland ignore a pension bill, as he does, I can not tell how a Democratic soldier can swallow the administration and endorse his treatment of the Union soldier. I would like to learn how many Andersonville prisoners there are who are voting the Democratic ticket. Was it not Democrats that starved men to death? Is it not Democrats that ignore pension bills? Is it not Democrats that do not like to hear of our suffering in Andersonville?

A "Village Blacksmith," who enlisted in the army, but was rejected on account of disability, and who remained at home and divided his earnings with his neighbors' families, says that he was and is a mild conservative Democrat, and he takes exceptions to several things that appear in the CAMP FIRE. He objects because we claim that the Republican party prosecuted the war to a successful termination and declares that the government is liberal enough with its pensions. He however is opposed to having his name published, and we must give him credit for this one sign of being in possession of his right mind.

Mr. J. Feese, of Richfield, O., wants to hear from members of the 12th O. V. C. He has been a reader of the BLADE for lo, these many years, and is a strong Republican.

R. S. Dixon, Co. B, 29th Ind., was a soldier four years and three months, serving in the department of the Cumberland. Had a great deal of hard work and some fun, especially with the boys who could not stand fire at Chicamauga, as some of the old vets will remember Mr. R. and his mountain howitzer.

A BULL RUN RETREAT.

A Charitable View Taken by an Old Soldier Who Was There.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Being a reader of the BLADE, and enjoying with much pleasure the columns of the CAMP FIRE, I thought that I would contribute a mite to help it burn. I see in the BLADE of January 27 an article headed, "Retreat of Bull Run," a contribution by Beverly Crump, in an interview with Hon. A. G. Riddle. That report would convey the impression that all the soldiers were in that panic-stricken retreat; and again, when the Black Horse cavalry charged, they put a six-rail fence between them and opened fire with revolvers and guns, and the Black Horse Cavalry left as soon as they had come, and I think that the honorable party must have left at the same time; and again, he says that all the soldiers that could use their legs stampeded, excepting "our party." Had the honorable A. G. R. looked a little to the north, he would have seen over one thousand soldiers of different regiments forming, and another force to the east of Club Run, and when the Black Horse cavalry returned the second time, they brought one gun of the Rhode Island battery, and we gave them such a warm reception that they could not unlimber or fire upon us. Six of us volunteered and brought the gun across Club Run, and turned it over to the lieutenant of the battery. Had they gone by the way of Centreville, they would have seen a strong force on the height. Three Connecticut regiments reached Falls Church at 7 a. m., July 22, 1861, in very good order, and that day we saved one brigade encampment, and on the day following we saved the 1st and 2d Ohio and 2d N. Y., and set the men to washing tow. Wednesday evening we crossed the Potomac. I have charity for those who were fleeing to Washington. They had been on a march all day, and many had been in the hardest of the battles. It was their first retreat after being overpowered by superior numbers.—C. A. B., New London, Ct.

Beating Previous Records.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—From the CAMP FIRE of March 15, I find that the Curtis family who served in the late war, numbered seven. Mr. Silas Merchant, of Manchester, Boone county, in this state, was one of ten who served in the late war, and his youngest brother enlisted into the United States cavalry (regular) as a private in Co. B, March 3, 1883, served five years, re-enlisted May 4, 1878, and was afterwards discharged by request of his mother. This makes eleven sons from the same mother, who have served their country faithfully and well. Their mother is now alive at the age of 83 years. This is a family record that eclipses all others in their number and loyalty to the Union.

Following is a list of the sons:

G. W. Merchant, private Co. C, 74th Ill. vol., afterwards a lieutenant, honorably discharged September 26, 1865.

Abel L. Merchant, private, Co. C, 15th Ill. vol., died in the service.

DeWitt C. Merchant, private Co. C, 15th Ill. vol., killed in action July 22, 1864.

Enoch Merchant, corporal Co. F, 156th Ill. vol., honorably discharged September 20, 1866.

David O. Merchant, private Co. C, 74th Ill. vol., honorably discharged June 10, 1865.

Silas B. Merchant, private Co. G, 44th Ill. vol., promoted to first lieutenant, was severely wounded and resigned September 25, 1865.

Arlo I. Merchant, private in last named Co., honorably discharged September 25, 1865.

S. Louis H. Merchant, private Co. G, 45th Ill. vol., and honorably discharged September 26, 1574.

Aaron Merchant, private Co. G, 15th Wis. vol., killed at Island No. 10, December 26, 1862.

James B. Merchant, teamster Quartermasters department.

Norman M. Merchant, in regular U. S. service.—WILLIAM SANDS, Manchester, Boone Co., Ill.

The First March of the Thirty-Eighth Ohio.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—We arrived in Nickolasville the last of September and went into camp for drill, and about November 1 we thought we were a well drilled regiment, so we received marching orders. The privates did not know where we were going, but Col. Bradley, on his beautiful little sorrel, was at our head, and we would follow him, (especially if he went into camp without a fight). We went on down the pike road and about 12 o'clock company A broke out with that good old song, "Nelly Gray," and the whole regiment caught on to it, for we were crossing the Kentucky river. I tell you we felt good and were happy. About 3 o'clock we went into Camp Dick Robinson and lay there for a day or two and then broke camp for Crab Orchard and we passed through some of the finest country you ever saw. The 14th Ohio was ahead of us here. We camped this side of Crab Orchard for two nights and the next morning we went for Wildcat and had some very hard country to go through, and we had a glorious old night to camp. It snowed and rained, and the chestnut rails suffered; also the chickens and turkeys that were on a cherry tree in front of a log house. But we rest that night and the next day reached Redsette river. We had to be ferried across, and the artillery waded it at a point below us, and it was no fun getting the guns up the hill. But here was the famous old battle field, where Zollicoffer was whipped the first time by a few of Wolford's cavalry and the 33d Indiana. Here is where I saw the first wounded rebel. He would not let us do anything for him. The country was rough; also the weather, and the first Sunday was a cold day. But we were in line to hear our captain for the first time, and last.—OLD SOLDIER.

What Do They Want of Them.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I used to tote cedar poles at White Oak Church, Va., in the winter of '62 and '63, and I will throw one on the fire now. Look out for your coffee, boys. I wish to say that the old 77th N. Y. Vols., 3d brig., 2d div., 6th corps, got there with the rest of the boys of the old 6th corps, and if they will give us Blaine or Sherman to lead the charge in 1888 we will do the same old crowd up in the same old style, but with the ballot for our ammunition, and then do as we used to when we took the boys in gray prisoners, divide our rations. I was wounded and taken prisoner May 6, at the battle of the Wilderness, and was through the Confederacy in advance of Sherman, but did not see much to eat, which proves the old saw, "Blessed is the old soldier who expects nothing of the Democrats, for he will not be disappointed." A rebel doctor told us in Lynchburg that we were all a set of d—d cutthroats, from commander-in-chief down. Wait till we get into Washington, and Rome will howl. They are there, boys, and didn't we howl when they tried to steal the old emblems of treason? What does the loyal South want of them? Soldiers don't make watch charms of the balls and chains they wore. Boys, subscribe for the BLADE, and then lets hear from you.—J. W. WHITMARSH, Co. A, 77th N. Y. Vols., Omaha, Neb.

The Blue and the Gray.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I never see anything in the CAMP FIRE from the 104th Ohio regiment, I thought I would write a few lines. I may draw out others who will make the CAMP FIRE burn brighter. I think it would be interesting if the blue and gray would meet around the CAMP FIRE and talk over their old battles in a spirit of friendship. Both sides have showed their valor on many battle-fields. Now many of us are afflicted, and we show the marks of time. I think it would be pleasing if the gray would write up the battles of Franklin, Tenn., also write up that Georgia campaign, as they saw it. It makes the mind wander back to the memory of bloody days. My regiment and the 23d army corps went through the Flint Mill, and I went with them. Comrades, I do not say vote as you shot, because we got all we shot for, besides when the enemy surrendered, after that, a good soldier ought not to shoot but vote for the party that you think will do the most good to the most people. But now in the lapse of time, let us have no sectional strife between the North and the South. Parties that try to keep up the prejudices of the war are not the true blue. United we stand, divided we fall. Then, let us unite the blue and the gray. I would be glad if any one of company H, 104th Ohio, would send a postal card with their address on it to J. BINNS, Independence, Preston Co., W. Va.

Winding up the Rebellion.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In the summer of 1862 I was stationed at Memphis, Gen. Stephen A. Hurlburt, who was in command, issued very strict orders against foraging. I was on guard one day at his headquarters, when two of the 8th Mo. came by, carrying an old spinning wheel and a clock. The general called a sergeant of the guard to arrest them, which was done. The general in passionate tones asked the man with the "wheel" what he was going to do with such a thing.

"I am going to wind up this rebellion," was the reply.

The general now with a broad grin on his face, said to the other, "What are you going to do with that old clock?"

"I am going to see how long it takes that fellow to wind up this rebellion."

"Go to your quarters, you rascals," said the general, choking with laughter as he rushed into his tent.—J. R. HYATT, Ducktown, Tenn.

Before the Bivouac.

S. W. Bennett, Co. E, 1st Va. Cav., of Marshalltown, Ia., suggests that, inasmuch as both parties have gone back on the soldier, a new party be formed who will recognize the obligation which the country owes to the old veterans.

William Arch, of Montgomery, Mich., is one of the CAMP FIRE'S ardent admirers. He calls upon the boys to "skin Old Veto in 1888 and hang his political hide on the fence." Mr. Arch was a member of Co. K, 38th O. V. I.

A. J. Sampley, late Co. M, Fifth Tenn. cavalry, desires to hear from members of his company. He was at the seige of Murfreesboro in Hood's raid in the winter of '64, where he did some fighting and was taken sick. He is a thorough Republican and wants a chance to vote for Bob Lincoln. He thinks that Bob will carry the colored vote, as well as the white Republican vote. He served two years in the army and has never seen or heard anything to change his political belief.

Melvin Chamberlain, late private Co. F, 13th Wis. Vol. and Co. K, Hancock's Corps, compares the treatment which the men, who loaned the government money, with that which the soldier received, and says that it does not put the government in a very good light. The soldier did not get what was promised him, and it is about time that amends were made.

John W. Dyer, Co. I, 3d Del. Vol. of Moreton, Del., says that he enlisted February 14, 1862, and served until March 8, 1865. He was 17 years old when he enlisted. He began his military career at Harper's Ferry, and served under Fremont, Banks, Siegel and Pope.

James Stillman, of Marshalltown, Iowa, says: Please accept a branch of olive from James Stillman and Thomas Blackburn, of the 11th Michigan Cavalry. Stillman was a member of Co. A, and Blackburn of Co. K. We have been having a little reunion of our own for a few days. T. Blackburn is from Ogalalla, Neb. Now then, some of you 11th Michigan boys who were after John Morgan and at Solberg Spring, let us hear from you. It does us good, as we are comparatively young yet. We are just past 40. Now some of Co. A fall in for roll-call or a reunion.

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HEALTH IN THE SPRING.

Hints and Suggestions for the Young and Old.

In spring, if we would be well, we can hardly take too much exercise, especially long walks, and we ought to dress lightly but warmly. The clogging, cumbersome top coat, the India-rubber mantle, the mackintosh, the heavy muffler and deadly golosh should all be left in-doors when we go out to walk. Gloves should be worn, warm, thick stockings and easy, soft shoes; a light silk scarf may be taken—and put on if required—and also an umbrella; but these are all the arms one should carry against the weather if he or she values health.

Verily, prevention is better than cure. But if we cuddle ourselves up indoors in badly ventilated, over-heated rooms, and take our exercise abroad laden to the earth with extra clothing, we cannot be well, either in body or in mind. We shall be peevish all day, destitute of spirits and ambition; we shall have wretched appetites, sluggish livers and restless nights.

In a previous paper I spoke of some of the ailments incidental to the cold spring months; I will here mention one or two more which, pray mark this, are preventible by means hinted at above.

Here is one troublesome complaint of the season—relaxed sore throat. There may be more or less huskiness with it and a nasty hacking cough. There is relaxation of the uvula and a swelling of the tonsils; and the worst of it is that is hangs about one for weeks, threatening many kinds of mischief, and making the sufferer frightened and uneasy.

Now, we must not imagine that we are going to cure this trouble by medicine or local applications alone. Though there be no disturbance of the general health attached to it, it is constitutional nevertheless. The real cure for it is not to be found in bed, nor at the fire side. Change of air or climate would do good, but every one cannot get it. Exercise must be taken, and good, easily digested food. Iron in some form should be taken if the gums and face be pale. The dialysed iron of the shops, or simply tincture of iron, is excellent. The latter is apt to bind, so some Cascara extract should be taken now and then. Wine is recommended by some, but I take leave to doubt its efficacy. Milk is invaluable, and change in diet should be constant.

The best local applications are a mixture of glycerine and tincture of iron, two parts of the former to one of the latter, painted quite all over the inside of the throat and elongated uvual thrice a day by means of a big camel's hair brush, or tannate of glycerine used in the same way and the last thing at night.

If the cough is very bad, something more serious might be brewing, therefore you had better consult a physician.

I mention neuralgia only to remind the reader that this is also as often as not a constitutional complaint. It is easily brought on—face ache I mean—in those whose teeth are bad, and it is a pity that so little care is taken to conserve the teeth in this country. I do not refer entirely to the dentist's art in conservation; this is very good, but those persons whose teeth are constitutionally prone to decay, should be more than ordinarily careful to live by rule.

Beware of the existing causes of neuralgia, such as exposure to high winds, sitting in draughts and cold or damp feet. Take time by the forelock as regards hollowing teeth. I say "hollowing" advisedly, for most people wait till the tooth is a positive shell before thinking of a visit to the dentist. Remember you cannot lose a better friend than a tooth. Without good, sound teeth, good sound digestion is an impossibility.

Billousness is a very common spring complaint. It is brought about as often as not by over-eating and insufficient action of the skin. It may be scared away for a time by taking a blue pill at night, and a dose of Frederickshall water in the morning, but it is sure to return. You see, it is like this: if the skin which is by far and away the most important emunctory connected with our "forms divine," does not act well, extra work is thrown on liver and kidneys, and the former at all events is sure to become inactive or engorged. Plenty of exercise is the wisest remedy, but the digestion must be seen to. Are we to take bitters to give us an appetite? Certainly not, but lower the diet, or go without for a day. The flesh-brush or rough towel after a cold or tepid bath is an excellent preventative of liver troubles, and creates almost an immunity from colds. Exercise is only good when kept up regularly for weeks. The country squire takes what he calls "a pipe-opener" by galloping across country on horseback. Pipe-opening of this kind is truly excellent if it is regularly performed.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

—For constipation, "liver complaint," or biliousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—a gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

Specimens of English Slang.

Probably every country possesses peculiar "slang" terms in every-day use for its coins. For instance, a "nickel" very well defines the five-cent piece of currency and a "red cent" is equally expressive. In Scotland the man who "flies kites" is probably not worth a "boodle," which is an imaginary coin slightly differing from the same term here. In England the same person would not be worth a "mag." A "kite" is an accommodation bill; a "mag" is the smallest copper coin of the realm. On the race course one hears talk of betting a "pony," which is £25, or winning a "monkey," which is £500. The latter, however, is somewhat rare.—*N. Y. Press.*

Explains Many Gray Hairs.

Judge F., of a certain town in Connecticut, is a man of venerable presence with snow-white hair and beard, but somewhat too fond of an extra glass, and the indulgence has left its traces. Attending court in a neighboring town lately, as he passed out of the dining-room, a stranger remarked to a bright young lawyer at his side: "There goes a man who shows the marks of care." "The marks of *don't care*, rather!" replied the quick-witted attorney.

**For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.**

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not mend the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Bald Knobbers.

W. M., Rices, Minn.:

Please explain in the Question Bureau something of the Bald Knobbers.

In the southern part of Missouri there is a mountainous district comprising about a dozen counties. This country was first settled about three generations ago by the ancestors of the present Bald Knobbers. These people had come from the mountain regions of the Carolinas, Western Virginia, and Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, in which localities they had been known as "po' white trash," the general term given by the planters and negroes to non-slaveholding whites. Coming to Missouri with little wealth save their horses, shotguns and family carts, they found a home to their fancy in the Ozark Mountains. Here, as farther east, they found themselves the scorn of the wealthy planters on the low lands adjoining them, but the mountain recesses abounded in game, and the hillsides gave their hardy cattle abundant and cheap pasture, and they lived in peace and comparative plenty until the civil war broke out. All these men were Douglas Democrats, and they declared themselves decidedly on the side of the Union. They became known as the "Mountain Feds," and under their leader, William Monks, they struck many a blow against the power of the guerillas. After the coming of peace, civilization began making its way into the Ozark Mountains in a manner that the "Mountain Feds" did not at all approve of. Railroads were built, and settlers began to find out that the large tract of land that these mountaineers had so long held as their own, were still open for settlement under the homestead law. They pushed in and began taking up the land, in utter disregard of the holdings of the inhabitants. The mountaineers did not understand it; they could not at all comprehend how strangers could have a right to take the land on which their huts stood and their cattle grazed; and, furthermore, they did not mean to submit to it. They formed a secret society to resist and drive out the homesteaders, and called themselves Bald Knobbers, taking their name from the Bald Knob, a desolate peak in Taney county. At first they tried intimidation of the new settlers only. Then they grew bolder, and committed depredations. Finally, they killed two men that had withstood them, and this brought about the arrest of a large number of the leaders of the society, and their trial for their lawless deeds.

St. Cecilia.

J. H. J., Oskosh, Wis.:

Will the BLADE tell who St. Cecilia was?

St. Cecilia was a noble Roman lady who lived in the third century during the reign of Alexander Severus. It is stated that she was carefully brought up by her Christian parents, and as she grew up was noted for her devotion to heavenly things. She excelled in all branches of music, and it is represented, sang with such sweetness that the angels descended from heaven to hear. She invented the organ. At the age of 16 she was married by her parents to Valerian, a heathen, but he and his brother Tibertius soon became converts to the new faith through her influence. All three went about giving alms, and encouraging those who were to be put to death for conscience sake. Having incurred the displeasure of Almachius, the prefect, by refusing to join in the worship of Jupiter, Valerian and Tiburtius were put to death. Almachius, covetous of the wealth inherited by Cecilia, commanded her also to sacrifice to the gods, and threatened her with torture in case of refusal. So eloquent were her pleas in favor of her faith that forty persons declared themselves Christians and ready to die with her. The prefect ordered her to be carried home and plunged into a bath of boiling water, but by Divine intervention, the boiling water had no effect on her. Almachius then sent an executioner to put her to death with the sword, but owing to the trembling of his hand, the wounds, three in number, which he inflicted, did not cause immediate death. Cecilia lived for three days which she spent in prayer and the singing of hymns. According to her wish her house was consecrated as a church, and the bath chamber became a spot of great sanctity. A council was held here in 500. After having fallen into ruins several times, and being restored as often, in the year 1599 repairs were again necessary, and on this occasion, the sarcophagus containing the body of the Saint was opened with great solemnity. The celebrated recumbent figure of St. Cecilia by Stefano Maderno, entitled "St. Cecilia found dead," commemorates this. The legend of the life of St. Cecilia is probably founded on fact. St. Cecilia has been represented by some of the old masters. The pictures of Raphael, Domenichino and Lucas Van Leyden have been repeated in innumerable engravings. St. Cecilia is patron of musicians, and November 22 is her festival day.

Small States in Europe.

M. M. M., Fowler, Ind.:

Will the BLADE tell something about the little states of Europe?

The Republic of Andorra is in the valley of the Eastern Pyrenees, between France and Spain. Its inaccessibility has protected its liberties from the earliest times. It was nominally subject to France, but as its people had aided Charlemagne in his campaign against the Moors, the Emperor rewarded him by conceding to them the privilege of self-government. The Republic to this day acknowledges France as its suzerain, and pays the French government an annual tribute of about $400. It pays a similar tribute to the Bishop of Urgel, who, by traditionary privilege, wields the ecclesiastical patronage of the State. Otherwise the State is independent, and is governed by a sovereign council of twenty-four members, chosen by the people, and the council elects one of its number to be syndic for life and wield the chief executive power, assisted by a second syndic chosen in similar manner. Andorra has an area of between 200 and 300 square miles, and a population of about 12,000. San Marino, which claims to be the oldest and the smallest Republic of the world, is in the northwestern part of Italy, enclosed on all sides by Italian provinces. It is situated in the heart of the Alpine district, 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. It has an area of seventeen square miles and a population of 8,000. It is said to have been first settled in the fourth century by Marinus, a Dalmatian hermit, and has always been independent. The legislative power of this little republic is vested in a "princely and sovereign grand council," composed of sixty members, who are elected for life, with power to fill vacancies—the nobles, citizens and rural proprietors being represented in equal proportions. The executive power is wielded by two captains regent, who are chosen by the council every six months. There is also a kind of senate, composed of twelve members of the council, of which two-thirds are annually renewed. The captains regent are assisted by two secretaries of state, one for foreign affairs and one for the interior. For local administration there is an officer styled the syndic, appointed in each village. A still smaller state than either of the above is the principality of Monaco, on the Mediterranean coast of France, near the Italian frontier. It has an area of 8⅓ square miles and 8,500 inhabitants. This territory was from the tenth century in the possession of a Genoese family, and was under the protection of various governments until 1793, when the National convention of Paris declared it a part of the French republic. In 1815, however, it was restored to its hereditary owners, and was placed under the protection of Sardinia. Monaco, up to this time, included two adjacent communes, which its prince ceded to France in 1860 for a large indemnity. When the province of Nice was given to France in 1860 Monaco came under French protection. The province is under absolute control of the ruling prince, who appoints nearly all necessary officials. The present prince, Charles III, in 1869 abolished all taxes, and since then has derived his revenue entirely from the rent of the gaming establishments of the city. But a still smaller European state deserves mention. This is the kingdom of Tavolara, comprising an island of about five and one-half square miles, northeast of the coast of Sardinia. It has something less than one hundred inhabitants. The absolute sovereignty of this island was granted early in this century by the King of Sardinia to the Fartoleoni family, the head of which has since borne the name of King of Tavolaro and ruled his little domain with the form, at least, of regal dignity. King Paul I, who died a few years since, had held rule for fifty years, and was a most generous and kind monarch and his death much lamented by his small family of subjects.

Miscellaneous.

W. J., Bradford: addresses are not given by the Bureau.

Martha Shoemaker, see answer in BLADE of March 26, 1887.

F. E. Moore, Portland, Ind. M. R. Waite, of Toledo, who was chief justice of the United States, died March, 1888.

R. J., Horse Cave, Ky.: The Blair bill originated in the Senate.

——, Charleston: No name is with your question, hence no answer.

Cashier, Moberly, Mo.: You have not complied with the rules of this department.

L. M. L., Bristol, Ind.

Your request cannot be complied with.

F. M. Naught, Beckelton, W. T.: The bureau cannot give addresses of firms selling goods.

D. S.——, ——: Your question are not accompanied by either name or address and cannot be answered.

W. H., Marion, Ind.:

Where is the key to the Bastile?

Mt. Vernon.

E. K. Whitmore, Crested Butte, Col.: We cannot republish Mr. Blaine's letter or Cleveland's message.

M. N. M.: Your name does not accompany your question. See instructions at the head of this department.

P. G. West, Logansport, W. Va.: The rum power and its curses receive attention each week editorially.

A Subscriber, Lima, O.:

You have not complied with the rules at the head of this column

A. A. Snow, Neb.: To cement iron mix equal parts of sifted peroxide of manganese and well pulverized zinc white, adding a sufficient quantity of commercial soluble glass to form a thick paste; use immediately.

C. McCoy, Midway, Ind.: Questions liable to stir up religious disputes are studiously avoided by the Bureau; ditto to E. Harper.

Loveland, Ill.: The Bureau sees the point you make, but to enter into a discussion on the subject would occupy more space than we can spare.

R. S., Haysville, Dakota.

When were knives and forks invented?

Forks were in use in the 13th and 14th centuries.

R. McKee, Benton Harbor, Mich.:

Please send me a list of unclaimed estates of property in England?

There is no such list.

M. C. L., Coyville, Kas.:

Please give the names of the different wedding anniversaries.

See BLADE July 7, 1887.

J. E. R., Milnerville, O.:

1. How old was Thomas Parr when he died? 2. Of what nationality was Parr?

1. 152 years. 2. English.

J. V. H., Ripon, Wis.:

Will you please tell me the "Seven Modern Wonders" of the world and greatly oblige.

See BLADE of February 23, 1888.

Dora, Spring Grove, Mich.

Please give origin of kissing the Pope's toe.

Kissing the Pope's foot began with Adrian I or Leo III at the close of the 8th century.

W. S., Bangor, Iowa:

Please tell the cost of a railroad engine.

Locomotive $8,000; passenger car $6,000; box car $400; Pullman palace car $18,000.

Thomas Smith, Burlington, Kan.:

Was that report true that President Cleveland said, "Whisky is good enough for me?"

There is no question but what the report was true.

C. C. Stemple, Claude, W. Va.:

How do they manufacture flour at Minneapolis—by roller process or the common burr.

1. Your first question is too personal. 2. By both.

No Name, Kansas:

Please inform me through your valuable paper where I can find a madstone that will remove hydrophobic poison.

See BLADE of July 7, 1887.

H. R. H., Parsons, Mo.:

Where and to whom must I make application for admission to the West Point military academy?

See BLADE of February 9, 1888.

C. B. M., Sherburne, N. Y.:

1. Please give the date and description of the Ashtabula railroad disaster. 2. Did any of the passengers survive the wreck?

See BLADE of May 19, 1887.

M. M., Cortland, N. Y.:

Please publish a good recipe for waterproofing cotton cloth. Something that will leave the cloth flexible and fit to wear.

See BLADE of October 27, 1887.

J. A. McG., Twin Brooks, Dakota:

Will you please answer this question in your department: Who were the secretaries of war under President Buchanan's administration?

John P. Floyd and Joseph Holt.

T. J. Alexander, Atlanta, Mo.:

Please give as lengthy an article as your space will permit of the origin and dates of Baptist churches.

See BLADE of February 16, 1888.

G. W. Gibbs:

Please tell me why the Chinese are called Celestials?

The term Celestial is applied to heavenly bodies; or the supposed dwellers in heaven.

J. R. H., Bucktown, Tenn.:

Does the BLADE publish the "Nasby Letters" in book form? 2. On what day did January 9, 1869, fall on?

1. See page 5 of the Weekly BLADE. 2. Sunday.

S. A. Lewis, Good Hope, Ill.:

Did Gen. Garfield use these words in any of his speeches: "I favor the tariff as now fixed in order that it may bring us the blessing of free trade in the near future."

No.

Reader, Toledo:

Will you let me know through your correspondent column: 1. How often an official census is taken. 2. When the last one was taken and oblige.

1. Every ten years. 2. In 1880.

C. C. H., Diamond Bluff, Wis.:

Please give a biographical sketch of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian author.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, a prominent Norwegian author, has written several novels and dramas, which have proved entirely successful. Born 1832.

Teacher, Milbury, O.:

Would some of your kind readers tell us through the columns of the BLADE at what place and the name of the first child of European parentage that was born on the territory which the state of Ohio includes now?

We do not know.

Harry Homer Gallaher, Adams, Oregon:

Please give a description of the New York Elevated railroad?

The New York "L" roads are nothing more than their name implies. They are "street" railroads, elevated upon iron tracks so as to get them above the traffic and permit them more rapid locomotion.

U. S. M., North Washington, Ohio.

Please inform me through the BLADE if there was any law passed or any ruling by the Postmaster General prohibiting the mailing of letters on the mail car at the depot after the first of February, 1888.

None that we know of.

S. B. Reed, East Lynn, Mo.

Where can I get a book that gives the doings of United States Senate and Congress all the way through. Is there any such book?

We know of no such book except the Congressional Globe and Record! Write to the congressman from your district.

J. J., Eloiko, W. T.:

1. When does mercury freeze? 2. What is the proportionate number of males and females employed in the United States where they are usually required to be on their feet all day?

1. When mercury is pure it solidifies at 39 degrees below zero. 2. There are no published statistics on that subject.

J. M. D., Crowville, Tenn.:

Please explain what is meant by Tammany Hall.

Tammany Hall is an organization of New York Democrats, who band themselves for the purpose of controlling the political machinery of that great city. The members of the organizations are called Tammanites, and its head officer Chief Sachem.

Reader, Hotchkin P. O., Montana:

Will you please inform me through the columns of the BLADE, when the electoral college was instituted? What is the object and duty of the same?

The electoral college has its origin in Art. II, Sec. I, of the constitution. Its object is to simplify the counting of a Presidential vote and to prevent fraud.

M. V. F., Mercyville, Mo.:

Some say there is no sound where there is no ear to hear. Is there any grounds for the truth of the assertion?

Sound is not the vibration of the air made by the sounding body, but the impression made upon the nerves of the ear. If there were no ears, there would be still vibrations of the air, but no perception of them.

G. W. Reed, Sheldon, Ind.:

Please tell through the Bureau whether, if a Representative elected to Congress is found to be ineligible to the office, the law provides for a new election, or does the man receiving the next highest number of votes take the seat?

The House of Representatives has jurisdiction of the case and can seat the "next highest" or order a new election as it chooses.

M. D. S. Johnston:

1. Where and by whom was the Annapolis naval academy established? 2. What was the Ostend manifesto? 3. In case of President Cleveland's death who would succeed him?

1. It was established in 1845 by the United States government. 2. The Ostend manifesto was in the years 1601 to 1604, when the Dutch and Flemish surrendered to the Spanish. 3. Secretary of State Bayard.

C. R. Latimer, West Overton, Pa.:

1. Does it require a high education to learn to be an engraver?

2. Where would one apply for a position?

3. What is the salary paid a good engraver?

1. Though a high education is handy anywhere, it is not absolutely required in the engraving business. A *good* engraver should know something of art. 2. Any large engraving establishment will answer this question. 3. Depends on how good—might be $10 or $50 a week.

Clara, Pendleton, Oregon:

1. What is the origin of May day? 2. What is the largest city in Central America, and what population?

1. May day, the first day of May, was the chief festival in ancient and modern times. Among the old Celtic people a festival called Beltin was also held on this day. In England, as we learn Chaucer and other writers, it was customary during the middle ages, for all, both high and low—even the court itself—to go out on the first May morning at an early hour "to fetch the flowers fresh." 2. Leon, in Nicaraugua, has 100,000 inhabitants.

Della Ferguson, Rocky Ridge, O.:

In sending "chips" to the Camp Fire, must the author pay for the insertion? I am a daughter of a soldier and should be pleased to help to keep up the fire.

Chips to keep the Camp Fire burning are ever welcome, and should be addressed to Toledo BLADE CAMP FIRE. The BLADE is glad to hear from any friend of the soldier. The writing should be plain, written on only one side of the paper and do not try to get too much on one sheet of paper, as frequently changes have to be made in the manuscript, which requires room.

J. M., Gallatin: What is a sinking fund? The sinking fund was first projected by Sir Robert Walpole to redeem the debt to the bank of England; act passed in 1716. The act establishing the sinking fund of Mr. Pitt, devised by Dr. Price, was passed in March, 1786. A then estimated surplus of 900,000l. in the revenue was argumented by new taxes to make up the sum to 1,000,000l., which was to be invariably applied to the reduction of the national debt. The fallacy of the scheme was shown by Dr. Hamilton in 1813. In July, 1828, the sinking fund was limited to the actual surplus of revenue.

J. M. G., Hoxie, Kansas.

Can you send a good recept for polishing fine shirts, &c.?

After the linen is ironed, lay the article you intend to polish, upon a hard board having one thickness of muslin over the board; moisten the linen with a damp cloth, not too wet; then by rubbing the heel of a smooth flat-iron, crosswise of the article, it will produce a polish, or you may use the point of the flat-iron by moving one way with a heavy pressure. After the article is ironed, take the sharp edge of the iron and pass it all along upon the stitching of the shirt bosom and the same on collars and cuffs. This will make them look as when first bought new at the store.

C. W. M., Cowles, Neb.

Will you please give me as complete a sketch as possible of the life of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, and especially of his circumstances at the time of his death.

Robert Morris DD., was the founder of the Protestant's missions in China. He was born in Northumberland, 1782. In 1805 he was sent to Macao and Canton, by the London Missionary Society to learn the Chinese language and to translate the Bible into it. He reached Canton in Sept. 1807 and in the course of a year was appointed translator to the East India Company at Canton. For additional see answer to Mrs. J. M. S., Lincoln, Neb., in the BLADE of December 22.

A. Adams, Homer, Mich.:

1. Who was Black Prince of England? Please give his history.

2. Who was Mosheim? Please give as much of his history as space will admit.

1. Black Prince is the name usually given in history to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., distinguished for his heroic character. 2. Johann Lorenz Von Mosheim was a distinguished church historian of Germany. He was born at Lubeck in 1694. In 1723 he became ordinary professor of theology Helmstedt from which he was removed in 1747 to a similar office in Gootingen. He died while he was chancellor of the university of Gootingen, in 1755. His theological works are numerous.

W. M. B., Macy, Ind.:

Why is the United States known by the name Uncle Sam, and when was the name given?

It was during the year 1812 that this phrase originated as a title for the United States. A large amount of provisions were bought at Troy, N. Y., by Elbert Anderson, a United States contractor. The goods were inspected at Troy by two brothers named Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson, the latter of whom was known among all the workmen as Uncle Sam. The packages of goods were marked E. A.—U. S. A witty workman was asked what these letters meant, and jocosely said it must be Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The latter term soon came to be in current use for the United States.

A Reader, Bell, Ill.:

Please answer the following: We have the following organizations: The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Knights of Honor, wheelers, brick-layers and masons, mechanics, carpenters, miners and all other labor organizations. Now, which branch has assumed the name "Knights of Labor?"

The Locomotive Brotherhood is the best organized of any of the labor organizations. A few of its members belong also to the Knights of Labor. The Knights of Labor is supposed to cover all trades, and the purport of its organization was to take in all branches of trade. But the different trades grow dissatisfied under the arbitrary ruling of the Knights of Labor, and withdrew, preferring to be known as separate trades' unions rather than members of the Knights of Labor. The Knights of Labor organization has lost many of its members in the last year by this dissatisfaction. The Knights of Honor is an insurance society.

Was America Ever Discovered?

At the time when Columbus started in search of the New World, nearly every man, woman and child in the Europe insisted that there was no New World to discover. When he came back, crowned with success, a large proportion of these good people adhered to their theory: and if they were alive to-day many of them would doubtless insist that America had never been discovered at all. A man will give up anything in the world more readily than a pet theory. For example, look at the individuals who still maintain that consumption is incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands upon thousands of cases, and will cure thousands more, but these people can't give up their point. Nevertheless, the "Discovery" will cure any case of consumption, if taken in time.

A Mourning Stone.

Crape stone is a novel article used for jewelry to be worn by persons in mourning. Pins and brooches for fastening mourning garments have commonly been made of wood and covered with crape, but the invention of crape stone has largely supplanted them in all parts of the world and it is now made into almost every conceivable article of jewelry. The manufactory is in Rhode Island, where a large number of skilled artisans are employed. Crape stone of the first class is abraded with acids to produce the crape-like corrugations. These are in series side by side, or grouped in divisions; they are practically parallel, either longitudinal, lateral or diagonal, and are sometimes waved, and the effect is perfected by the finer cross lines. The stone, after being cut, is colored a lusterless black. The onyx used in the manufacture of these stones come principally from the Western territories, but a portion of the supply is from South America. The American stone is sent to Germany, where it is sawed into the desired sizes, cut and prepared for the ornamentation. It is then returned to this country and subjected to the process at Providence.

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Be Yourself.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad to know it—not that one should be going through the world trying to find beams to thump and knock his head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing, and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have their opinions—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they respect you more for turning your coat every day to match others. Wear your own colors, in spite of the winds and weather, storms and sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist than it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.—*Irish American.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

JAMES ROBINSON, Athletic Trainer at Princeton College, writes:

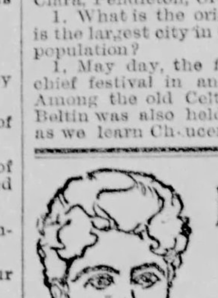
"PRINCETON, N. J., January 21, 1886.

"I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of Cuts, Bruises, Strains, Sprains, Colds, Rheumatism, etc. I discovered such a remedy in ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable."

S. BISHOP MARKS, Secretary of the Olympic Athletic Club, writes:

"NEW YORK, May 19, 1886.

"Having had a severe strain of an important muscle, and desiring to run in a series of athletic games, I successfully used an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER as a binder, and with great relief to the parts affected. I can highly recommend them to all athletes."



How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c

FASHION'S FANCIES.

GRAY IS TO BE THE COMING COLOR.

The Reign of of the Bustle Drawing to an End—A Couple of Recent Stylish Costumes Described—Ribbons in High Favor for Dress Ornamentation.

NEW YORK, April 20.—(Special letter.)—The tenor of foreign fashion advices is that gray will be the fashionable color this season. French modistes are making entire costumes of two or three distinct shades of gray in preference to relieving it with white or pale color in shot silk, the bodices showing gray velvet revers and shirred vests of gray silk muslin. Following the fashion established by the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, however, English dressmakers are creating costumes of gray faille surah and Henrietta cloth with long gray draperies over skirts of white moire, or cloth with vests of the same, or of China crape dotted with silver or gold, and the draperies caught up with white moire ribbons. Ideal gowns in this fashion are made of dove gray corded silk, rich and lustrous, with epaulettes, corsage pieces and girdle of cut steel beads.

The laced front is a feature of new English bodices and is becoming to all figures. Even veiling and cashmere dresses are

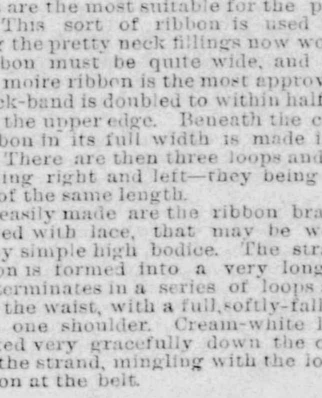
TWO ENGLISH STYLES.

laced, sometimes from the throat down, but it is more usual to see separate pieces added at the top of the first dart, and these laced to the edge of the bodice, while above this is the chemisette russe or plastron with revers. The seams of basques are not changed, but the outside fabric is put on in varied ways, a partiality still being shown for V-shaped trimmings in the back and front inlaid between plaits of the material that taper into the merest folds at the waist line, and forming the old-time fan waists that our grandmothers so doted on.

HOW THEY TRIM.

Ribbon is used with the utmost profusion. Many dancing-dresses, composed of delicately tinted pompadour net, have the entire front formed of lengthwise rows of ribbon run so close together that one would scarcely suspect the means by which the effect is produced. The new opalesque ribbons are the most suitable for the purpose. This sort of ribbon is used for making the pretty neck fillings now worn. The ribbon must be quite wide, and the shot or moire ribbon is the most approved. The neck-band is doubled to within half an inch of the upper edge. Beneath the chin the ribbon in its full width is made into loops. There are then three loops and an end falling right and left—they being all nearly of the same length.

Very easily made are the ribbon braces combined with lace, that may be worn over any simple high bodice. The strand of ribbon is formed into a very long V, which terminates in a series of loops and ends at the waist, with a full, softly-falling bow on one shoulder. Cream-white lace is jaboted very gracefully down the outside of the strand, mingling with the loops of ribbon at the belt.



TWO EXAMPLES.

The lace gown has survived the vicissitudes of the season. It will be in fuller flower than ever this summer. Black lace and moire is standard wear for most occasions; black point gauze over yellow makes a reception gown; pink point gauze over brocade is evening attire.

I saw a strikingly original gray costume, one of Worth's models, yesterday. The under skirt had box plaits half way up, lined throughout with horsehair. Over this came the coat. The front of the skirt was one straight piece, bound with braid, united to the sides, between which were long gatherings of shaded striped silk to match. Peeping between the joinings a sash of this same striped silk came from the front, and was turned upwards at the side, so that the inner portion showed and formed long fine plaitings at the back. The sleeves had one deep slash from the shoulder almost to the elbow, bound with braid, inclosing a puff of the striped silk, which appeared again as a full front to the bodice. The new gowns want very careful putting on.

The favorite trimmings for cloth will be bands pinked out in festoons and Vandykes placed beneath the edge of tunic and flounce similarly stamped; also braiding in the same or another color, with a slight admixture of gold thread, broad bands of applique work, arabasques more or less braided and beaded and passementerie. Many of the new costumes of serge, satin de laine and over twilled woolens have a band of two or three inches wide on one selvedge, which serves for the trimming. In some cases the band is composed of narrow lines of different colors or of check, but by far the most elegant are the plain woolens with plain bands of another color woven with a plain finish Gray and brown, in various shades, are thus decorated with blue, bronze, terra cotta, copper, crimson, maroon, etc., light blue with black and dark blue, heliotrope with browns, crimson with black and navy, etc.

No great demand for large checks and plaids is expected, but very fine checks are much desired, particularly for young girls' costumes. The colors in these are harmonies rather than contrasts—mixtures of two different shades of colors that are soft and pleasant in their effects.

THE BUSTLE DOOMED.

The abandonment of the dress improver is foreshadowed in the disappearance of the loopings and the catchings-up and the bunchiness and the bouffant effects at the back of the gown. In the hands of good dressmakers drapery has been reduced two-thirds. The cotton dress, in a fair proportion of cases, has abandoned the overdress altogether. Your gingham or sateen for country wear falls in plaits or gathers straight from belt to hem. If it pines for ornament it finds it in a broad ribbon sash.

The cloth street costume runs to long unbroken folds. It has no front drapery or the very simplest. The back drapery is very slight, but its arrangement is more of an art than ever. The effect can be produced by bewildering the eye with an intricacy of poufs, with a change of direction every instant.

FANCIES.

Some exquisite corsets on display match the shade of the silken petticoat worn with them.

Straight and simple forms characterize morning gowns.

All bridal robes destined for church weddings have long trains.

The newest fancy is to perfume house frocks by means of satchets inserted between the dress material and the lining.

With the "old women's capes" of light woolen stuff, lined with silk or foulard in quaint old designs, are worn hats, either of similar material in Greenaway shape, or of linon, lace, tulle or gauze.

Riding habits are exceptionally elegant. Dark-blue melton is a favorite material, and is made with a closely-buttoned, high-standing collar.

Some exquisite new buttons of mother-of-pearl, emitting opalescent gleams of color, appear upon many recherche spring suits.

The monotony of many white wedding gowns may be varied by embroideries in silver or pearls. The latter are most becoming in satin or moire.

Stylish undergarments are of silk linen, batiste, foulard, etc., in tender shades of magnolia, mauve, sky blue, etc., trimmed with delicate lace.

Widow brides are now permitted to wear white, embroidered with roses or carnations in color. Similar flowers are worn in the hair, and a large white mantilla lends its new dignity to the *ensemble*.

The new Alsatian bonnet is long in the crown and close in the head. It is of fancy straw and is trimmed with a long, looped velvet bow and a spray of flowers.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Southern Hospitality.

"We are forever hearing about Southern hospitality," exclaimed a Washington lady whose entertainments have been notable for the last three or four years. "One Southern lady told me that, while my entertainments were charming and she always liked to come to my house, I ought to go down where she came from and enjoy true Southern hospitality. I don't think she meant to be offensive, but her words were certainly susceptible of such construction. What she meant to say was, 'You do as well as you can and I like to attend your parties, but after all you don't know how to entertain.'

"Now," continued the Northern lady, "I don't complain of any one in particular, nor do I want to be criticising any one in particular, but I must say that this woman has been invited to my house at least twenty times since I have known her, and yet I have never seen a single invitation to hers. I've called there regularly in the course of a season, and have frequently met her at other people's houses, but to my knowledge she has never given an entertainment since she came to Washington, not even a dinner party. Nor have I ever received an invitation to any sort of a gathering at the house of any person from the South since I've been in Washington. The Southern contingent in Washington society has been prominent during the present Administration, but I have not been invited to enter the house of a single Southern official, with one exception; that was on the occasion of a ball given by Gen. Wheeler, of Alabama, two or three years ago. You never hear of a southern Senator, or Congressman, or government official entertaining. Certainly if there is any such thing as Southern hospitality it is not to be found in Washington. If you will look over the list of entertainments that have been given in Washington this winter, you will find that the hosts and hostesses have been from Northern states."—*Washington Letter.*

That Tired Feeling

Afflicts nearly every one in the spring. The system having become accustomed to the bracing air of winter, is weakened by the warm days of the changing season, and readily yields to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It tones and builds up every part of the body, and also expels all impurities from the blood. Try it this season.

Spiritualism.

Then there are a great many very intelligent people who are not credulous, but who are in an inquiring state of mind on the subject and who are anxious to find out what truth there may in spiritualism. Any one who has ever had occasion to go to a medium show has observed them. Possibly their minds become so unsettled that a reaction against all established things causes some of them to fly eagerly to any creed that has an air of mystery about it, as well as of plausibility. Edison, the great electrician, is said to be interested in spiritualist manifestation. So is another successful electrician, E. H. Goff, one of the owners of the New York *Graphic*. Charles A. Dana at one time was curious on the subject. Mrs. La Bau, sister of the late W. H. Vanderbilt, is an open beliver. I have been told that ex-Governor Hoadley, who has been mentioned for the chief justiceship, has, since taking up his residence in New York, became impressed with the idea that there may be something in spiritualism. Steele Mackaye is another of this class of investigators. In fact, the intelligent people of the stage are prone to look into the mysteries, real or alleged, of the spiritualistic creed. The names of those who may be called students of spiritualism, and who, if not believers, are at least in a very receptive mood, might make interesting reading.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

All Sorts of Poison.

Mr. W. F. Daley, Advertising Agent of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, writes: "Inflammatory rheumatism swelled my legs and arms to twice their natural size. I suffered excruciating pain. Your wonderful S. S. S. made a complete cure.

Major Sidney Herbert, editor of the *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have fully tested the virtues of Swift's Specific, both as a rheumatism cure and a tonic. It has done even more than its proprietors claim for it.

Mr. Michael Long, Jr., with the Strobridge Lithographic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I suffered for two years with a terrible itching and painful sores on my neck, arms, hands and fingers. No physician could help me. S. S. S. relieved me perfectly and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. Amanda Ingle, of Gastonia, N. C., writes: "My baby, when four months old, developed scrofula. He had two severe risings and sores on the neck. I sent for our family physician, who pronounced it scrofula, and prescribed S. S. S. for it. I gave the baby S. S. S. and it soon got the disease under control. The sores are healed, and the baby is well and healthy. I know S. S. S. saved its life, and I told our doctor so. He is a regular physician, and prescribed S. S. S. for the baby as soon as he saw it had scrofula.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Lucky and Unlucky Men.

One of the unluckiest men we have ever known was even conscious of his ill-luck, and declared that, somehow or another, the off-chance always hit him. It was partly true; but the intimate friends who knew and loved him understood well that there was in him this awkwardness, this redundancy of angles presented to fate, in a very high degree, that, being at once a good man, a thoughtful man, and a highly-cultivated one, he always in critical moments contrived to do precisely the wrong thing. This capability of being incapable is by no means unusual, and the first Rothschild was probably right from his point of view when he said that he never would employ an unlucky man.

On the other hand, the lucky man is usually the man who fits his fortune, who, whether apparently able or stupid, can do just what his special circumstances require him to do. Very stupid men are very often ready men, armed with a readiness of dogs when they twist from under a cartwheel unhurt. The "fool who makes a fortune" is usually a man with just the foresight, or the judgment, or the intuitive perception of the way things are going—a faculty like long-sight or keen hearing and independent of intellectual power—requisite to make large profits quickly. In fact, the fortunate man is usually the man who, in consequence of some hidden quality in his nature, deserves fortune. Nevertheless, there is a residuum of true personal good or ill luck of men to whom things happen so unusual, and so little explicable by their acts or anything that either is or can be in themselves, that the world, despairing of interpretation, considers them either the favorites or the victims of fortune.—*The Spectator.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Something Interesting About Piping.

Natural gas would to-day be sent everywhere as freely as coal if it were not for the cost of piping. The Chicago *Tribune* says that steel piping is now being made at one-third the cost and of one-ninth the weight of cast-iron piping. A 12-inch steel piping, whose bursting pressure is 1,100 pound, can be sold at a handsome profit for $74.67 per 100 feet, while the cost of wrought iron and cast-iron piping of much less bursting pressure is $211.25 and $150 respectively. Twenty miles of 24-inch seamless steel piping one-eighth of an inch thick will weigh 3,000,000 pounds. The same piping, if it could be made of welded iron—it can not—would weigh 12,600,000 pounds; made of cast iron, 26,755,000 pounds. In each case the bursting pressure of the steel is nearly twice that of the iron.

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

RIDICULING IRISHMEN.

The Mugwump is Showing His Anti-Irish Feeling To-day as the Cockney Englishman Has been Doing for Generations.

Troy, N. Y., Telegram.

The New York *Times* is President Cleveland's principal personal organ. Just now it is engaged in showering coarse ridicule on American citizens of Irish birth and descent who presume to discuss public affairs. It is especially offended because Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, and Michael Kerwin, of the New York *Tablet*, have ventured to say that "the great crying need of the country is a broad, firm, dignified, truly American policy." Obviously Grover Cleveland has not given the country such a policy, as his personal organ proceeds to bespatter the Irish editors with its abuse. From a leading editorial page we take the following:

"Who has a better right," our estaymed contimporary might inquoire, "than Pat Ford and Mike Kerwin, bedad, to tell the Amurricans phat is truly Amurrican? Haven't the Amurricans been electing the loikes of thim to all the offices they fancied for the last twinty-five or thirty years? Is there an Amurrican legislature, from Congress down to the Boord of Aldermen, that 'ud dare go agin phat Pat and Mike said? Show us the same number of Amurricans that have the influence in ward politics and city politics and state politics of the Oirish saloonkeepers in the city of New York. Ask Governor Hill, be jabers, wud he rather have thim or the clurgy wid him when he goes into the convintion. Wud he veto the high license bill for um? Wud a duck swim?

"Sure, the Americans have nothing to say about the country, barrin to earn the taxes for the Oirish byes to ate, and to mind their own business and leave politics to their betthers. What does Cleveland and Bayard and Phelps and thim know about thrue Amurricanism? They're no better than so many Englishmen at all, at all. It takes an Oirishmon to be a throe Amurrican, and don't yez forget it, d'ye mind. None of thim Amurricans that were born in it have a right to call themselves thrue Amurricans, barrin' that incomparable statesman, James G. Blaine. Hurroo!"

It is to be hoped that the Irishmen who have intended to support Cleveland will relish this delicate wit of his leading organ. Irishmen are proverbial lovers of fun, but if they like the fun which makes them the target for mud-machines they have wonderfully changed of late. Nothing quite so good had been heard since "Joe" Chamberlain opened the vials of his wrath on the Irish nation.

Queer Fits and Starts.

The fits and starts—using these words in their literal meaning—of the nervous people, often strike the beholder as ludicrous. The nerves of hearing of such unfortunates are painfully acute and impinged by abrupt, unexpected noises, lead them sometimes to perform antics worthy of a jumping jack. At the root of nervousness, in most instances, is non-assimilation of the food, and consequent innutrition of the nerves as of the other tissues of the body. This prolonged is, of course, productive of serious nervous disease. The remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that invigorate the stomach and enables it to perform its functions properly. Soon after commencing a course of it, it will be found that the nerves grow more tranquil by day, nightly repose becomes less interrupted, and appetite more vigorous and satisfying. These are the initial indications, followed by the complete restoration of nervous vigor. The Bitters also cure fever and ague, liver complaint and constipation.

Chinese Dainties for Epicures.

Bow ob Jon—Boned ducks' feet boiled with mushrooms, bamboo shoots, cloves and other spices.

Chow Chop Suey—Thin strips of pork fried with chicken gizzards cut in shape of roses, heavily spiced.

Chow Kai Quot—Boned chickens' wings fried with celery, pickles and a species of water potatoes, slightly sweetened.

Yen Woh Gond—Bird's nest soup. This is a glutinous stuff of a yellowish white, boiled with finely beaten eggs and seasoned with rock candy.

Bo Ob—A boned duck, head and feet complete, stuffed with Italian chestnuts, lotus seeds, Canton dates and about half a dozen other spices, boiled in rich liquor.

Chow Kai Pieon—Small strips of white chicken meat and chicken livers fried with finely cut strip of celery and fungus, Corean seaweed and bamboo shoots, with thick brown gravy, heavily seasoned with Canton soy.

A Family Provider.

First little girl (to a neighbor of same age and sex)—Are your folks rich?

"We are comfortable."

"You have no papa?"

"Yes, I have."

"But he don't live in your house?"

"No, because ma don't want him around. He pays ma a hundred dollars a week alimony."

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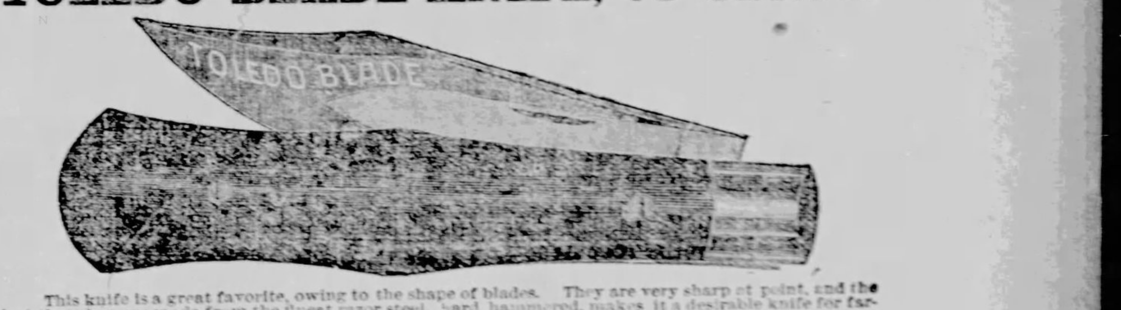

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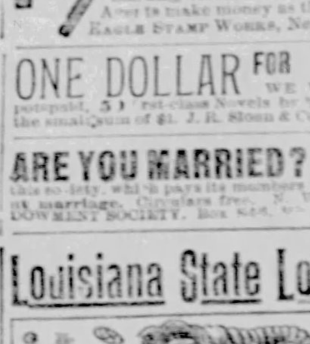

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THE TARIFF ISSUE.

The great Presidential battle of 1888 will be fought on the tariff issue. All other points of difference between the two great parties will be subsidiary to the great question, whether our economic system shall be changed, and this country be made a mere producer of raw materials for Europe, or whether the policy which has made her a great nation, industrially independent of the world, wealthy and prosperous, shall be continued.

The BLADE believes that our present policy should be continued, because it is the one which is best for our farmers and our workingmen. The country has flourished under protection. Protection means independence. As we acquire independence, the tariff, still protective in principle, should be readjusted to the changed conditions of the country, but that should be done by those who believe in it and not by those who hate it and who wish to break it down.

In order to make the questions in issue regarding the tariff plain to every one, we shall begin, in the BLADE, early in June, the publication of a

TARIFF PRIMER,

In which the subject will be explained, from the definition of a duty upwards. This series of articles will be written in so plain a style that any intelligent schoolboy can understand the matter. We shall deal with FACTS, and leave moonshine theorizing to the Cobden club devotees.

We find find that the people are wide awake in this matter, and anxious to understand it thoroughly. We hope, therefore, that our friends will aid in getting up campaign lists of subscribers to begin at that time, so that every one may have the "Primer" from the very beginning. Our campaign terms will be ready by May 20.

We shall be glad to have questions and points sent us at once to be embodied in this series.

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THE UNPARDONABLE PHYSICAL SIN.

There is hope held out to the sinner of salvation for all offenses save one. Our Savior's solemn—nay, awful—words are: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men * * * neither in this world, neither in the world to come." We do not desire to discuss the nature of this fearful sin, for which neither the present existence nor the life hereafter holds out the slightest hope of forgiveness. But we wish to call attention to the fact that this one unforgivable moral transgression is paralleled in the physical nature of man.

There are physical sins as well as moral ones. He who transgresses the laws of health suffers the penalty of his transgression in bodily suffering. The body is racked with the pangs of disease as the penalty of neglect or inattention. Medical science can alleviate, in the great majority of cases, this suffering, and aid the wonderful reparative powers of nature to recover from the shock of illness. Yet there is one abuse of the body for which the healing art seeks in vain to find a specific, one form of self-induced disease for which there is no remedy, one wounding of human vitality for which there is no alexipharmic.

The Rum habit is the unpardonable physical sin.

When the Most High forgives a sin, its penalty is remitted, its punishment avoided. For this one physical sin there is no forgiveness in this world, for all who indulge therein must pay the penalty. That penalty carries the man down to his grave the slave of Rum. He dies a drunkard. And as we are told that no drunkard can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, it follows that this physical sin is beyond forgiveness is the life to come. The confirmed drunkard is in a hopeless case. He can not hope to escape the penalty here nor yet in the hereafter. His offense is unpardonable.

It is a terribly mysterious property of that infernal liquid, alcohol, that when its habitual use is persisted in for a time—the period varying with the temperament and bodily condition of its intended victim—it begets within the human system a depraved condition. It establishes a thirst for itself that nothing else can allay. When a man indulges till he reaches the point at which the Rum thirst is begun, there is no hope for him. The end may be a longer or a shorter time in coming, but it is as absolutely certain as that the winter follows the summer.

Alcohol in any form—whether in beer, wine or spirits in any of their varieties, all of which we include under the convenient term "Rum"—is not only of no value to the human system, but it is a positive injury, in each and every case. Dr. RICHARDSON, a competent authority, declares: "Alcohol gives no strength, reduces the nervous power, builds up no tissues, and can be of no use to man or any other animal as a substitute for food." It is a poison, pure and simple, and its toxic effects are in direct ratio to the quantity taken into the system, and the frequency with which it is done.

When the drinking habit has been persisted in long enough to have established the depraved condition that, like the horse-leech's daughters, ever cries "Give, give," an unpardonable because irremediable physical sin has been committed. The craving for Rum, growing by what it feeds on, ever waxes stronger. If the victim is deprived of it for a time, this thirst becomes a wild passion, a fierce madness. Under it a man forgets his honor, a woman throws away her virtue. Youth barters its freshness and all the bright promise of the golden years of the future to wallow in the mire of this debasing vice. Age throws away its dignity and all right to the reverence of the young, to close its career in a drunkard's grave. The son mocks, at the bidding of this devil, his mother's tears, his father's anguish. The husband and father forgets the vow to protect and cherish the wife, and abandons his children to the mercies of the cold world, that he may traverse with swift steps the path to destruction.

There is no fitting parallel on earth for this infernal thirst. The pangs its victim suffers so long as it is unsatisfied have no analogue save the torment of lost souls in hell. Once in its power, there is no deliverance. Education and intelligence are no safeguards against it, for we have only to recall the long list of statesmen, poets, orators, leaders on the armed field or in the halls of state who have through its bond been chained to the grisly chariot of the Rum Devil. There is nothing that can withstand it. The only safety lies in never putting one's self in danger of becoming its thrall. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" is the only safe rule in dealing with Rum. Total abstention is the price of safety.

Is it not time to look about us, O fathers, to take means to save our children from this ever present danger, when there is not a street in any of our cities but wherein the saloon stands with open door, inviting them to enter? Is it not our duty, O fellow-citizens, to save the coming generation from a slavery more hellish than any other that ever afflicted this crime-stained earth? Is it not our right that we shall do what lies in our power to stop the ravages of the devil that is dragging thousands of our fellows down to physical and spiritual death each year?

What can we do? Mankind is weak, and there are thousands who have not the will to withstand temptation. To tax the traffic curbs it, but so long as one man is in danger of becoming the victim of Rum we have not done our whole duty. So long as Rum is made, so long will the drink habit find victims. So long as poor weak humanity can obtain Rum, the evil will go on. To save the race, we must go to the root of the matter, and stop the manufacture of Rum. We must not only prevent the traffic, but stop the production of this devil's drink, that there may be no Rum for men to traffic in. There is but one way to do this. Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of Rum is the only effectual means whereby to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

REPUBLICAN TARIFF BILL NEEDED.

The feeling grows in certain quarters that the Republicans in the House of Representatives should formulate a bill of their own, in contradistinction to the Mills free trade bill and the Randall bill, both Democratic measures. The first is utterly and entirely repugnant to the ideas of all Republicans, while the second by no means answers their requirements. Mr. RANDALL's measure provides for a revenue reduction of about $95,000,000. Nearly three fourths of this is made at the expense of the internal revenue. He proposes to repeal the tax on tobacco and to diminish the tax on distilled spirits from 90 cents to 50 cents per gallon. The taxes on fruit brandies and on spirits used in manufactures are removed, and some other changes of less importance are made. In all, the internal revenue is cut down by $70,000,000. There is a further reduction of $25,000,000 in customs duties, by placing a large number of articles on the free list, of the class entering into composition as raw material, and by a general revision of the metals, woolens and other schedules.

It may be said for the bill that it is consistent with itself, which is certainly more than can be said for the conglomeration of absurdities which has been drawn up by Mr. MILLS. Mr. RANDALL attempts to preserve the principle of protection, but there is little probability that his bill will secure a large Republican support. If the tariff is to be touched at all, the great majority of the Republicans believe that the main reduction should be upon sugar. Mr. RANDALL does not wish to cut sugar. He expects to secure a solid vote of the Louisiana Democrats, and could not rely upon their support unless he should omit sugar from his schedules of reduction.

Mr. RANDALL, it is evident, cannot depend on Republican allies to support a bill which omits sugar, and he cannot, therefore, count with any confidence upon Republican support. Many Republicans would vote with him on some of the features of his internal reduction plans, but many are not prepared to vote for so large a reduction of internal revenue taxes or any reduction of the whisky tax. It may be doubted whether the Republicans would unite on any more sweeping revision of internal revenue than of the tax upon tobacco.

While many Republicans may favor a reduction of the tax upon alcohol used in the arts, the investigation which was made last year, based on the testimony of experts, showed that the amount of alcohol so used is small, that the reduction, if made, might not benefit the consumer, while it would open a door to fraud which could with difficulty be closed. The presentation of the Mills and Randall bills as Democratic measures makes it all the more the imperative duty of the Republicans to form a definite plan of revenue reduction of their own, and to then insist that the plans shall go to the people for their verdict. There is no urgent necessity that Congress should take action at this session.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

MISSOURI'S VEST was promptly "pulled down" in the Senate by Mr. SHERMAN. Mr. VEST knows by this time that JOHN is loaded, and will undoubtedly cease all reference to the Electoral commission. That celebrated body was the result of a Democratic scheme to elect TILDEN, and the chagrin of the Democrats seems to be undying because it did not work as they hoped.

THE result of the election in Louisiana shows what may be expected at the national election in November. It means a solid South for the Democratic party, for if the Republicans could carry any state, it would be Louisiana. There is no question now as to what the Republican party may count upon.

CLEVELAND vetoes private pension bills as rapidly as they come before him. The only pensions the veterans will get so long as he is President are those which they are authorized to receive under laws passed by Republican Congresses and signed by Republican Presidents.

THE Senate has passed the bill to admit South Dakota to statehood. The Democratic majority in the House must assume the burden of denying justice to the residents of that populous territory, or yield gracefully and admit a new state.

THE PEOPLE'S INDICTMENT OF GROVER CLEVELAND.

The fact is patent that GROVER CLEVELAND will be renominated by the Democratic party for the Presidency. In deciding upon whom they will support for that position, the people will examine the record Mr. CLEVELAND has made in office, and determine whether the exalted promises he made in 1884 have been carried out in his administration.

He received many thousands of votes from men who were more or less dissatisfied with certain states of affairs, and may be said to owe his election to the position he took before the people regarding civil service reform and the spoils doctrine. He would have been defeated in New York state, and thus have lost the Presidency, had he not placed himself in the attitude of a reformer, opposed to making the offices the spoils of the political victors.

1.—He declared that the administration should be conducted on sound business principles; that competency, experience and faithfulness were to be the standards of fitness for office, not efficiency as political wire-pullers.

2.—He declared that competent and effective office-holders were to be retained in office, regardless of their political sentiments; that no man would be removed simply on political grounds.

3.—He declared that in appointments there should be no preferment on account of partisan activity, but that high qualification as to fitness to discharge official duty should be the rule of selection; that "merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subserviency or the surrender of honest political belief."

4.—He declared that federal office-holders shall not be "perniciously active" in political work, and issued an order warning them that they were expected to attend to their official duties and not meddle in caucuses, conventions and elections, further than to exercise the right of every American citizen to cast his ballot.

How have these declarations, promises and pledges been kept?

1.—He made a show of opposition to the spoilsmen, and then surrendered shamefully to them. Within the first swo years of his administration, 43,000 out of a total a little over 56,000 offices were changed—the old incumbents dismissed because of their politics, the new appointees given their places because they are Democrats.

2. This pledge has been utterly trampled under foot. Of the very few old incumbents now in federal offices, there are not a half-dozen that can be considered as being kept there in fulfillment of this pledge. The most conspicuous one of these is Postmaster PEARSON, of New York; but it is an open question whether his retention was not due solely to his being a mugwump, in order to placate Messrs. CURTIS, SCHURZ, GODKIN, and other leading mugwumps.

3.—There is not a position that has been filled by the President or by the executive heads under him, where the incumbent was not given the place because he was a Democrat—and in every case, except in some of the minor postoffices, because the incumbent was a political worker. The offices have been made the reward of political service.

4.—The Democratic office-holders have been as active as federal office-holders ever were in partisan work. There is not a Democratic district or state convention held that is not run and managed by Democratic federal officials. There is no need of giving instances. Every state in the Union can furnish an abundance of them.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S high-sounding declaration that "public office is a public trust," if we are to take Mr. CLEVELAND'S actions as a definition, means that the Democratic party is an office-holding "trust;" for he has certainly cornered all the offices for the benefit of the party.

His pledges secured his election; their violation is the only thing that has made it possible to secure his renomination.

His declarations in favor of civil service reform brought him the hopeful endorsement of the best men of both parties; his disgraceful abandonment of those declarations has lost him the confidence of all these men.

His endeavor to put the Democratic party on a higher plane resulted in an inglorious stepping down by himself to the level of its worst element.

His attitudinizing as a reformer has ended by a shameful surrender to the spoilsmen.

He has been a conspicuous failure in all that he promised. He has eaten his own words, broken his voluntary promises, given the lie to his own declarations and violated his solemn pledges.

BOND-BUYING TO BEGIN.

Secretary FAIRCHILD has advertised for proposals from bondholders to sell their holdings to the government and thus reduce the surplus by the amount which will be paid out, as well as reduce the national debt by the amount of bonds bought, and cut off the interest thereon. The pretended doubt as to the authority of the government to buy bonds has been removed by the passage in the House on the 16th instant of a resolution declaring it the sense of the House that under the existing law the secretary has the power to buy bonds, and that in its opinion it is the best thing to do. The resolution was drawn by Governor DINGLEY, who has been in consultation with Secretary FAIRCHILD some time, and the action is the result of an agreement on the part of the sound money men on both sides of the House.

The adoption of the resolution makes it more than clear that the Republicans have been right from the beginning. None of the trouble would have existed at all had the President and his party acquiesced in what has been insisted upon by the Republican members and Senators all the time—that under the existing law the President had ample authority to buy. The Democrats vowed that he had not, and introduced the original resolution to vest the executive with the required power. The Republicans declare the measure wholly unnecessary, and now the Democrats admit their mistake by embodying formally just what MCKINLEY and REED told them was the case six months ago. The resolution is a simple House one, and does not require action by the Senate.

THE probability that the Crown Prince WILLIAM, of Germany, must soon succeed to the throne, adds an interest to the situation in France. BOULANGER'S triumph in his election to the Chamber of Deputies from the great department of Le Nord, is, for a man who, a month ago, was retired by courtmartial from the army, a phenomenal one. It does not seem likely, however, that his present prominence in French affairs will prove to be permanent. It looks as if his victory might prove to be a fortunate circumstance for the Republicans, as it might force them to forget minor differences in the face of common danger. For the plain fact is that BOULANGER just now represents popular sentiment among the fickle people of France, and should the German emperor die before the populace wearies of its idol, and should his successor manifest an aggressive attitude toward France, BOULANGER'S cry of "*Revanche!*" would be a dangerous one. Europe just now is a tinder box, and waits the spark.

THERE are $125,000,000 lying in the national treasury available immediately for bond purchases. There is a feeling in New York that the offers to sell will be large, as bondholders can convert their funds in a 3 per cent. investment into new railroad bonds at 60 to 70 and at 6 per cent. interest.

PROTECTION AND MONOPOLY.

Much has been written by the free traders about the monopoly fostered by the friends of protection. There seems to be some difficulty with many in distinguishing between a prosperous concern and a monopoly. Because the iron interests at Pittsburg thrive through protection, it appears to these teachers of economy that Pittsburg has control of the markets, and secures the trade to the exclusion of some other point. Nothing is farther from a true statement of the case; for, on account of the success of the Pittsburg workers, do the ore fields of Alabama and Georgia flourish.

Protection does not apply to any individual, or corporation, or section. If, however, the duty were taken off, or had been so low as to preclude the production, in Pennsylvania and Ohio, there would have been no encouragement for Colorado, for Michigan, or Wisconsin, or Missouri. The one central fact is, that protection gives encouragement, so that competition becomes not only possible, but in addition, possible to the widest extent. The monopoly has been a growth of free trade, by which England deprived us of the opportunity of our getting on our feet, or gaining an interest in the arts of home commerce.

Nothing has so reflected the real English sentiment as the enthusiasm expressed by the home papers and those of Australia at the prospect of the theory of the President's message becoming a matter of legislation. Mr. PHELPS, our minister at London, has just returned from abroad, and as a friend of the administration comes around with a fresh idea, doubtless exhumed from the depths of the Cobden club, to which he belongs, like all good Anglo-Americans. He announced to a reporter that there was a wide-spread fear in England lest the free trade policy should give America control of the markets.

He came too late for Mr. MILLS to incorporate it into his speech; but it will reappear before the discussion closes. No one but an Englishman and a wild free trader could have seriously projected such a superficial fraud. It is like one of those jokes related of DEPEW, which John Bull begins to appreciate by the following week, and not long hence will be translated back to the court of St. James with the bottom knocked out. It is a long-standing fallacy of the British that the earth belongs to them; and never have the heresies they taught during our colonial days forsaken them, nor are they liable so, so long as the Cobden club prevails.

In 1651, during the session of the Long Parliament, and two years before CROMWELL proclaimed himself "Lord Protector," was the first navigation act passed. It precluded all commerce with the American colonies except that carried on in English ships. Almost the first act of CHARLES II. after the decline of the "Commonwealth" was a renewal of the Navigation act, in 1660, by which an effort was also made to control the coast trade. Colonial manufactures were discouraged by Parliament in 1719 upon the plea that they tended to lessen our dependence upon the mother power of Great Britain. In 1731, a resolution was passed declaring that the most active tendency continued in America to become self-supporting, and to make their own home comforts, and that it must be stopped, because it would interfere with the profit made by the British merchants.

Only twenty-five years before the Revolution, or in 1750, the colonial manufacture of iron was declared a *common nuisance* by Parliament, and prohibited, under penalty of $1,000. The making of firearms in Massachusetts was also opposed; but meanwhile FRANKLIN had invented his new style of stove, and grates, heaters and iron kettles kept multiplying, as they have ever since. We seemed possessed with the demon of invention and of self protection. We have tapped coal and iron veins, copper, gold and silver deposits, lead and tin. We grow the best cotton in the world, cultivate corn and wheat and rye, and of course naturally incline to make up all these articles of usefulness and beauty to accord with our notions of such things, and neither England nor the Democratic platform can suppress it.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

The Ohio Republican state convention at Dayton was an enthusiastic and harmonious council of the party's representatives. It has nominated a good ticket, and prepared a solid platform for the campaign. There was no radical difference of opinion in the convention on any topic save the tenor of the resolution formally indorsing Senator SHERMAN'S Presidential candidacy, and everybody is apparently satisfied with the one presented and adopted. Even the Ohio Republicans whose Presidential preferences are for some other among the brilliant list of possibilities felt it to be but simple justice to the Senator that he should have Ohio's undivided support on entering the national convention, and their contention was only against an instruction that would commit the delegates to Mr. SHERMAN to the last, even if the turn of events should prove his nomination impossible.

The committee on Resolutions, however, acted with admirable discretion. This particular resolution was prepared by the Senator's own friends on the committee, and is to be presumed, therefore, to be sufficiently strong to please them. It most certainly satisfies the wishes of all other Ohio Republicans. What it says is no more than Ohio should say for JOHN SHERMAN; and should the result of the earlier ballots show that the majority of the national convention prefer some other standard-bearer, Ohio's representatives are at liberty to use a wise discretion in their support, that our commonwealth may maintain that weight in the body to which her importance and her sterling Republicanism entitles her.

THE condition of Emperor FREDERICK of Germany is such that his reign is now certain to be one measured by weeks or days, rather than by years. His certain death causes regret all over Europe, for with his passing away also vanishes the absolute certainty that Germany will use all her influence to preserve peace among the Great Powers. The young Crown Prince WILLIAM comes to the throne, and under his rule all will be uncertainty. It may be set down as certain, however, that so long as BISMARCK lives and holds the place of Chancellor of the Empire, his mighty influence will be thrown against any change in German policy that will invite disaster. But when he follows his royal masters, father and son, to the grave, there will open a transition period in the constitutional development of Germany, and in the military and political history of Europe. It is his hand that weighs heavily in the scale of human destiny, and not the trembling, nerveless grasp on life of the dying Emperor.

OF the candidates mentioned in connection with the Chief Justiceship, GRAY, of Delaware, is not yet 48; MCDONALD, of Indiana, 68; BAYARD, of Delaware, 59; CARLISLE, of Kentucky, 52; THURMAN, of Ohio, 74; MORGAN, of Alabama, 64; Justice FIELD, of California, 71; Justice MILLER, of Iowa, 71. Of the former Chief Justices, JAY was 32; MARSHALL, 45; ELLSWORTH, 51; TANEY, 59, and CHASE not quite 57 when appointed.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND declared in his message that there were over 4,000 dutiable articles on the tariff list. Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE, of Massachusetts, who has recently made a careful count declares that there are but 1,120. How is that?

THE prospects of a ratification of BAYARD'S absurd fisheries treaty grow dimmer and dimmer.

SECRETARY BAYARD.

Rumor comes from Washington that the secretary of State is to be promoted back to the Senate. It is considered by some of his friends that he will do better when representing one half of Delaware than he has in the department over which he has presided. Among them, Mr. CLEVELAND shares such opinion, if the story is correct, and purposes to appoint Senator GRAY to the place of Chief Justice, WHITNEY to the portfolio now occupied by BAYARD, and thus let the latter on to the position he held before the reform began. Mr. WHITNEY has the reputation already of being the best dressed man in the Cabinet, but it is said that he is not happy.

He is ambitious to be given a wider social distinction, and Mrs. WHITNEY is ready to assist him; for it is also reported that both are *en route* for the White House some time, and the Navy cannot float them just now. The affair at Tangiers, the Samoa disturbance, and the fear lest the Duke of Monaco may take it into his head to toss an insult at the United States, has quite disgusted Mr. BAYARD. He has the sympathy of all Americans who desire that the good opinion of their country shall not be lost entirely, and it is no idle fear in case Mr. CLEVELAND becomes his own successor.

The only motive which may influence Mr. BAYARD to hold on a while longer is the law of succession, which makes him executive in case of the death of the President before March next. But few can fail to recall the decadence which has overtaken us since this administration has assumed national control. When we had a good live Republican in the chair now held by Mr. BAYARD, the army of France occupied Mexico. It was the pet scheme of NAPOLEON III. to establish a Latin empire upon this continent, and offset the loss of territory, which occurred when Canada was taken by the English and Colonial forces.

England and Spain had withdrawn, and the Emperor had selected MAXIMILIAN to represent him in the Mexican capital. Every thing for a while seemed to conspire to carry forward the performance, which he often remarked upon as the grandest event of his reign. Mr. SEWARD wrote him that the occupation of Mexico under any form of monarchy, aided by the army and navy of France, was very distasteful to the sentiments of the United States. He also reminded him that the Monroe doctrine was still alive and that we proposed to recognize it unless he withdrew. Not long thereafter, the French army embarked from our shores, and the imperialism collapsed in Mexico.

Much has been said about commercial alliance with our neighbors, and of the tendency of Canada to gravitate into the Union. It must not be forgotten that no power, however weak, is inclined to make a friend of another, unless some advantages in a political way be secured. We are in duty bound to ally ourselves with Mexico, with Brazil, and with the Argentine Republic. No President since the time of GRANT seems to have adequately regarded the moral obligation of the United States to cultivate the good will of all the powers of both Americas, but the chance will come again and patriotism succeeds to an era of indifference.

WHERE DO OUR IMMIGRANTS SETTLE?

The statistics recently published, showing the distribution of our foreign immigration for the past ten years, give some very interesting results, and are certainly suggestive. The total immigration for 1887 was about 405,000, or 84,000 more than for the preceding year. It also exceeded that for either of the two preceding years, but fell below the totals for any of the three years of 1881, 1882 or 1883. The largest aggregate was 1882, when 455,405 immigrants landed at this port. In the case of 30 of our states and territories the influx for 1887 exceeded that for 1886; in 15 instances a decline is to be observed.

The states which exhibited a marked increase were Colorado, Indiana, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts. Among those who lost heavily were Maryland, Missouri and Texas. In 11 cases the immigration during 1887 was unprecedented, but generally the maximum is credited to 1881, 1882 or 1884. And one singular feature is the fact brought out by the table that 1881 saw a marked movement of foreign population toward the Southern states, which, however, for some reason proved to be only temporary. The total immigration to that region in 1881 was about 25,000. From that figure it abruptly dropped to about 10,000, and has remained at that limit without material change ever since.

Here is a state of affairs that needs to be corrected. It is evident to any one who looks into the matter that the South at the present time offers better inducements to the settler than the regions open to him in the extreme West. The "New South" will show its wisdom by making an effort to attract to it a larger share of foreign capital and industry than it is at present receiving. The statistics show that last year Indiana showed a large increase in its immigration, while Illinois lost ground. Michigan sprang ahead after a term of decline, but the other Northwestern states scarcely held their own. Iowa, Wisconsin and Kansas seem to be steadily losing in the number of foreign born population, and Missouri is also among the States that show a decrease. The only Southern states showing a marked increase are North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia, and in these the increase is relative rather than absolute. The South should make a better use of its opportunity.

The 405,405 foreign immigrants who landed at Castle Garden, New York, during the year 1887, were of the following nationalities:

Germany	81,864	Armenia	161
Ireland	56,860	Iceland	158
England	45,696	Mexico	151
Italy	44,271	South America	144
Sweden	37,862	Central America	131
Russia	33,203	Portugal	75
Hungary	17,719	China	64
Scotland	14,864	Great Britain (not specified)	50
Norway	13,011	Australia	36
Austria	11,762	Arabia	22
Denmark	8,375	Nova Scotia	15
Bohemia	6,449	Japan	13
France	5,099	British East Ind	11
Netherlands	5,500	South Africa	11
Wales	5,449	New Zealand	11
Switzerland	4,597	Brazil	9
Finland	4,031	India	8
Belgium	2,362	Africa	6
Roumania	834	Egypt	4
Quebec and Ontario	711	Sandwich Isl'nds	4
Greece	612	New Brunswick	3
Luxemburg	572	Prince Edward's Island	3
Spain	485	British Colum	2
West Indies	466	Java	1
Malta	298	Morocco	1
Syria	175	St. Helena	1
Burmah	170	Peru	1
Turkey	169		

MR. CONKLING was the highest type of political chivalry. We have no other record of a member of the United States Senate resigning and appealing to his constituency. The Prime Minister of England has that custom, but it has not become established in this country yet. Mr. CONKLING, further, went to work, and in his profession arose to the highest place at the New York bar. He, at his death, had been in the practice of the law, purely, less than ten years.

IF the Pope has really condemned the boycott, and admonished the faithful not to indulge in it, it will be interesting to note the struggle between politics and religion in Ireland.

THE income tax in Great Britain is not popular and Mr. GOSCHEN, the chancellor of the exchequer, proposes to reduce it, though to do it he creates other imposts in order not to diminish the revenues.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

Farm Mortgages.

Some of our correspondents are referring to articles recently published in Democratic free trade papers as to the vast sum total of mortgages upon farm property. They of course attribute these mortgages to the tariff. If a cyclone should utterly destroy the rural buildings and cities in half a dozen states, we have no doubt somebody would blame the tariff for it.

The next man who quotes the total amount of farm mortgages at you, ask him the total value of the farms in the state—not the assessed valuation, but the real value—and what proportion the mortgage total bears to the total value. Then ask him the total value of all the wholesale and retail business houses in the state, and the total amount of borrowed capital which they owe. Have him make the same proportion as in the other case. The result will astonish you and silence him.

For it is a fact that agriculture is as much a business as making reapers, or cloth, or flour, and that men go into it, as they do into any other business, on borrowed capital. A year of dull trade brings thousands of business men, engaged in merchandising or manufacturing, to failure and bankruptcy. A year of short crops does the same, though to a far less extent, for the farmers. To say that the tariff is responsible because men go into farming without enough money to do so free of debt, is as absurd as to say that the tariff is responsible because a village merchant don't pay cash for all his stock.

Again, farming, in these days of close competition and improved methods, is a business that cannot be successfully pursued by a man unless he is wide-awake, intelligent, and progressive. Our sharpest and shrewdest farmers have no mortgages on their lands. The competition is not yet as sharp as it is in other lines of business, and hence we have a greater proportion of failures among men engaged in trading and in manufacturing than among our farmers.

These are facts that no intelligent man can gainsay. The tariff does not cause farmers to borrow money. We have been suffering since 1883 from too great extension of agriculture and from an enormous overproduction, not only in this country, but all over the world, of agricultural products.

To reduce the tariff will not make wheat one cent higher—nor corn, nor beef, nor any other agricultural product. It will make nothing cheaper to the farmer—for the prices he pays depend far more on other causes than on the tariff. Coffee and tea are cases in point. They used to pay a duty, and what the free traders called a heavy, an outrageous one. A Republican Congress removed that duty some eight or ten years ago, and put coffee and tea on the free list. Yet coffee and tea are as high to-day as they were before the duty was taken off. Several causes contribute to this, the chief one being the profits made by the middle-men. Tea and coffee go through at least a half dozen hands before they reach the farmer; each one of these half dozen must make a profit, and the farmer pays these intermediate profits. So it would be in any other case.

What English Farm Laborers Eat.

A man's table is always a bountiful as his means will allow. If his food is poor and coarse, it is because of poverty. Amid all the growling over "low wages" in this country, it is instructive for the American farmer to compare his own well spread board with the following, extracted from D. G. F. MCDONALD'S "Hints on Farming," published in London:

FOOD OF ENGLISH FARMERS.

DERBYSHIRE—Breakfast: Milk (hot in winter, cold in summer,) followed by cold meat or bacon. Dinner: Butchers' meat five days in the week; broth when there is hot meat, and pudding when the meat is cold, with vegetables and bread. Supper: Meat or bacon, new milk, bread and cheese.

DEVONSHIRE—Breakfast: "Bread-broth," *i. e.*, bread, milk, salt and pepper boiled in water. Dinner: Boiled rice, salt or sugar. Supper: Tea, bread and molasses.

Dorset—Breakfast: Husband, bread and cheese; wife and children, dry bread. Dinner: Husband, bread and cheese; wife and children, dry bread. Supper: Bacon and cabbage.

Wilts—Breakfast: Bread and butter or water or broth. Dinner: Bread and cheese. Supper: Bread and butter with onions.

Hants.—Husband has all the bacon; tea is taken twice a day. Supper: Hot bacon, cabbage and flour pudding.

Cambridge—Husband breakfasts in field on a mess composed of bread, water, butter, with pepper and salt. Dinner: Husband, meat, pudding and onions; wife and children, dumpling of flour and yeast. Supper: Tea, bread and butter.

Rutland.—Coffee, bread and dripping. Dinner: Husband, broth and vegetables; wife and children, tea and bread. Supper: Tea, bread and dripping.

The great trouble with us Americans is is that we live beyond our incomes, and thereby cause unhappiness and unrest, whereas if that economy which characterized our forefathers were practiced now, there would not be so many public sales. The dry bread feature of life is an extreme, but the other extreme is just as bad; at times we assume the happy medium, and then prosperity and contentment are supreme.

Protection in Europe.

Why are wages lower on the continent of Europe, in Belgium, Holland, France and Germany, than in this country, if they have protective tariffs? This question is asked, in substance, by several correspondents. In reply we say:

Belgium is only a partially protected country, its customs duties are only 24,682,600 francs, while its internal revenue taxation is 39,775,500 francs; its main source of revenue is from railways, of which the government is for the most part owner. This amounted to 114,500,000 francs for the last year. France is also as yet far from being a true protected country, its customs duties giving only 339,076,400 francs out of a total of 3,810,984,514 francs.

Holland has hardly any customs duties; less than 6,000,000 guilders out of a total revenue of 116,004,080 guilders. Wages in all these countries are very low. It is to be remembered that Germany has been made poor by wars, by a great standing army, by a costly monarchy, and by an overdense population. But the increase of prosperity in Germany, since it came into possession of a protective policy, is more marked than that of any other country in Europe.

Wages in 1800 in New York.

Nothing so well illustrates the effect of manufactures and diversified industries in raising the general rate of wages than a comparison of the wages paid a century ago with those paid now. The Albany, N. Y., *Journal* has a long article on this subject, which sets forth the advantages of the workingman of to-day in the strongest light. In 1800 common laborers living in the rudest cabins, were paid from $5 to $6 a month, working from sunrise to sunset. In the city of Albany wages were 40 cents a day, and men were glad to find employment. Yet in those times clothing was much higher than it is to-day, and a day's wages bought only two yards of calico. One hundred years ago a good farm-hand earned $3 a month, and a strong boy was glad to get $1 a month to work at the hardest manual employment on the farm or in the shop.

Butter was from eight to ten cents a pound; potatoes and turnips sold for shilling a bushel. Women went out to work for 25 cents a month and their board. A girl who could earn 12 cents at the spinning-wheel by a day's hard work thought she was doing well. The poor suffered, and there was more want and wretchedness proportionate to the population than there are in the United States to-day. To-day the commonest laborer has his day shortened from eight to ten hours, and is not satisfied with anything less than 10 or 12 shillings for his work. "It is not to be wondered at," says the *Journal*, "that in the olden times men lived slowly, and that two days was quick time for a journey from New York to Philadelphia and four days New York to Boston, a journey now made in a little more than four hours."

ROSCOE CONKLING.

Another name has been added to the long list of the great men of our nation before whom the veil which hides mortality from immortality has fallen away. The great statesman, the wonderful orator, the brilliant lawyer, the honest man, has passed from human sight, and the places which have known him shall know him consciously no more forever. In the very prime of his strong manhood, in the zenith of his powers, at a time when with ripened intellect and a body of wondrous vitality, he seemed able to cope with the world, his eyes have closed, his hands fallen nerveless, and his keen brain become but inert matter. How strange that this thing can be!

The whole nation will mourn for ROSCOE CONKLING. Armed with the weapons of strong man he might be criticized; defenseless and silent, save as his past speaks, few will stoop to assail his memory. And that is one upon which there is no stain of dishonor. Mistakes he may have made. Who that is human does not? Yet in the 59 years of his life there was not one to which his enemies, and he had bitter ones, could point and say that then he had descended to meanness or duplicity or cowardly action. Such a record is beyond price.

Mr. CONKLING came of good stock. His father was a man of brilliant talents, and filled positions of public trust most worthily. ROSCOE followed in the parental footsteps in his genius for law and for affairs of state. While yet in his twenties he had won prominence as a lawyer and began to figure in the politics of New York, where he was known as a most brilliant and effective speaker. He was not yet 30 when sent to Congress as the representative of the Oneida district, and the first important vote which he cast was in opposition to that proposed amendment to the constitution which would have made slavery perpetual, so far as the National Government could affect it. That action prefigured his whole course thereafter. With his wonderful eloquence, his magnificent physical presence, and his powerful brain, it is no wonder that he came to be a ruling spirit in the legislative halls of the nation.

Few who remember the days of '61 but will recall Mr. CONKLING'S resolution of inquiry into the responsibility for the Ball's Bluff disaster. It came like a bomb shell to those present. His speech at that time was a powerful one. He said:

"This resolution relates to the most atrocious military murder ever committed in our history as a people. It relates to a lost field; to a disastrous and humiliating battle; to a blunder so gross that all men can see it—a blunder which cost us, voluntarily, 950 men, the pride and flower of the states from which they came. Into this burial-ground on the bluff, one by one, as the boat brought them over, went up the devoted 1,700. Behind them rolled a deep river which could never be repassed. Before them and surrounding them on every side was a tree-sheltered and skulking foe, three or four times their number. In an hour, in less than an hour, the field was a hell of raging fire from every side. The battle was lost before it was begun. It was from the outset a mere sacrifice, a sheer immolation, without a promise of success or a hope of escape."

For years he was the acknowledged leader of his party in New York. As ROSCOE CONKLING decided, so went the state. There was no one who surpassed him; none who stood his equal. He carried the same qualities that gave him prominence there into the Senate, and it has been well said that his history during the years from 1867 to 1881 was the history of the great debates and legislation of that period.

His magnificent support of General GRANT at the Chicago convention, and the events which followed, including what the country feels was his one great mistake, are too well known to need repetition. It all resulted in his retirement to the life of a private citizen and to the building up of a most remunerative law practice, both of which have now been brought to an untimely close.

In the books of ROSCOE CONKLING'S earthly career the word "Finis" has been written, but when its well filled pages are read, there are none who will not regret that they are so limited in numbers. Few would have believed it possible that the volume was so near completion two weeks ago. Yet so it was, and soon only a memory will be left of the strong man cut down in the high noon of his life, but it is a memory vivified by his wonderful personality and by the brilliant mental powers that lifted him head and shoulders above his fellows—a memory that will enter into the history of the nation side by side with the greatest men whose deeds already grace its pages.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publications, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

THE signs of prosperity for the country far outweigh those of depression and disaster. Business failures continue to grow less than at the corresponding times last year, and the movement of merchandise is very heavy. Added to these things is the fact that foreign capital continues to pour into the United States without stint.

THE Democratic victory in Louisiana has been won by a direct violation of all of Governor MCENERY'S pledges. This only means that terrorism and violence controlled the voting, and resulted in success for those who used these means. By an honest vote there should have been 20,000 Republican majority. The whole thing is an outrageous fraud.

OMAHA has a minister who believes he sees prophetic visions. He declares that in 1884 he foretold the election of CLEVELAND, and it came to pass. He now writes: March 5, 1888, I saw in a vision that J. G. Blaine would run against President Cleveland and win the race. Mr. Blaine, fear not, for the day is yours.

THE extreme solicitude of the administration to have the consideration of the fisheries treaty postponed until after election is now openly avowed in Democratic papers. We do not see any reason why Republican senators should accommodate themselves to this political caprice, and do not believe they will.

FRANCE and Italy are engaged in a tariff war, the result of which will be to increase the sale of cattle from the United States to the former, and our textile fabrics to the latter. What is one man's loss is another man's gain.

IT is said that Mr. GLADSTONE begins to show some marks of age. Being about 79 years old this is not very strange. His intellect is evidently clear yet.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are now 2,917,315 Baptists in the country.

Glass spoons for pickles are coming into fashion.

A Lake Shore train lately ran 95½ miles in 99 minutes.

Admiral Worden, who fought the Merrimac, is now 70.

Of the 8,000 painters of pictures in Paris 2,000 are women.

The Nova Scotia gold mines yielded about $500,000 last year.

Minnesota has tried high license for eight months and likes it.

A seaside dress, from Paris, is made of eighteen handkerchiefs.

St. Augustine, Fla., the oldest town in this country, has no sidewalks.

Phil Armour, of Chicago, supplies most of the fresh meat eaten in Florida.

The population of the world is estimated in round numbers at 1,500,000,000.

Miss Rose Coghlan has the smallest foot for her size of any woman on the stage.

C. P. Huntington owns more miles of railroad than any other man in America.

Russia has forbidden the American Bible society to distribute Bibles in that country.

The latest figures show that there are 16,447,990 Sunday-school scholars in the world.

A police officer of Los Angeles, Cal., carries a lasso and it ably assists him to perform his duty.

There is such a demand for Maine spruce gum that there are fears expressed that the trees are giving out.

Gen. Lew. Wallace is likely to be a delegate-at-large from Indiana to the National Republican convention.

In order to dodge the Sunday closing law a Detroit liquor vendor is said to have given out 300 keys to his saloon.

The North Carolina Farmers' Alliance has a membership of 32,000, and it is said that the politicians all fear it.

Chicago fruit dealers are buying large tracts of land in Sonora, Mexico, for the purpose of engaging in orange culture.

A ton of ropes made from the hair of the women of Japan is used in building the [illegible] Buddhist temple at Kioto.

Miss Mollie Garfield is said to be an exceptionally well-informed girl, and takes an especial interest in scientific matters.

Jacob Sharp [illegible] built with his own hand the log cabin to which he took his young bride when they were first married.

Ex-Congressman Frederick Miles, of Connecticut, says the twelve delegates of that state will come to Chicago solid for Gen. Hawley.

Nine brothers and sisters from a family of ten attend the same school in Clarence, Mich. The oldest is 20 and the youngest is 5 years old.

A Kansas City woman worth half a million has married a penniless young man who was a table waiter at the hotel where she boarded.

President Cleveland's favorite beverage is said to be cherry bounce, but the article as ladled out to Republican officeholders is labeled "grand bounce."

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland says of her brother's wife: "Frances loves you better than any one I ever saw. It does not matter what they are, she loves them all."

A railroad station in Nelson county, Ky., is called Gashang, the town is named Woodville, while a letter, in order to reach there, must be mailed to [illegible].

Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's great peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, many of which are grown in Virginia.

A Tuckersmith (Ont.) gentleman has a fox squirrel possessed of two tails growing from the one stump, the [illegible] over eight inches long and the other more than twelve.

Joe Vilas, of Manitowoc, wants to be a candidate for Congress in his district, and as he is able to prove that he is in no way related to Secretary Vilas he hopes to knock the persimmon.

Two large firms of Japanese nurserymen are introducing into California the Unshiu or dwarf orange tree, and find many customers for the tree because it can be grown in a very small space.

John Summerfield Brayton, of Fall River, Mass., began life as a poor boy. Now he is president of ten big corporations and a director in eight others, representing in the aggregate a capital of $15,000,000.

Stephen B. Elkins, ex-Senator Harry G. Davis, ex-Senator Camden and Senator Kenna are going [illegible] over the mountains of West Virginia next month, and will spend three weeks roughing it in that country.

Gen. Tom Young, of Cincinnati, has been very ill for some time past, but is now on his way to complete recovery. Gen. Young was the lieutenant-governor of Ohio when Governor Hayes was elected President.

George William Curtis is to deliver the oration and George Parsons Lathrop is to write the poem for the reunion of the survivors of the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia, July 1, 2, and 3 at Gettysburg.

There is a postoffice for every 1,000 men, women and children in the United States, and if the expense of carrying the mails was paid directly by the people pro rata, each citizen would pay an average of 85 cents a year.

Mrs. Hamilton Douglas, of Atlanta, is the only woman lawyer in Georgia. She is a graduate of the Law School of the University of Michigan, and when she graduated was complimented by Judge Cooley on her legal attainments.

The Pilgrim wharf at Plymouth has been used as a coal yard for years. The [illegible] and the Pilgrim Society propose to make some radical changes. Plymouth Rock is at the end of the wharf.

General Banks is talked of for Congress in his old Massachusetts district. His years, carrying him back to the birth of his party, and his still forcible oratory would attract attention in the House, whether he did anything or not.

A letter received from Robert Garrett, dated at Cairo, states that he and his party will ascend the Nile as far as the Thebes, and, returning by way of Cairo, will cross the Mediterranean to Greece. From there they will go to Russia.

Ex-Attorney-General Brewster left an estate valued at $100,000 to be held in trust for his son until he reaches the age of 30. If his son dies without issue before attaining that age the property goes to the Sisters of St. Francis of Philadelphia.

The corner stone of the old Masonic building of Savannah, Ga., was found the other day, and showed no signs of having been disturbed since it was placed in position in 1799. It contained only an English half-penny and an American cent.

A blind horse belonging to an Ohio farmer was sold last winter to a man 78 miles away. The other day he turned up at the old stand, in good spirits, having been two weeks on the road, but having come along as safely as if he had two good eyes.

The Czar of Russia is said to do much more work than any of his Ministers, and can be found at his desk at almost any hour of the day. He rises before any of his household, attends mass every morning, and is scrupulously exact in the performance of all his religious duties.

The wealthiest man in the Northwest is James J. Hill, of St. Paul, president of the Manitoba railroad. His income is $2,000,000 and his fortune has been made during the past ten years in railroad speculations and real estate. Mr. Hill is 51 years old.

The Astor House plot in New York city cost $100,000, and it was generally [illegible] that it failed to pay such an enormous price for about 200 feet. The Park bank, however, has now paid $350,000 for a 31-foot front adjoining the Astor, and [illegible] value the latter at two millions alone.

Congressman Bynum, of Indiana, is evidently [illegible]. He wants to be nominated for governor, but fears to jeopardize his Congressional chances by an open avowal of his candidacy. He [illegible] the Gubernatorial nomination lies between Matson and Myers, with the chances favoring Myers.

The Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell now lives in Elizabeth, N. J. Just how old she is [illegible]. She was the first woman in this country to be regularly ordained to the ministry [illegible].

A drummer was in Macon Friday wearing as a watch charm a live chameleon, [illegible] Florida.

Mrs. Ashton Dilke is reported to have said while in Washington: [illegible]

Empress Victoria of Germany and the Queen of Italy are said to be the two cleverest and most highly educated women in Europe. [illegible]

While Emperor Frederick, then the Crown Prince, was at San Remo, he was much amused [illegible]. On the first day his larynx was examined, after tracheotomy had been performed, he turned to Sir Morell Mackenzie and said good-naturedly: "Sir Morell, will you please close the blinds of the window which faces the Hotel de la Mediterranean, or I am sure that the young lady journalist who is staying there will send home an account of it before the examination is over."

A SOURED MUGWUMP.

Mr. CURTIS, in *Harper's Weekly*, discusses the late partisan removals of subordinates in the New York custom house and makes the President's responsibility therefor his theme. He admits that Assistant Secretary of the Treasury MAYNARD has followed a line of official conduct that has, as Mr CURTIS mournfully puts it,

> tended to a violation of the President's pledges, a degradation of the public service and a debauchery of the party in power.

Then Mr. CURTIS goes on to prove that CLEVELAND is responsible to the people for MAYNARD'S course; for the Secretary of the Treasury is responsible to the President for his subordinates, if he fails to keep them in proper order; and if the President, says Mr. CURTIS, "be long ignorant of facts which are notorious, there is a lamentable want of official vigilance." Then he reinforces this position by the following paragraph:

> The theory of wicked partners does not avail in gross abuses of the civil service. If the spirit and the letter of the President's declarations upon any great public policy are openly and flagrantly defied and disregarded by its subordinates, they are substantially disregarded by him. The plea of another responsibility is inadmissible, because executive ignorance of the defiance cannot be assumed.

It certainly seems as though the mugwumps are at last awakening to a realization of the fact that CLEVELAND'S civil service reform pretensions have all been abandoned, and that he has allowed official patronage to be distributed on the spoils basis, without rebuke. Mr. CURTIS, in the succeeding portion of his article, takes the position, apparently, that Mr. CLEVELAND is still a reformer at heart, but that as he finds civil service reform spurned by his party, he has yielded the point, rather than divide the party on the eve of a Presidential contest.

This, however, is an entirely too magnanimous view, and at variance with the facts. By the time Mr. CLEVELAND'S term was half gone, nearly four-fifths of the office-holders had been changed, and everything points to the assumption that Mr. CLEVELAND did it in order to work for his renomination. For the Democratic party would never have divided on this question. It would merely have left Mr. CLEVELAND solitary and alone, and selected some other standard-bearer for the Presidential campaign.

All that can be said for Mr. CLEVELAND is that at the beginning of his term he did refuse to make "a clean sweep," and that he reappointed a very few old officials as their terms ran out. But the "clean sweep" was only delayed, and by next March it will be complete. He has never enforced the civil service act. At many important points—Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and elsewhere, being notable instances—he placed offices which come under the operation of the act, in charge of men notoriously hostile to the reform principles embodied in the act. "The general result, therefore," says Mr. CURTIS, "will be that the administration will have done practically nothing to restrain the hand of the spoils successor. This is the important fact which a journal honestly interested in this reform is bound to acknowledge."

It becomes an interesting problem as to what Mr. CURTIS and his mugwump friends will do. How they can support CLEVELAND after admitting his utter failure to carry out his promises, passes the comprehension of any man without the mental obliquity which appears to be a mugwump peculiarity. Probably they will do so on the plea that he represents free trade, and that the Republican candidate does not. We have no idea that the rock-ribbed mugwumps will ever support the Republican ticket; and our interest in their future course is in watching the mental tergiversation necessary to make their course in 1888 consistent with their position in 1884.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

The oleomargarine decision rendered by the Supreme court of the United States on April 9 is one which reaches much farther than the matter of the making of imitation butter. The court declared that, so far as the constitution of the United States is concerned, any state may absolutely prohibit the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. That is, it is not a violation of the federal constitution for a state to prohibit the manufacture of anything. For the same principle rules regarding any article that governs in the case of oleomargarine. The individual states may suppress any manufacture or traffic within their own borders and render its further prosecution unlawful.

The Supreme court says this supreme control comes within the "police power" of the states. Each state may, so far as the United States constitution is concerned, exercise this power untrammeled, in the protection of the public health, morals, or safety. The federal government and federal judiciary have nothing to do with such questions, says the court. The matter is one for the people of each state, through their legislature and judiciary, to handle. The decision is in line with the Iowa prohibitory decision, rendered a few months ago, and defines the limitations of federal authority and of state rights over a much larger area than the oleomargarine industry.

It is, in effect, a decision which strengthens that rendered in the Iowa case. If a state has full power to stop the making and selling of oleomargarine within its borders, in the exercise of its "police powers," it has also full and unquestionable authority to stop the manufacture and sale of Rum. The decision is one of great importance to all the friends of Prohibition. State prohibition is not repugnant to the constitution of the United States. On the contrary, this decision, in effect, affirms the full right of the state to prohibit the Rum traffic.

BRAGG AND VILAS.

It seems clear that General BRAGG owes his appointment to the Mexican mission to Mr. VILAS'S desire to get him out of the country rather than to any merit in himself. The unpleasant law suit brought against VILAS for alleged misappropriation of trust funds, which has just been closed, was coming on, and BRAGG is said to know all about the illegal absorption of trust funds by the secretary. BRAGG has not felt very well toward VILAS ever since he went out of Congress, and VILAS was afraid that if BRAGG remained hereabouts he might flash up in this damage suit and do him great injury, as he could if he were in the mood to do so.

VILAS some time ago suggested to BRAGG that it might be a good thing to take a mission, and the one to Mexico was suggested. BRAGG was not making a very glowing success out of the practice of law, and he took to the idea. President CLEVELAND had promised this appointment to another man, and was about to make it when Secretary VILAS told him it must be given to BRAGG; that it was a personal matter to him and of the highest importance. President CLEVELAND was very slow to act, but the importunities of Secretary VILAS finally led him to do so. It was a great thing for VILAS to get BRAGG out of country.

THE anti-protection zeal of the Democratic members of the House is cooling rapidly. The protests that are pouring in against the Mills bill from all parts of the country are showing these theoretical statesmen the blunder of their course.

SOUTH DAKOTA has, according to Senator EDMUNDS, "everything but barbaric politics." No more concise statement of the real cause of Democratic opposition to its admission as a state could be given.

THE Democratic state committee of Connecticut recently declined, by a vote of 14 to 2, to indorse the Mills free trade programme of the Democrats in Congress.

ARE YOU TOO FAT?

HOW TO BECOME THINNER.

Various Good Authorities Express Themselves on the Problem—The Effect of Beer on Men.

Chicago Mail.

"How shall I get rid of my superabundant fat?" is a question asked by a reader of the late article about "How to Stop Drinking."

The cause of his fat, he says, was beer, which he was in the habit of drinking, but which he has lately left off. He says he is infinitely better in health, but still carries around a colossal structure in the way of a stomach acquired by regular and unflagging attention to the business of imbibing beer.

How beer causes the deposit of fat was the problem propounded to Prof. Daniel Wilkins, of the Washingtonian home, who has had a wider experience in dealing with inebriates than any other man in the city.

"The alcohol in beer," said he, "permeates all the food in the stomach and practically pickles it to a greater or less extent. The food is not thoroughly digested and passes on to the duodenum without being thoroughly changed into chyme. It is propelled by the heart through the arteries and into the tiny capillaries which convey the red blood, which bears the material for the new tissue and carry away the broken-down tissue. The fatty particles of food which have not been digested properly are deposited instead of the material for the cells of fiber, and the growth of adipose tissue is kept up as long as the drinker persists in pouring dilute alcohol into his stomach. The starch and sweet foods are all turned to fat in some way we don't understand, and the man thinks he is healthy because he is getting fat. But it is a well-known fact that, so far from this being the case, it is almost impossible to cure a cut or scratch of the skin of a confirmed beer-drinker. They cannot withstand the onslaught of disease. Pneumonia is especially fatal to them. They seem to have no vitality. The food which should be converted into bone, muscle, and sinew all goes to fat. I remember the case of an habitual beer-drinker whose appetite was voracious, but what he ate did him no good. All his system got from it was serum, like the water in a blister, and he became so bloated that he had to be tapped. Some times as much as two gallons of water were taken from him at a time."

"You have noticed," continued the professor, "with what frequency the Germans commit suicide. As a race they drink a great deal of beer. The deposit of fat is not confined to the body, but the brain is clogged with it. The increasing pressure of this deposit causes the drinker to have the blues, to become depressed, and in a fit of unusual wretchedness he kills himself. Beer causes more insanity than any other drink, and they're all of them bad enough."

"How shall a man who has become too fat from beer-drink get rid of all this adipose tissue?" was asked of Dr. A. H. Van Cleve, the superintendent of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

"I only know of two ways," said the doctor, "and they ought to be worked in conjunction. First, exercise to get rid of the surplus and then diet to prevent accumulating any more. Take a man who weighs 30 pounds more than he ought to weigh when in perfect health. If he pursues the proper course he can reduce his flesh about a pound a day and in a month he will be in the best condition he ever was in his life if he'll do what I say and not do any more. Sweating in Turkish baths won't do him any good if he wants to get rid of the fat, for sweating only takes the water out of the system, and that can be attained a great deal better by exercise. People have a notion that by increasing parts of their bodies which they think are too plump in flannel they can reduce the fat quicker there than elsewhere. They think they'll sweat out there sooner. That's all nonsense, for the blood circulates so rapidly that one part does not have a chance to get any warmer than another. If that gentleman really wants to get rid of his unhealthy fat he should join a gymnasium and begin exercising systematically. He ought to run a good deal, use light dumb-bells with all sorts of quick body motions, pull pulley-weights, spar a great deal, and take such quick and live exercise as will call for very much increased use of his lungs. So much more oxygen being introduced will consume the carbon in his blood, and that in turn will break up the adipose tissue, which is largely composed of carbon. In short, the extra fat will be burned up. His digestion will be better, and instead of adding to the layer on his stomach the blood will build up the muscles of his arms, legs, back, and thorax. His chest will broaden, the strengthened muscles of his neck and shoulders will bring his head up, and he will acquire a fine carriage. The trouble with fat men is that they don't persevere. They keep it up until they begin to feel so much better that they get careless and they fall to gorging themselves and they get lazy again. But if a man will stick to it I'll guarantee that he'll get all the unnecessary fat off him, no matter how he got it on, unless drink has brought on disease so that he can't stand any exercise at all. Exercise will be a good thing for a man who wants to stop drink, as it helps to tone up the stomach, which is always weakened by dissipation.

"As for diet, let him be very sparing of starchy, sweet and oily foods, such as potatoes, bread, sugar, butter, cream, milk and fat meat, and eat more eggs, oysters, lean meats and fish. It isn't wise to do this too suddenly, for two reasons: First, the man may get discouraged and rebel, and second, the stomach may not be able to stand the entire deprivation of things to which it has been always accustomed.

"He ought not to sleep too much. Most people do. It is usually said that eight hours' sleep is the proper amount, but good authorities maintain that a man ought to get along on six hours and that seven is enough for any adult who is in good health. Sleep may be, as it were, condensed. I think it really does more good to the mind and the body than when it is spread out so so thin, if I may use another figure of speech. Sleep less and sleep better. Eat less fat-producing foods and exercise every day till you get into a perspiration and then a take a bath, is my advice to your fat friend."

Wise, Witty, and Otherwise.

"Mary, why don't you use the new teapot I bought?" Mary—Please, mum, cook says she is sorry, mum, but the new teapot has fell in three halves."

Minister (to sick man)—"You realize, my dear brother, that you must die?" Sick man—"Yes, and I shall die with perfect resignation; but please don't mention that to my wife."

If the moon was for sale on a bargain counter half the women in the world would want to buy it, and the one who did would spend the rest of her life wondering what on earth she'd do with it.

Life-insurance agent—"Madam, our company has never failed to pay a single claim, and when you consider that one-sixth of our holders die every year, you——" Madam—"So many die! Really I can't think of taking a policy; I don't think it would be safe."

"What made you hesitate and stumble so?" asked the bride who had abandoned widowhood to become the wife of a young traveling man. "I couldn't help it," he pleaded. "I've never had any practical experience." And there was a family quarrel right there and then.

"Now, there is a young lady," said Hobson to himself, "who possesses too much innate modesty and refinement to appear in full evening costume, and I'll win her if I can." And he did win her, and shortly after marriage she said to him: "I shall be dreadfully disappointed, dear, if we cannot find some physician in Europe who will be able to remove that wretched little mole from my shoulder."

A little girl in the lower part of this city was playing "tea-party," and a gentleman who was present objected to several imaginary viands which she brought him, complaining that they were poorly cooked, too salty, stale, etc. After several efforts to please him the small hostess lost her patience, and laying down a plate of mythical dainties before him, exclaimed in a petulant tone: "Eat what's that and you'll get more a while ago." This rather equivocal offer is now a dinner by-word.

Bad Year for Strikes.

New York Sun.

This year has, thus far, been the most ill-starred year for strikes and strikers since the labor organizations reached their present proportions. Not a single great success has been won in the numerous strikes of 1888.

To Take Oil Out of Carpets.

No matter how large the spot of oil, any carpet or woolen stuff can be cleaned by applying buckwheat, plentifully and faithfully, brushing it into a dust-pan after a short time, and putting on fresh until the oil has all disappeared. Never put on liquid of any kind to cleanse such a spot.

AN ESTIMATE OF MEN.

Ella Wheeler Tells How Man Is Regarded by Woman.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

More or less selfish in his friendship for the fairer sex, man has a smaller amount of envy and malice to encounter and overcome in his overtures toward his own sex.

A woman instinctively looks upon another woman as a possible rival. A woman who has not loved finds pleasure, if not satisfaction, in the adulation of the world at large, and it is her nature to expect and demand it, and she resents even the suggestion of interference in her domain.

A man seldom cares for this sort of thing. He prefers the individual devotion of several feminine hearts, and regards no man, however popular, as his rival who does not molest him in his *affaires d'amour*.

When the average woman loves, however, all is changed. Absorbed in her passion, she ceases to desire miscellaneous admiration, and lives only for the one.

When the average man loves, nothing is changed. He simply adds one more pleasure and interest to life.

It is the exceptionally noble man, stirred by an exceptionally strong passion, who throws his past behind him like a worn-out garment, and dedicates his future to the woman of his choice. Men are by nature no more vicious than women, but they are much vainer and require more constant stimulants to their self-love.

A woman commits a folly for love of her tempter. A man commits it becaus it flatters his vanity to be tempted, while he despises the temptress.

A man's business training teaches him to be cautious in his intercourse with the world, yet he is rarely suspicious by nature. A woman, on the contrary, seems to be born with suspicion in her heart.

I have seen a big, brawny fellow who had done battle in the world's great marts all his life as ingenuous and sweet-natured toward his kind as a child, and I have seen his dainty wife, who had been carefully reared in the shelter of a pure home, regarding every sister-woman and brother-man with suspicion, and demanding credentials of respectability before admitting them to her favor.

Men are delightfully frank and cordial with one another.

There is nothing which causes a lonesome woman who is compelled to take a long journey unattended regret her sex so much as the enviable freedom from formality among her male traveling companions. Yet a woman who undertook to treat her sisters with the same off-hand good nature would be directly frozen to death.

Everywhere men seem to be on better terms with one another than we are. You have only to glace into the respective ladies' and gentlemen's parlors at hotel to see this. The men greet each other cordially, cluster together, and converse for hours, and evidently enjoy themselves.

The ladies dissolve into cliques, and their association is restricted and marked by reserve, formality, and *ennui*. A woman endures the society of another woman only as a means of killing time until she can be in the society of a man.

There is such a fascination about the masculine sex, that a woman will sacrifice the companionship of her most cherished lady friend to share the society of a man to whom she is utterly indifferent in her heart. Indeed, she may consider him a terrible bore, but the fact that he is a man renders him more interesting than her most brilliant lady friend.

A man, on the contrary, prefers the society of his own sex, unless the lady in question possesses some especial charm for him, or he fancies that he sees in her a possible conquest.

A man will lie to protect another far sooner than a woman will. Not that he loves his fellow-man more, perhaps, but dreads a lie less, maybe.

Some one has said that there is an innate nobility in man which causes him to love virtue in women. I believe this is true. Every human being, man or woman, in his inmost soul loves truth and purity.

Man illustrates his great love for virtue in the same spontaneous way that a natural woman illustrates her inborn love for an infant. She never sees it without wanting to take it!

There is far more pleasure in conversing with a man than with a woman. He is more liberal in his ideas, more generous in his appreciation, less liable to criticise unkindly. But you must not tell him so, even by act, else he will spoil all the pleasure you have derived from his companionship. If you do not tell him so, you pique his vanity into certain destruction of the friendship.

Man is as dangerous as he is agreeable.

A man will keep a woman's secret, if he delieves he alone shares it, unless his vanity tempts him to boast of his conquest, which it too frequently does. Yet he is more pitiful and charitable toward her than the average woman is, and he ought to be, since he is the cause of all her sorrow.

Men relate their adventures and follies to one another, while women conceal them. Yet men seldom reveal their inmost hearts, or speak of their most sacred feelings among men—indeed, there seems to be a sort of shame-faced reluctance with them to confess they have any sacred feelings. There is nothing a woman feels greater pride in confessing to a friend than her love for her husband. If she is fascinated with another man, she will do all in her power to hide the secret from the world. Many a man, on the other hand, will hide his love for his wife as if he were ashamed of it, and even invent tales of adventure to convince his friends that he is a modern Don Juan.

The world will not materially improve until men regard this matter in a different light, and realize that the immorality of a father reflects as much disgrace upon a family as the immorality of a mother.

The love and respect of a true man is all that makes the pain-filled life of a woman worth living. Wealth may give her garments of beauty, pleasure may lead her into paths of delight, the world may admire her and fame may crown her with glory, but unless she has the anchor of a strong, manly heart that beats for her alone, the tempestuous voyage of life is not worth taking, so far as happiness is concerned.

The sacrifice of self for the good of others and the consciousness of duty well performed alone can sweeten the bitter cup of life to any woman who has missed its best joy—a man's honest love.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SPARE THE ROD.

How a Parent Rewards the Good Instead of Punishing the Bad.

An ingenious parent has devised a system of discipline for the regulation of children of the household that is certainly novel and does away with the rod. A weekly prize is offered to the child that has the best schedule. But here it is: What do the readers of the *North American* think of it:

GOOD MARKS.		BAD MARKS.	
For making fires	1	Tardiness at school	1
For helping in the kitchen	½	Failure to receive "good" school report	3
For helping in the dining-room	½	Quarreling—principal offender	2
For keeping clothing clean each day	½	Quarreling—the others	1
For cleaning or rinsing teeth after each meal	½	Unpolished shoes	½
For polishing shoes each day	½	Soiled hands or finger-nails	½
For clean hands, face, and arranging hair	1	Dirty neck	1
For hanging up wraps	½	Soiled clothing	½
For "good" monthly school report	3	Disobedience	1
For "excellent" monthly school report	5	Telling a lie	3
Head of class for one month	10	Eating too fast at table	½

The winner of the prize two weeks in succession can visit papa's office the following Saturday.

One demerit cancels two merits.

A copy of the rules is hung up in each child's bedroom, just as the rules of a hotel are tacked to the door for the enlightenment of guests.—*Philadelphia North American*.

The Lady's Response.

A lady confessing to being past 30, who is clever and fond of amateur theatricals and compliments alike, was speaking after the performance to a blunt but popular man of society.

"You acted admirably," he said.

"Thanks," she said, "but I did not look the part, for she should be young and handsome."

"Quite the contrary," replied the gentleman, "the effect was perfect from the end of the room—distance supplied the youth and beauty."

"Ah," exclaimed the lady, turning upon her heel, "in that case suppose you keep at a distance hereafter." And she saw that he did so.

Eternalsummerville.

Hotel waiter (in Southern California)—Orangesrawsliced quarteredstewed friederbaked?

Guest (desperately)—I don't want 'em in any shape. I want meat and potatoes.

"Meat?"

"Yes, meat."

"Potatoes?"

"Yes, potatoes."

Waiter (to proprietor a few moments later): "Send for the police: crazy man in the dining-room."

★ A LAST RESORT. ★

The following narrative of the suffering and cure of Bright's Disease will prove interesting to the readers of this paper. G. C. Bartholomew, of Kalkaska, Mich., says: I located in this place five years ago, having formerly resided in Troy, N. Y. My friends there, as well as here, know that I have been a great sufferer from what the physicians of Troy called

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

As a last resort I commenced the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. The result is little short of a miracle. All the terrible symptoms of this disease are gone. I owe everything to this medicine. I do not have any more pain in the small of the back, no more soreness over the bladder, no more constipation of the bowels, no swelling of the limbs, and many other symptoms of disease of the Kidneys, Liver or Bladder. I hope my writing this will induce others to use the medicine who suffer from a Kidney or Blood disorder.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, Rondout, N. Y. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

A LOCOMOTIVE RACE AFTER A BABY

An Exciting Chase, and the Infant Finally Recovered.

Twenty years have passed since a certain Bath sea captain, entering the port of New York, telegraphed his wife at Bath to join him at the metropolis prepared for a sea voyage. Accordingly, a day or two after the arrival of the message saw the wife embarked upon the through train from Bath to Boston, accompanied by an infant child scarcely 2 years old. This car was shunted on to the end of the Portland train at Brunswick, and, leaving the child asleep, the captain's wife seized the opportunity to fill the baby's bottle with milk in the depot restaurant.

While the mother was intent upon her errand the train slipped quietly out of the station, and when the mother emerged from the restaurant door it was fast disappearing under Spring street bridge.

Eagerly she explained the situation to the sympathizing group of railroad men who gathered around. Baby and purse, containing all her money and ticket, were in the fast disappearing train.

A hurried council followed and a plan was instantly formed.

Old No. 23, "the Brunswick," was side-tracked, waiting the passage of the train just gone. Uncle Thompson, the station baggage-master at the time, ran hastily to this engine and asked her aid to overtake the flying train. The genial Charles, ever ready to aid the cause of any female in distress, volunteered to catch the robber. Hastily filling the fire-box with wood from the tender, while Thompson was assisting the woman to mount the engine, with a command to the switchman to "give us the main line," with hand upon the throttle, No. 23 flew quietly over the switches and commenced her run. An empty engine chasing a heavy train up "Oak Hill grade," which extends four miles straight away from Brunswick, has an easy task, and before they had covered more than half that distance they could see ahead the object of their pursuit.

To sound his whistle, calling the attention of the train men to the chase, and thereby stop the train, was not part of the programme, fearing he might run over them should he suddenly stop. So quietly running along, the roar of the train deadening the pursuit, he is soon immediately behind them. Then his tender—for they are running backward—rubs against the rear platform of the train, and while the engineer holds here there, Thompson assists the woman over the tender down upon the platform of the car containing the baby, still fast asleep, the mother clasping tightly the bottle of milk which cost such effort.

The captain attempted to reward the men who came to his wife's relief so nobly, but they, with true nobility refused to accept money for such a service.

In the Family Circle.

A young lady of Americus, Ga., is making a crazy quilt by cutting squares in the shape of the different states of the Union and putting them together so as to make a pretty map of the United States.

An Omaha couple, it is stated, had to be married away from home because the groom was the one person in the county who could issue a marriage license, and so found he must either resign this function, go elsewhere, or remain a bachelor.

The French teacher in a young ladies' seminary not far from Troy, N. Y., was asking the members of her class to give her their full names, when she came to a modest looking little girl, who slowly responded: Mary-Josephine-Augusta-Tompkinson. The mademoiselle looked at her in astonishment for a few seconds, then said: "Ees all zat you."

The name of a family which came from Pomerania and settled in Minneapolis was Klein. There were three sons. One was of sturdy stock and kept the old German name. The others translated it as they became Americanized and now are known, one as Mr. Little and one as Mr. Small, both of these words being given as synonyms for Klein in the German-English dictionaries.

A few days ago James Clark, of Lathrop, and Miss Fannie Brawner, of Converse, Mo., were married under peculiar circumstances. Mrs. Brawner, mother of the bride, died, and knowing her death would prevent her seeing her daughter married, she requested that the marriage occur before she was buried. Accordingly when arrangements for the funeral had been completed, the contracting parties took their stand near the coffin, and Elder Creel, after a few touching remarks, spoke the words that made them man and wife.

He Wouldn't Trust Them.

We are reminded of an incident that occurred in a Pennsylvania town in the old Whig-locofoco times, the locofoco of that period being just about what the Democrat of to-day is. A Whig farmer had a son of the voting age, who was a locofoco in his politics, but who lived at home with his father. On the morning of an election day the old man proposed to his son Hans that they should pair off, and neither of them go to the polls and vote. Hans readily agreed to this, and went off to his day's work. But not so with the old Whig. He made his way to the village and voted a regulation Whig ticket, but said nothing. At night, while smoking their pipes, Hans asked his father if he had heard how the election went. The old man promptly replied: "Yay, it went all right for pe vig ticket." "How do you know dot, fader?" queried Hans. "Vell, I vas dere meinselluf," coolly replied his dad. "But you tidn't vote yourselluf, tid you?" said Hans. "But I shoost tid vote," replied the old Whig. Hans, in his astonishment and wrath, ejaculated. "Vy, you old rascal; you bromised you vould not vote der vig dicket it I vould not vote der locus ticket, und I tidn't vote. Vat you meens by dot?" "Vell, Hans," said the old fellow, "I nefer drust der bromises of any tam locos."—*Jersey City (N. J.) Journal.*

What Might Happen.

Speculation is over rife as to what catastrophe may overtake this glove of ours. Some one has made a calculation of how the earth may be completely submerged—that is to say, if only the terrestial forces could be directed in the way required to accomplish such an end. The mean high of the land above the sea level is 2,500 feet, and the mean depth of the ocean is 12,480 feet. Only two per cent of the sea is included within a depth of 500 fathoms, while 77 per cent. lies between 500 and 3,000 fathoms. If, now, the land were filled into the hollows of the sea the latter would roll over the earth's crust to uniform depth of two miles.

Another curious speculation has been made concerning what would happen were the earth's rotation to cease. The equatorial diameter being 26 miles more than the polar diameter, the earth would present an equatorial zone of solid ground miles high above sea-level, the water all being drawn to the poles. This land zone would then be like our Arctic regions and would be banded by a ring of permanent ice and snow.

Mr. Cleveland's Residence.

He cannot very well be located at Oak View or the White House, for that would render him most unavailable in the home vote, which all candidates are supposed to command. If a resident there, then he is virtually disfranchised as to a vote on all state and national matters, and could not even assist his own ticket by his vote. But how is he to be credited to New York state? There is not a doubt that he gave up his residence in Buffalo nearly two years ago, and emphasized the act by declining to pay a small municipal tax levied on him by the city authorities. The special enumeration of Buffalo inhabitants, taken last October for the purpose of booming the city by display of population, did not contain Mr. Cleveland's city address. There is certainly no other place in which he lives inside this state. How, then, is he to be accredited to New York at all?—*Albany Times.*

Sally Lunn Cakes.

Every one knows about Sally Lunn cakes, but how they got the name is not so familiar. It had been the custom in France before the revolution for the daughters of many noble families to learn the art of making preserves and pastry. Madame de Narbonne, a lady of quality, who was compelled to flee from Paris, opened a shop at Chelsea and served cakes of her own making for breakfast and tea to many of the large houses in London. She employed a Scotch maid servant to take and deliver orders, and the name of this woman was Sally Lunn. Ever since a particular kind of tea cake has gone by the name of Sally Lunn.

A CURIOUS CIRCULAR.

If You Have Any Interest in Psychology, Answer This.

The following circular has been issued by the American society for Psychical research:

COMMITTEE ON EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY

Please answer the following questions in the order given, and without any suggestion from any other person, and add your
Name............
(Christian name in full, and indicate sex.)
Address............

These questions have a bearing, not at first sight apparent to all, upon psychological problems. A full explanation of the reasons for this inquiry will be given in the report of the committee; it can not be given at present without suggesting different answers, and so introducing a disturbing element into the investigation.

All answers are private, and will not be shown, except to the committee and its clerks.

I. Name a playing card............

II. Write ten (10) words, one on each line below.

1. .... 6. ....
2. .... 7. ....
3. .... 8. ....
4. .... 9. ....
5. .... 10. ....

II. Write the Christian names of three persons.

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....

IV. Guess whether the number of returns to this blank will be odd or even.

V. Strike out any five words from this sentence, by drawing a line through each of them, leaving the others undisturbed as here printed and punctuated.

VI. Strike out the superfluous words in this sentence.

VII. Name two playing cards.

1. ....
2. ....

This blank is to be returned to Richard Hodgson, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

Dates of Notable Events.

The reformation began in 1517.

Magna Charta was signed in 1215.

The Suez canal was opened in 1869.

The first watches were made in 1476.

Organs were first used in the year 755.

The war of the Roses occurred in 1455.

The first musical notes were used in 1338.

The first newspapers were printed in 1494.

The first post-office was established in 1516.

Daniel Webster and Henry Clay both died in 1852.

Printing was introduced into England in 1474.

Joan of Arc, the sainted maid of Orleans, died in 1431.

The first cotton was raised in the United States in 1621.

Aaron Burr died the year before Queen Victoria's accession in 1837.

The oldest city in the United States, St. Augustine, was founded in 1565.

Shakespeare died in 1616, four years before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock.

The modern needle came into use in 1545, and five years later the first knives were used in England.

Printing was known in China in the sixth century, but it was not introduced into America until 1536.

Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867, just sixty-three years after Jefferson made the Louisiana purchase.

The piano was invented in 1710, the lightning-rod came 42 years later, and gas was used for light in 1792.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569, and the telescope was invented in 1590, three years after the execution of Mary Stuart.

The first telegraph line was opened between Baltimore and Washington in 1844. The first photograph had been made 42 years before.

The first American library was founded in 1638, and only four years later public schools were established. In just ten years enlightenment attained the point of printing the first newspaper advertisement.

Cradle Wisdom.

Little Dot—Mamma, do birds know anything?

Mamma (very busy)—No, dear.

"Aunt Sarah said the birds were flying north 'cause it was going to get warm."

"Yes."

"Then birds know when it's goin' to get warm, don't they?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, we have to look at the newspapers before we can find out anything about the weather."

Little Fred D—and his father and mother were going to board with a neighbor for two weeks, while the house was undergoing repairs. Fred was delighted at the prospect.

"Mamma," said he, "didn't you say I must thank God for every good thing?"

"Yes, Fred."

"Shall I thank him because we are going to board?"

"Yes, if you like."

When the two weeks had expired and the last dinner at the boarding-house had been eaten, Fred leaned back in the chair, and heaving a long sigh of relief, said, in the hearing of his hostess:

"Now let's thank God we've got through boarding."

I have a little niece who was two years old November 22. One night, a short time since, while Hazel was repeating her evening prayer she was asked by her mother to ask God to make La La (the name she answered to) a good girl.

"No, indeed," said the little one, "La-La is good enough."

One evening an old lady and her five-year-old niece were on the door-step. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Suddenly it became quite dark by the moon getting hid by a cloud. Quick as a flash the little one looked up and said in a regretful tone: "Oh, nana, God has blown out his light."

A little boy and girl were playing together when the boy put a match in his mouth.

"Oh, don't swallow it," screamed Mary. "I'll scratch on your bones and go off."

Washington Society Shocked.

Miss Kate Willard, who for several weeks has been the guest of Mrs. Cleveland, has given Washington society a shock. It has leaked out that she is giving music lessons, and for hard cash, too, at a neighboring seminary. The Southern element does not take kindly to "teachers," and resents having been made to receive this pretty young woman on false pretenses. Miss Willard is a niece of the noted temperance worker and a daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Willard, now in the capital to attend the international council. Mrs. Willard and Miss Frances Willard once undertook to run a Chicago daily newspaper, the *Post*, which the death of Miss Willard's brother left without an editor. Both were clever, but in their anxiety to make the *Post* a clean and family paper they strained the news and purified the telegrams to such an extent that its subscribers evaporated.

A Benevolent Boy.

Here is an illustration of genuine benevolent philosophy on the part of an eight-year old:

Harry's mother, having heard for some little time what seemed to be a moaning or crying in some distant part of the house, had a search made, and found in a remote, very small and perfectly dark closet, the family dog, Leo by name, shut in, with scarcely room enough to turn around. How did he get there? Why, Harry had shut him up, of course. Harry was summoned and questioned:

"Why did you shut Leo in that closet?"

"Oh 'cause he'd feel so good when he got let out!"

How Men of Brains Work.

President McCosh is exceedingly regular and methodical in his affairs, especially in those which pertain to his literary and scholastic life. "I always work ten hours a day," said he to a friend, "and that is the work of an average man. In vacations I am never wholly idle, but generally do from two to five hours work in writing or thinking. When engaged in writing a book I walk five miles each day, thinking much, of course, while walking. When I was a student the famous Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, delivered a lecture to us on 'Systemized Work, Rest and Exercise.' I never forgot his advice, and I credit much of my success to following his sound maxims."

Saving a Little Time.

One of our correspondents attended a large union meeting a few Sundays ago in which a somewhat flowery young preacher prayed as follows: "O, Lord, we ask that Thou wilt bless the Y. M. C. A." This is equal to the colored man's ascription of thanks to the Diety for what He had done for the world, "both B. C. and A. D." Such performances strengthen the hands of those who oppose extempore prayer.—*Christian Advocate.*

A Chicago View.

Omaha Dame (reading)—"H. J. Jolley, of Timmonsville, S. C., took a new wife within a week after burying his first wife."

Chicago Dame—"Bless his heart; how thoughtful he was."

"Thoughtful?"

"Why, yes; he waited until his first wife died."

EVERY LADY

Who will send us 10 cents and the names and addresses of 3 lady friends in different families who love to read will receive AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING, a Ladies' Home Journal, 4 MONTHS FREE. A 20-page monthly, full of beautiful Pictures, Charming Stories, Fashion Notes, Art Needlework, Household Decorations, in fact it contains everything of interest to Ladies and the Home. In the May number we will open a new department—WOMEN'S RECOLLECTIONS of THE LATE WAR. A novel and popular feature for a Ladies' Magazine. Regular subscription price 50 cents per year.

$300 IN CASH PRIZES FREE To those that send us ten cent subs. Conditions free on receipt of 2 cent stamp.

AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING, 143 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Smart Ulster county Children.

A wee bit of a Kingston girl asked her grandmother one day this week, "Grandma, where did I come from?"

"My child," said the grandmother, "haven't you been told that at Sunday school?"

"Yes, grandma, but you can't make me believe I dropped from the sky, 'cause I would break every bone in my body."

"Pa," said a Rondout boy, this forenoon, "are all the people who die Republicans?"

"No, my son; but what on earth put it into your head to ask such a queer question?"

"'Cause I read in the newspaper last night about dead people, and the first line said:—'Passed over to the majority.'"

The boy had read the result of the recent election there.

Enjoying Wealth.

The Rothschilds believe in enjoying their wealth. One of the Frankfort barons not long ago paid $160,000 for a silver cup, which he used as a centerpiece of a table service which he was making up, and one of the Vienna barons has a stable which cost $80,000. This stable has marble floors, encaustic tiles painted by distinguished artists, and its walls are frescoed with scenes done by well-known painters. The rings, chains and fittings of the stable are silver, and one box stall for a favorite horse cost, it is said, $12,000.

he Mean Thing!

First Young Lady. "Fred is getting positively spoony; he called me a flower just before I came up stairs."

Rival Belle (with much sweetness) "You had been sitting against the wall for a long time, but it wasn't nice of him to allude to it."

Quite Intimate.

"Do you know Lord Reginal Percy?"

"At times."

"Eh?"

"Well, he always speaks to me when he is drunk."

"Then you must be quite intimate."

A Night's Rest.

"Will you allow me to sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp.

"Certainly," responded the woman kindly; "and here are a couple of matches, in case it should turn cold before morning."

How He Got Even.

"I was married four years ago to-day."

"Is that so? In leap year, eh?"

"Yes, and, by the way, my wife proposed marriage to me."

"Had the advantage of you?"

"Yes, but I got even, I was the first to apply for a divorce."

First Quarter of the Honeymoon.

Mrs. Tenderlove (placing her arms about his neck)—You are my prisoner for life.

Tenderlove—It's not imprisonment for life, darling, it's capital punishment.

A Child's Mistake.

Aunt Jane (who paints)—Ha, Tommy! I wonder what makes your cheeks look so much fresher than mine?

Little Tommy—I s'pose it's 'cause I haven't worn 'em so long.—*Judge.*

Give Him Time!

"Sir," said the judge, "I commit you to jail for ten days for contempt of court."

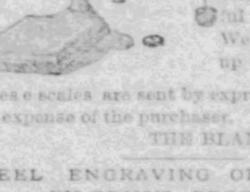
"Better make it ten yea s, judge," was the response. "I couldn't begin to get over my contempt in less than that."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Publishers' Column.

FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size 7 by 10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We will send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

We have arranged to club this elegant Rand, McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?

No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?

No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?

No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?

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Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the famed artis', Thomas Nast. It contains the very best of the "Nasby" letters which were written during the war, and is prefaced by an autobiography of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written specially for the book. Its former retail price was $3, but we will send it by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Or, we will send one copy, postpaid, and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year on receipt of $2.00.

"HANNAH JANE."

This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, is here produced in an edition de luxe, square 8vo., on fine, heavy, tinted paper, profusely illustrated with full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.50; or, we will send a postpaid copy and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75.

The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

"SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE."

This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour through the country just after the war, and comprises some of the best of the "Nasby" letters ever written. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents; or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY."

This book embraces another series of the "Nasby" letters, written during the early period of the war, and contains some of the strongest letters Mr. Locke ever wrote. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents, or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"ABOU BEN ADHEM."

This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, but contains a series of articles by Mr. Locke in another style of humor. A better book than Æsop's Fables; one of the very best books ever written by Mr. Locke. We will send one of these books, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"A PAPER CITY."

This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomors of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents, or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

ANDERSONVILLE:

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This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25; with Weekly BLADE one year, $2.10. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

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the best book of recipes, and the most reliable, ever printed. It has always sold for $3. Price now, postpaid by mail, $2; or, with BLADE one year, $2.85.

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by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or, with BLADE one year, $1.85.

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another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1, postpaid by mail, or, with BLADE one year, $1.85.

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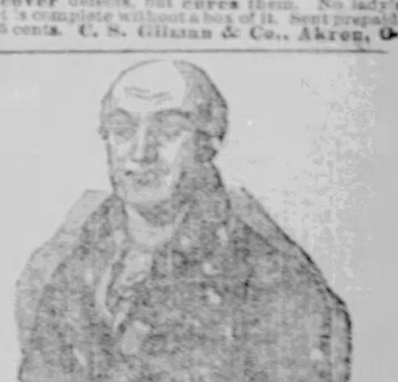

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

DEMOCRATIC TRAINING.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A little paragraph going the rounds of the papers says that the eight-year-old daughter of the King of Denmark is receiving an education entirely unlike that usually bestowed upon the children of princes. During the hours of study, her teachers are never to use the expression, "your highness," or in any way treat her differently from a little girl in the ordinary walks of life. So far is this democratic training carried that she recently joined a group of children in the public street in a game of snowball while the carriage waited until it was finished.

The good seed that is planted by this training will have its fruit when that child reaches womanhood. She is to be made to see that it is character, and not circumstances, which is to be her measure, that because accident has placed her in an exalted position, she is not, therefore, to arrogate to herself rights that would not belong to her as a human being in any other station of life.

This is a lesson it were well if it were taught oftener. That something which is entirely outside of themselves, with which they have nothing to do, conditions into which any little street gamin might as well have been born into, should bestow privileges over all others is, when viewed in the light of reason, utterly absurd. Parents who have the ultimate well being of their children in view will conscientiously endeavor to repress any of these false claims which the subservience of those less fortunate tends to cultivate in their little ones, just as the father and mother of this little princess are now doing. When she becomes old enough to understand that a high position brings with it large responsibilities, that the very circumstances which have set her above the many of her own age around her will make her life's duties infinitely more arduous, that of her will be demanded on account of the ten talents intrusted to her, while of others but five are to be reckoned, then it will be time to give her a realizing sense of her accidental place among those the world holds as exalted above their fellows.

What is true of this little princess of Denmark holds equally good here, among our own people. It is a most unfortunate thing—nay more, it is a grievous wrong—to allow your children to imbibe the idea that they are entitled to more consideration than the children of the day laborer around the corner, *because* you have more of this world's goods with which to minister to their physical wants, because you may clothe their mortal bodies in purple and fine linen in place of the homespun which their little neighbors must wear. Teach them instead, that

"A man's a man for a' that, for a' that."

in other words, that outside surroundings or accidental belongings have absolutely nothing to do with the manhood or womanhood of the individual. Show them that when the end of life comes, they will have made no other difference than is comprised in the answer to the question of the fulfilment of responsibilities, and any feeling of superiority which rests only upon externals will be sure to modify that answer in a way that all which the world could give cannot compensate for.

There must be classes in society until the day of the millenium is here. I do not mean that you, because you are rich, ought to seek out the children of the poor because they are poor, for the companionship of your sons and daughters. There may be vital reasons why this would be unwise. Generations of stolid ignorance, of absence of culture, of a want of all the refining influences of life might render them utterly unfit to enter into your child's daily presence and thoughts. The lack of any common meeting ground between their parents and yourselves might also be a strong objection in many instances. What I am urging is the teaching of a disregard of externals, the understanding that to attain to a worthy manhood and womanhood depends entirely upon themselves and not upon the money or position their parents may possess.

There is another reason for this training, pertaining to their own material future. Never before was there such an age of uncertainty as this,—never at least within the memory of men,—when there were so many social revolutions, when princes and potentates rested so uneasily upon their thrones, when riches so easily took wings to fly away, when sudden changes were so absolute in character, and when everything seemed moving towards a new spiritual and mental development. Such changes as these even in a lesser degree, must bring about an alteration in the material conditions of many people. Those who are in beautiful homes, with every appliance of wealth to-day, tomorrow may be dependent upon their own ability to earn what will purchase enough food and clothing to make themselves comfortable. Happy the man or woman under such circumstances, who was trained in youth not to be absolutely dependent upon surroundings for what makes existence a blessing, who was taught that family, elegance, or wealth did not enter as factors into what made them as individuals worthy of respect.

This disregard of externals is just as necessary for the children of the poor as for the rich. That father or mother makes a great mistake who ever teaches a child that somebody is going "to look down upon him" because he has not a profusion of this world's goods. Never mention or admit the possibility to him of any valuation which has not for its foundation the intrinsic worth of his own character. It is true that he will come to a realization that there are differences, but if he has not been taught to look for them, if he is led to feel that God made him the equal of every other human being, and to have a self-respect that shall hold him above any suspicion that mere externals renders him either better or worse than his neighbors, he will be saved a world of vexation and bitterness of spirit. Besides that, we are, in no small degree taken at our own valuation, and a confession of inferiority upon such grounds is simply relegating oneself to that position.

Tennyson has expressed the true thought in these lines from "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," with which you are doubtless all familiar:

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere
I know you proud to hear your name
Your pride is yet no mate for mine.
Too proud to care from whence I came."

And then again what should be impressed upon every child:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

DUST BAG — MATERIALS. — Twenty-two inches of Aida canvas; 1 yard and 3 inches of red satin ribbon, No. 9; 12 skeins of yellow saddlers' silk; ½ yard of red silesia; 5 yellow plush balls; 1 brass ring, 2½ inches in diameter. Make a bag of canvas 12½ inches by 9½ and line with red silesia, leaving the bottom open. Take 3 lengths of ribbon, putting one down the middle the other lengths each side 1½ inches apart. Fasten the ribbon down with pretty Point Russe stitches, using the yellow silk. Now take a piece of canvas 9½ by 9½ inches, pointing off one end; put three rows of ribbon on the same as on the bag, finishing it off nicely. Put the ring on this piece as high up as seam, gathering it up and fastening so it will fall prettily over the front of bag. Attach a tassel to point, and the remaining four put across bottom, after sewing it up.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" can still be had for 15 cents by enclosing that sum to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, Ohio, and it will help you greatly in making pretty things for the summer adornment of your homes.—ED.

DECORATIVE WORK ON FABRICS.—Golden rod on black ebonized panel. This is a graceful design adapted either to black satin wall banner or to the decoration of a black ebonized panel. The size of the panel should be 18x30. A perforated paper pattern to stamp design would be worth 35 cents, wherever purchased. White powder is used to do the stamping on all dark surfaces. The following receipt can be made up at home, purchasing part of the material at the druggists: *White Stamping Powder*: One ounce white lead; ½ ounce gum arabic in fine powder; ½ ounce white sugar; ½ ounce corn starch; ½ ounce white rosin in fine, all well mixed.

In stamping place rough side of the perforations up, and hold pattern to place by weight at upper left-hand corner. To make a good pouncet or pad for rubbing powder on the pattern cut a strip of felt one-half inch wide and one and a half yards long. (A remnant cut into strips will answer.) Begin by rolling very tightly, and keep on until you have rolled up the strips. Sew with strong doubled thread to fasten at the end. Roll as evenly as possible. Then rub the bottom of your pad over a piece of sandpaper until it is very smooth. One pad should be made for white and one for colored powder. In any art work neatness is an absolute necessity. Good brushes and first-class paints are also required if good work is to be done.

For work on ebonized panels satin, bolting cloth or silk, use red sable brushes. The following numbers will be needed for this design: Nos. 2, 4 and 6, one bottle pale drying oil and the following paints: Emerald green, lemon yellow, terre verte green, chrome yellow, silver white. Begin by taking out some white paint and adding a few drops of drying oil and mixing well through the paint. Then give the entire design one coat of white. When this is dry the natural colors may be laid on. Paint the leaves and stems in terre verte green, shading in a little Emerald green. Paint the golden rod proper with an equal mixture of chrome and lemon yellow, shading in some emerald green. The color should be applied by an up and down motion of the hand, such as is used in pounding anything. Take up the paint right on end of the brush, and apply as directed.

Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply. A full catalogue of choice perforated paper stamping patterns sent on receipt of 4 cents postage.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

A NEWSPAPER RACK.—For this rack two boards are required, the one forming the back a size larger than the other. The smaller one should be larger than a medium sized newspaper, folded as bought. Cover one side of each board with satin or plush of any shade liked, and work on the smaller board some pretty design. Line with a contrasting shade of satins. Put brass-headed tacks on small rings, at equal distances apart, at the sides, and fasten the boards together by narrow ribbon laced back and forth. Suspend with strong gilt cord attached to a brass ring fastened at each upper corners.—FANNIE CAMPBELL, Boyleston, Ind.

HAIR FLOWERS.—I will answer to Mrs. M. A. Hall's request of December 22, 1887: First, get a spool of hair-wire No. 36; then prepare a stick, make it round—we will say, the size of a lead pencil; sandpaper it well, drive a coarse needle in center of the point and then draw it out again, cut off 2 wires—we will say, 4 or 5 inches long—twist 2 ends together tightly. Now take the stick in left hand, also wire; placing wire underneath, holding to place with right hand front finger, with right hand wrap a wisp of hair the size of a cotton darner once around the stick, bringing one wire up on each side of stick. Now wrap it again, be sure always to bring the opposite wire up first (to make even, nice work), weave as I have described until you have ¾ of an inch; then cut off a wire 3 inches long and stick in the end where you made the hole with the needle, slip off the mark on this wire, put the ends together, and draw till it forms a petal for a rose. You can look at a picture in a catalogue and learn how to form a beautiful rose. That is the way I learned to make different kinds of flowers, such as fucias, lilys, animones, pansies, etc. If this is difficult to understand, make it known, and I will explain to any one anything that I have not made plain.—A. E. S.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LACE COLLAR PATTERN:—Cast on 42 stitches. Knit across and back plain. 1st row—p 30—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; 2d row—k 11—o—n—k rest plain; 3d row—k 7—(o—n) (11 times)—k 1—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; 4th row—k 12—o—n—k rest plain; 5th row—p 30—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; 6th row—k 13—o—n—k rest plain; 7th row—k 7—(o—n) (11 times)—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; 8th row—k 14—o—n—k rest plain; 9th row—p 30—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; 10th row—k 15—o—n—k 25—turn; 11th row—p 25—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1; 12th row—k 16—o—n—k 25—turn; 13th row—p 25—o—n—k 16; 14th row—slip and bind 6—k 9—o—n—k 25—turn; 15th row—p 25—o—n—k 10; 16th row—k 10—o—n—k rest plain. Commence at first row. This is pretty for collars and aprons.—EDITH.

SHELL LACE.—Cast on 21 stitches. 1st row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—k 3—o—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—k 3; 2d row—knit plain to last three stitches—o—n—k 1; 3d row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 6; 4th row—same as second; 5th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—slip 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 8; 6th—same as second, 7th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 3 tog—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 1—o—k 10; 8th row—same as second; 9th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—k 14; 10th row—same as second; 11th row—k 3—o—n—o—n—k 2—slip 1—n—pass slipped stitch over—o—k 5—o—k 1—bind off 8 stitches—k 2; 12th row—same as second. Will some one please send directions for knitting tidy, and oblige—MRS. H. CARLISLE, Hudson, Mich.?

A RAG CARPET.—Mary B., I will try and tell you about a rag carpet: First, have your rags pretty good, for the better your rags are the longer your carpet will last. You will want from three and-a-half to six knots of warp to the yard, and reel your warp in skeins containing the same number of knots as you want for a yard, then you will know just what you are about. You can get either all white warp, or get two colors and have it striped in the loom. I had blue and yellow in mine.

Now, for the rags. Let us calculate for 25 yards. You will want 38 pounds, allowing a pound and a half per yard. I will give you a guide for the stripe for your carpet, which I think you will like. Commence with the center of the fancy stripe, blue and white twisted 1 thread, orange and white twisted 1 thread, red 3 threads, pink 2 threads, green 4 threads, yellow 3 threads, copperas 3 threads, blue 4 threads, brown or gray 3 threads, black 12 threads, yellow 2 threads, black 12 threads; the last 12 threads of black brings you again to your fancy stripe.

Now for the number of pounds of each color: Red, blue, green, yellow, copperas prints there should be of each 2 pounds. Orange and white twisted, blue and white twisted, each 2 pounds, brown or gray 4 pounds, hit or miss 10 pounds, black 8 pounds. I have tried to make this plain, and hope you will have no trouble in making your carpet.—MARY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—SCOLDING.—Scolding is vulgar; and no good can result to parent or child from a vulgar course of conduct; and yet some mothers scold their children from morning till night, however circumspect may be their behavior, with short intermissions at times when their breath fails, the coarse, rough, angry tones, rising higher and higher, as they give loose reins to their passion, and often emphasizing their words by raining blows upon the heads and shoulders of the helpless little ones, accompanied with yells of rage akin to the war whoops of the savage of the Western wilds. Now, it is patent to all right thinking persons that under such circumstances children learn little save dexterity in dodging rolling pins on the wing and pokers in the hands of the temporarily insane; and, as they grow to man's and woman's state, those wronged little ones will find it very difficult to respect and honor their parents as they should, as the commandment with a promise requires that they should honor them. And to me it is a matter of no small wonder that the parents of that caste are neglected in their declining days—that the children take the first opportunity offered by the weakness of age to cast off all restraint, to ignore all their duties, to grasp all the property which their parents have saved from the toils of a lifetime to use and to squander, while the parents become dependents or inmates of alms-houses.

I should not have mentioned this method of dealing with children had not my ears been filled sometimes with the threats of parents couched in the coarsest of language and the shrieks of the little sufferers under blows that were undeserved, heavy and cruel. Such parents are not training their children; they are driving them to ruin; and such children have been known to welcome death with a smile. When a dying child was told that she would go to heaven she said, "Will they beat me there?" We needed none to tell us that the child had been cruelly treated, and who could wish to detain it unless we could spirit it away from its parents, for it was leaving both father and mother for the home beyond the tomb, and one can rarely find an excuse for wresting a child from its parents, though often it should be done.

Different dispositions must be treated differently, but there is one rule which will suit any case—all cases, and that is this, "Deal gently but firmly." Kindness is always availing with the sensitive or with the headstrong and forward. I shall continue this subject next time.—MISS ROSE, Science Hill, Ky.

SOME THINGS.—As it will soon be time to plant flowers and raise chicks, I will try to tell "Doctor's Daughter" the way both can be kept in one yard. I have told about the chickens. Only don't let the coops stand on one spot long enough to kill the grass roots. I would not keep them in the yard until fully grown, for large chickens are a nuisance about the house.

Utilize old boxes, buckets and anything that will hold dirt for putting plants in. Drive stakes in the ground, nail boards on top of them to put shallow vessels on. The flowers coming up from the roots drive short stakes around to protect them. A flower stand can be made by nailing two boards crosswise on the top of a post. Suspend baskets to the ends of the boards and set a large box on top of it with small pots around it. A barrel sawed in two, rich soil put in each part makes a good bed for sowing seed to transplant.

There are subjects nearer my heart than the above. I sympathize with mothers, and know the feelings that prompts them to ask advice about training children. Ever since the first little one was committed to my care, I have used my eyes and ears attentively and often made it a topic of conversation with friends, and although part of my children are almost grown to manhood some still romp around my knees. I yet like to learn all I can. A physician understanding his business will not give every patient the very same medicine for the same disease, he will be guided by their different temperaments. Just so the parent should try to learn the disposition of each of their little ones, and correct them accordingly. We must not forget we were children once, and we are now training our own flesh and blood. Let us ask what correction did us the most good. Was it the hasty reproof, the quick slap or the rod applied so it was felt by a firm and loving hand? By talking to small children about things that please them, they often forget their stubborness and mind without any trouble. Parents' influence, also differs; one can correct with a look, while the same child will hardly mind its other parent, though severely disciplined. We often get in the habit of saying don't, not seeing whether they mind or not. We should be sure what we tell them to do is necessary, and see they mind you, not by hireing, or frightening them, but because children should obey their parents. This precept can be impressed on a child's mind quite young, also the giver of it. We are told to train up the child in the way it should go, etc. How shall we know how it should go? you ask. If you lack wisdom ask of God that giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and who needs wisdom more than the mothers who rock the cradle and help to rule the world. PHIL'S WIFE.

AN APPEAL.—The following letter will explain itself. It cannot but appeal to everybody who reads it, and societies will, no doubt, respond:

We, the Ladies' Aid Society, of Ethan, D. T., would respectfully ask of you a favor in this: That Mrs. Katie Dodd, the secretary of our society and one of our most worthy and esteemed citizens, lost both of her feet on account of the blizzard January 12, 1888. Her husband also lost his team, and by accident only, saved his life, while their doctor bills are over three hundred dollars. We take it upon ourselves to ask through your paper the aid societies and all other benevolent associations in your city to help us to make these, our beloved neighbors, as comfortable as we can under the circumstances. All money collected to be sent to the First National bank of Mitchell, D. T., and we will in return send as many copies of poetry written by Mrs. Katie Dod herself, on her eighteen hours' experience in the blizzard. Respectfully,

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY,
of Ethan, D. T.

Through their President, Mrs. E. Lowry.

HER EXPERIENCE:—Some time ago one of the sisters wanted some one to tell her where she could send away and get fancy work to do and thus be earning something at odd moments. I think, maybe my experience will be of benefit to some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD and so I will give it. I have sent to several different places for work and find that in every case it is those who send out the work that make the money and not the workers. Every time there is a catch some where—they demand a certain sum of money to be sent as a guarantee that the worker will do a certain amount of work in a certain length of time, and then they send difficult work and only pay a few cents for each piece, and often on receiving the work refuse to pay for it claiming that it is not saleable, when really it is only one way of getting the work done for nothing. I have never gained anything by sending away for work and I don't know of any one who has, though several of my friends have been cheated as badly as myself, and by different firms too. No doubt many of you have been disappointed in sending away to buy too, tho' one can many times do better than at home.

One of my friends sent away to an eastern firm that advertised to send a valuable monthly magazine one year and a box of elegant ribbons. The paper amounts to nothing and the ribbons consisted of three pieces of narrow cotton ribbons and one piece of black collar velvet, fit for nothing but carpet rags. I have never found anything that is advertised so cheap to amount to anything, and the money thus spent is thrown away.

I was very much interested in what "White Rose" said, and I, too, hope Grover will be compelled next year to step out and that Lincoln or Sherman will step in. I want to thank "Rebecca" for her sugar cookies recipe. I tried it, and found it excellent; also "Mama" for the remedy to destroy cabbage worms. It is the first remedy we have ever found that proved effective. Mamie Drayton said she would tell us more about embroidering, but she has not. What has become of her?

Why don't "Young Farmeress" write again, and the lady from among the pines?

I have some pieces of dark blue cloth, of which I want to make a lambrequin for a sitting-room shelf. Cannot some one suggest a pretty way?—FARMER'S DAUGHTER, from Iowa.

INQUIRIES.

Would any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD who know of a Sabbath school that have singing books they do not use, be so kind as to send some to Bassettville, Kansas? We have just started a Union school and all are quite poor. We would pay postage.—MRS. L. DEUHREE, Bassettville, Kansas.

Will some one please tell me through the BLADE or by letter how to stop canary birds moulting nearly a year? They sing scarcely any. Will be glad to hear from any one soon.—MRS. L. T. EASTMAN, Scott, Kas.

Will you, or some of the HOUSEHOLD, please tell me where to get Miss Rose Cleveland's book, "Social Etiquette," also, how to fix my transoms, also, what is to be the goods and the color for traveling costumes this summer?—A READER.

We do not know of any such book. Put figured lace or some pretty color of soft silk over your transoms. They look well to have whatever material you use laid in plaits. Some of the new shades of brown or green are pretty. Blue is also to be worn.—ED.

I would so much like to know how to "fire china." Some one asked through the BLADE, but I have never seen an answer. I have written to where I get fancy work materials and works of art, but all I learn is of colors that "fire" well, etc., and they tell how to do all but how to "fire," and that is just what I do not understand, and I know painting on china is not durable without the process.—MRS. N. G. LATHAM.

If Charles Hutchinson, of Williams, Arizona Ter., will send postage to Miss Mary R. Williams, South Bloomfield, Pickaway Co., O., she will send him copies of Frank Leslie's *Sunday Magazine*; also a few copies of *Leslie's Popular Monthly*. These periodicals contain good reading matter.

Will some one please give directions for narrow knitted edging; also directions for knitting a tidy? I have directions for edging, but they are too wide for underclothing.—L. M. ULAH, Palacky, Ellsworth Co., Kan.

Can any one tell what makes my butter get strong so quick? It doesn't taste like old butter. It is worse. Some times it is all right, and at others it isn't fit to eat in one week after it is churned. Everything is clean, and nothing else is kept in the milk house. I churn twice a week in warm weather. Can somebody tell the cause, and isn't there a remedy?—DISCOURAGED.

Will Mabel Clare in Eastern Colorado, please give discription of claim, also how long a person will have to settle on claim and what improvements will have to be made before they can get a title? Is land level? Please give postoffice address and oblige one who wishes to take up a claim. —W. A. B.

Where can I get some old-fashioned beer seed? I wish some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD who has old books or magazines for distribution would please send me some. Will some one living in Florida send me their address, as I would like to procure some of the beautiful grasses that grow there? I would like to make a collection of different articles for my cabinet from all of the states such as a bit of moss, a pebble, a shell, some nuts, ores, or something that is peculiar to the state from which it is send. I know of no other way than by asking some of the sisters to help me. Address—E. T. CARDER, CAIRO, Ritchie county, W. Va.

Will some kind reader please tell me where I can get watch chains mounted, those made of hair?—A. E. S., Barker Creek, Mich.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Tell Mrs. H. T. Watterman that a large tablespoonful of copperas dissolved in a pint of water, and wash the parts affected, will kill ivy or poison oak either, without injury, except to discolor the skin, but it will soon wear off. I have seen it tried and it was a perfect and permanent cure.

"New Reader" wanted directions for coloring orange on cotton with copperas and a lye made by boiling a peck or more of ashes; let settle and pour off clear. The lye should be strong enough to bite a little. I had about 4 gallons of lye and dissolved 5 cents worth of copperas in an iron kettle; heat nearly scalding to begin with; dip first in lye, then in copperas, then lay in sun; dip until dark enough. It will never fade. Use two vessels.—C.

In answer to Mrs. H. F. Waterman, of Ashland, Oregon, for a cure for poison oak, I will give my experience. The first time I was poisoned I cured it with very salt water; the second time salt and water had no effect but strong lime water cured me; the third time sugar of lead, and the last time copperas water strong. Each time I tried the remedy that had cured me the preceding time, but in each case it failed, except with the copperas; that cured me twice and I have not been poisoned with it for three years, although working where it is. I send this to you instead of direct to Mrs. H. F. W. as I think it may be of value to other readers.—POISON OAK.

Some one asks how to bleach muslin with chloride of lime. For thirty yards, one pound of chloride of lime, dissolved in two quarts of soft water. Let cloth soak over night in warm water, wring cloth and put in another tub of water in which the lime solution has been poured. Let it remain about twenty minutes, lifting up the cloth every few minutes. Rinse in clear water.—H. E. O.

The following have been received in answer to communication in regard to naming of twins:

In the HOUSEHOLD column of BLADE of March 29, 1888, I noticed a communication in regard to naming of twins. I have a boy and girl called by the names desired, namely, Julius LeMoyne and Julia Adell Jenkins.—BENJAMIN JENKINS, care box 236, Oxford, Chester county.

Mrs. Olive Davis, Zilwaukie, Saginaw county, Michigan, has named her twins Julius LeMoyne and Julia Adell as requested.

Please tell Mrs. W. J. Louder that young chickens, turkeys and ducks can be raised without corn meal. Feed each flock until they are one week old hard boiled eggs crumbled up fine, or if not convenient to feed eggs, then soak light bread and feed them. After they are a week old feed wheat screenings or whole wheat, and her chickens will be much healthier than if fed on corn meal.—MRS. JOSHUA POOR, Warsaw, Ind.

If "Mountain Flower" will prepare a wash of 1 qt. buttermilk and 1 tablespoonful copperas it will cure salt rheum.—W. B.

In answer to question about coloring cotton with copperas my experience is to take bichromate of potash, dip good, having lime water to dip in. That will make a lasting color that will not fade.—L. A. S.

Mrs. J. C. Reed.—If your feathers were picked with blood and animal matter in them, I doubt if they can be made fit to sleep on. In this way they can be cleansed nicely: Put part of the feathers at a time into a large tub or barrel, pour weak hot suds over them, shake well, press them out between your hands and rinse them in hot soft water, press out this water as dry as you can, and spread on sheets in a well ventilated room. Stir them every day. Put back in tick before quite dry for they are more easily handled. I have washed feathers in both warm and cold weather and find the cold the best as it don't hurt them to freeze, and they won't mold if several weeks drying.

Patient Waiter.—I cured my gums by getting all my teeth pulled. It is nearly a year since they were pulled. My gums were near three months healing but have not been sore since. They were a great trouble for several years.

Thanks to our kind editor for her signature to Zenna's method of washing, for it caused me to try it and I am well satisfied with it.—PHIL'S WIFE.

RECIPES.

HOW TO MAKE CREAM CHEESE.—Set your night's milk where it will warm gradually and stir the cream in until it is as warm as the morning's milk. Now put them both together and put in your runet and do the same as if it were all new milk. And when you put it to press press carefully until the white creamy whey begins to run and that is sufficient. Turn it at noon and when taken from the press trim it of evenly if need be. Now put a band of cheese cloth around it and on both sides, and keep it well greaced with butter. This was my mother's rule for making cheese 45 years ago.—MRS. A. A. WARE.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Take a pan of sour milk and put in it a teacupful of Venetian red—get it at drugstore for 10 cents per pound. Set it before the chickens and one or two doses will cure, as you can see by the droppings; for chicken cholera consists of, or is, a thin, watery diarrhœa. I have used this remedy for ten years and never knew it to fail.—MRS. JENNIE KILMER, Marseilles, Ill.

A NICE DISH FOR BREAKFAST FOR HARD TIMES.—Make mush rather thin and mold it in teacups or the pound size baking powder cans. It the morning turn them out, slice half inch thick cakes, make a batter of 3 eggs and 2 teaspoonfuls of milk and flour, lay the cakes in and turn them. Fry in hot drippings. My boys say they are good.

A GOOD PUDDING FOR DINNER.—Take a pint and a half of sour cream, teaspoonful of soda, ½ teaspoonful of salt. Stir in flour enough for batter stiffer than for cake, butter the cake dish and put in a layer half inch deep, then take any kind of stewed fruit you like and put in a layer; then batter, then fruit, until the dish is full. Bake—to be eaten with sweetened cream.

DESSERT FOR TEA.—One teacupful of rice in a sack that will hold one quart. When done put 2 tablespoonfuls in teacups to mold for as many as you wish to serve. When cold turn out on to dessert dishes, grate nutmeg and sprinkle on sugar, then put on a teaspoonful of jelly or berry marmalade, then pour on cream.—OLD HUSKEEPER.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak four tablespoonfuls in a little water over night; boil 1 qt. of milk and pour it over it while hot. When cool add a half a teacupful of sugar, 1 egg and the yolks of two well beaten eggs and bake. When done beat the 2 whites of eggs with 2 tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar; spread over the top; return to the oven to brown.—L. A. S., Bipan, Wis.

RICH JUMBLES.—Old Dutch recipe.—Two cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful butter, 2 lbs. flour, yolks of 2 and white of 1 egg, teaspoonful carbonate of soda; mix all well and cut in small cakes. Bake in a moderate oven. I can send some good recipes for the sick if they are desired.—M. L.

We shall be glad to have them.—ED.

TO PREVENT GLASS JARS FROM BREAKING WHILE CANNING HOT FRUIT.—Fold a towel six folds, dampen with warm water, set jar on towel, let it set 1 minute, then pour in hot fruit slowly or dip with large spoon. This is easily done and never breaks a cold jar.—MRS. M. Y. MCCORD, La Prairie, Ill.

TO KILL BED BUGS.—I use oil of cedar. Apply with brush. It does the work effectually.

TO PRESERVE EGGS THROUGH THE SUMMER.—Wrap each egg in thin soft paper—newspoper will do—and set them in a cool place.—MRS. M. Y. MCCORD.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters." Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CLARINDA, IOWA. Harvey Olmstead, Otto Hiddleston, Elvia M Dowdell, Harvey Hammer, George Cronain, Trudy E Dowdell, Ollie Brown, Lelia Harvey, John C Dowdell, Sarah Boyd, Emma Antone. IOWA CITY, IOWA. Anna Ragan, Nannie Pritchard, May Shepard, Mamie Morton, Frank Sharpnack, Nora Cronain, Louie Shepard, Floyd Crouch, Harvey Ragan, Eddie Shepard, Ralph Hodson, Lee Boyd, Mae E Talbot, Frank Boyd, Lucius Hammer, Mary Danner, Charles Ross, Jessie Morrow, Edith F Bale, Frank Clifton, Taylor Clifton, Luella M Danner, Victor Bowman, Burt Purcell, Mollie F Rarick, Roy Morrow, Bud Martin, John P Rarick, Belle Phillips, Lucy Phillips, Alvin Bale, Nettie Forester, Bessie Martin, Carrie Shepard, Anna Mintun, Della Hammer, Ethel Taylor, Grace Sprackleu, Lulu Lightell, Ada Taylor. MODALE, IOWA. Ethel Smith, May Penrod, C Hiddleston, Fred Antone, Mattie Lightell, Frank Capell, Clarence Capell, W W Morton, Rob Morton.

Names this week, 61. Total 23,165.

The above embraces all names received up to April 19.

For the Blade Young Folks.

HOW EASY.

BY R. L. H.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By a thoughtless act, an unkind word;
How easy a strife is thus brought on,
And passions of evil and hatred stirred.

How easy it is, if tempted, to yield,
And walk in the pathway of sensual joy;
In ease to go down vain pleasure to find,
In yielding to habits that only destroy.

How easy it is to spoil a life
By a single first drink of whisky or beer.
Habits once formed set manhood adrift,
And make evil deeds less sinless appear.

How easy it is to brighten a day
By a kindly act in sympathy done;
How easy to gladden, by a deed of love,
The life of a weary or desolate one.

How easy it is to keep in the right,
If the heart and the mind are steadily true,
In principles firm, seeking to find
Some good to mankind in all that we do.

Much better it is when tempters assail,
To cast them aside with firmness of will.
Assert in full manhood a love for the right,
And purpose in life some good to fulfill.

ROBERT-HOUDIN, THE FRENCH MAGICIAN.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

After Robert-Houdin's performances in Algiers before the assembled chiefs of the Arab tribes, he travelled here and there through Algeria, meeting with manifold adventures. In one of these he was forced to show the quick-wittedness which a conjurer is supposed to possess more than any other man. He was the guest of a distinguished Arab, Bou-Allem, who asked permission to introduce certain of the more important members of his tribe. The report of the strange wonders which Robert-Houdin had wrought at Algiers had spread throughout all Algeria, just as the French government had anticipated, and wherever the magician might go there was great curiosity to see him.

On this occasion Robert-Houdin yielded gracefully to Bou-Allem's request, and a dozen or more elderly men, the most important members of the tribe, were introduced to him. Among them was a marabout. Others were men of unusual learning. Bou-Allem treated them all with deference. They sat around while the chief gave them an exact account of the miracles Robert-Houdin had performed. The Arabs listened, looking at the Frenchman with a sort of veneration. Only the marabout was sceptical. He asserted that the spectators in Algiers had been duped by what he called "a vision."

Robert-Houdin saw that it would be well to give this marabout a specimen of his skill. The marabout wore a watch in his sash, and the magician deftly stole this, leaving a five-franc piece in its place, without attracting the marabout's attention. Then to prepare the minds of the Arabs for a greater wonder, he performed a series of little tricks.

First the rosary of Bou-Allem disappeared, and was found in his slipper. Next the slipper filled itself full of five-franc pieces. Then Robert-Houdin passed among the Arabs, pretending to take five-franc pieces from their noses. They were delighted, and begged him to go on. As he continued their pleasure increased, until some of them rolled on the ground with uncontrollable hilarity. The marabout alone remained silent and impassive.

When Robert-Houdin concluded his series of little tricks he was at the opposite side of the circle from the marabout, who began at once to talk to his friends most energetically, apparently trying to explain awry the effect of the Frenchman's amusing marvels.

"You could not deceive me in this way," he said.

"Why not?" asked Robert-Houdin.

"Because I do not believe in your power."

"Then I will force you to believe in my skill," retorted Robert-Houdin, who was then as far away from him as the size of the room would permit. "You see this five-franc piece? Yes? Now shut your hand tight, for this coin will go there in spite of you."

"I am waiting," said the Arab, incredulously, at the same time extending his clinched fist.

Robert-Houdin took the five-franc piece in his left hand, showed it to the spectators, seized it with the right hand, said "Pass," and made a motion toward the marabout, opening his hand, which was empty.

The marabout opened his hand also, and seeing nothing in it, he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, as who should say, "I told you so."

"I am not surprised that the coin is not in your hand," Robert-Houdin explained, "for I threw it with such force that it passed through your hand and fell into your sash. And as I was afraid it might break your watch, I made that come to me. Here it is." And he showed the watch at the end of his fingers, as the startled marabout thrust his hand into the sash, where he found the five-franc piece.

The other Arabs were astonished, but the marabout bit his lip, and then said: "I believe in your supernatural power now; you are a true sorcerer. Therefore I hope you will not refuse to repeat here one of the feats you performed in the theater." So saying, he drew two pistols from his flowing robes, and offering them to Robert-Houdin, he continued: "Choose one of these weapons; then we will load it, and I will fire at you. You need not fear, since you know how to ward off the balls."

For a moment Robert-Houdin was taken aback. All eyes were fixed on him, and if he hesitated, the effect of his feats would be effaced. The marabout glared at him in triumph, as Bou-Allem, knowing that the Frenchman's tricks were but the result of his skill, intervened, expressing great regret that his guest should be annoyed in such a manner. But Robert Houdin had a sudden inspiration, and he interrupted his host.

"You must know," he said to the marabout, "that to be invulnerable, I need a talisman. Now I have unfortunately left my talisman at Algiers."

The marabout gave a sceptical laugh.

"Yet," continued Robert-Houdin, "by six hours of prayer I can do without the talisman. To-morrow morning at eight o'clock I will let you fire at me in the presence of these Arabs here, who are now the witnesses of your challenge."

The astonished Bou-Allem asked Robert-Houdin if he meant what he said, and when he was assured that the Frenchman would do as he had agreed, he convoked the assembly for eight o'clock the next morning.

Not only were the Arabs of the previous evening all present in the morning, but also so many others of the tribe, allured by the rumor, which had spread abroad, of the marvel Robert-Houdin had undertaken to perform.

Two pistols were brought. They were carefully examined. Then the marabout put in the powder. From a plate of bullets Robert-Houdin chose one, which the marabout rammed home. Robert-Houdin dropped a second bullet into the second pistol, and put in a wad after it.

Then, as the marabout grasped one pistol, Robert-Houdin took his place before his enemy, some fifteen paces distant, and bade him take aim and fire.

The report of the pistol was heard, and Robert-Houdin, parting his lips, showed the bullet between his teeth.

As the angry marabout was about to take up the second pistol the Frenchman seized it before him.

"You could not wound me," he said. "You shall now see whether my shots are not more to be feared than yours."

Aiming the weapon at the freshly white-washed wall of the house outside of which the assembly was gathered, Robert-Houdin fired, and a red splash of blood appeared on the wall where the bullet struck it.

The marabout went forward, dipped his finger in the red fluid, carried it to his mouth, and tasted it. When he recognized the taste of blood he dropped his arms and his head fell forward as though he had been crushed.

Robert-Houdin had confirmed the impression he wished to make. He and his party mounted the camels which were waiting for them, and they set out to return to Algiers and then to Paris.

The explanation of this dangerous feat—not to be attempted by any one less certain of himself than Robert-Houdin—is far simpler than one might suppose. He had bent up the edges of a playing-card, and filled this tiny tray with the melted wax from a candle. Making a little lampblack by holding a knife blade in the flame of the candle, he blackened the melted wax until it resembled lead. Then he ran this into his bullet-mould, pouring it out before it set, so that he had a thin globe of blackened wax, looking almost exactly like a bullet. It was one of these fragile balls that he dropped in the first pistol, and that the ramrod of the marabout crushed at once into harmless dust.

A friend had once shown him how to extract blood painlessly from beneath the thumb-nail, so he had been enabled to fill the second bullet with blood, closing the opening carefully. This ball he dropped into the second pistol, ramming it down very gently, so that it should not be crushed. As it struck the wall it was crushed into dust, leaving a red splash of blood.—*Harper's Young People.*

"IT'S GOOD ENOUGH."

A Short Story for Gentle Youth Who Want to Rise.

"There! I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough; nobody will see it. If I get the store swept in about five minutes, I can finish that story in the *Fireside Companion* before any one comes." The store was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance; but out-of-the-way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished and the paper hidden out of sight befor the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, the proprietor, came in, bade them all "good morning," glanced around the store and went into his private office. Presently he called John: "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can; they will be just in time for the 9 o'clock mail. Come right back." John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, and having deposited the letters safely, saw no reason for haste; indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked, "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared. "What lesson, sir?"

"Why, the one you've been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could possibly teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedily, and no better than the day before. Mr. Willis came before the clerks and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that John thought "nobody would see." When he returned Mr. Willis said, "John, I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson; to-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I could get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning and the store sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't; so I shall not need you longer than this week."

Poor John! I wonder what sort of a lesson he will try to teach his next employer. —*Presbyterian Banner.*

COLD WATER AND CLOUDS.

Did you ever stop to think, when you looked out of the window and saw dull, gray clouds from which the rain was so steadily pouring, and which seemed to shut in the world all around, that, in reality, they extended over a very small part of the country; that somewhere else, perhaps only 20 or 30 or a 100 miles away, the sun was shining, and all was bright and beautiful? This is really the case. For storms, however long and dreary, do not extend over many miles; and though it always is raining at some place in the world, yet always and at the same time it is pleasant somewhere else. Now, let us see why this is.

Suppose that on a warm summer afternoon we were to bring a pitcher of clear, cool water, fresh from the well, and to place it on the table in the dining-room. Now, no matter how carefully we may have dried the pitcher before bringing it in, we shall discover, if we watch closely, that the outside soon becomes wet or misty; and that the mist grows heavier and then gathers into drops and perhaps even runs down the pitcher to the table.

Now, where does this water come from? Not through the sides of the pitcher, that is impossible; but from the air. We can not see it, perhaps, but still it is there, in the state of vapor. How came it there? Did you ever notice, after a rain, how in a short time the puddles became dry, and how the moisture disappeared from the grass and leaves, as soon as the sun shone out and the wind blew? Or, did you ever notice that if you left a pan of water out-of-doors the water each day grew less and less, unless all was gone and the pan was dry?

All the water that was in the puddles, on the grass and leaves (except that which soaked into the ground) and in the pan, was taken up as vapor into the air—has "evaporated," as we say. The same thing happens when water boils, only it then evaporates more rapidly, and we can see the vapor arising as steam. If you live near a river, or in a country where there are brooks, perhaps you can see this evaporation actually taking place. Get up early some morning, before the sun rises, and look out toward the river. You may see a long line of mist or fog, like a big, white cloud, hanging over the water. Now, this mist is only the water evaporating from the river and is just now visible as fog because the air is cool. After the sun has shone, the air becomes warm and the fog disappears, but the evaporation goes on, nevertheless. Indeed, it is going on continually, and all over the earth; so that if the water were not returned to us as rain, snow, and dew, all the oceans, lakes and rivers would in time dry up and disappear. All the trees, grass and plants would then wither, and our beautiful land would become as dry and parched as the great desert of Sahara. —*St. Nicholas for April.*

PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

"A legal application for a patent is made up of five parts: the petition, which is the technical term for the application proper; the specification, or description; the oath; the drawing, and the fee. They used to require a model, also, but now that is dispensed with, unless specially called for by the examiner."

"Who is the 'examiner?'" asked Tom.

"The examiner is the officer who examines your invention, to see whether it is novel and useful, which it must be to entitle you to a patent."

"The Patent Office," continued the lawyer, "is in charge of the commissioner of Patents. To help him, he has an assistant-commissioner and a law clerk. Matters of ordinary routine are in charge of a chief clerk. The examination of applications is entrusted to 25 principal examiners, each of whom has a first, a second, and a third assistant. Another grade—that of fourth assistant—was established in 1882, and there are now 29 examining divisions. There is also a board of Appeals, composed of three examiners-in-chief; an examiner of interferences, and several chiefs of divisions, who superintend the copying, assignment, and issuing of patents, the publication of the *Official Gazette*, the making and photo-lithographing of drawings, the care of models, the receipt of fees and other moneys, and so forth. The whole office contains some five or six hundred clerks. The examiners are the representatives of the Commissioner, to whom he delegates the work of determining the merits of the various applications for patents. The law requires the Commissioner to issue a patent for every invention which shall be found to be 'new and useful.' Of course, the Commissioner can not personally inspect and decide upon the twenty-five thousand applications for patents which are made every year. This is the work of the examiners, each of whom has charge of all inventions of a certain kind. Inventions are classified into about 167 classes. Each examiner has assigned to him six or eight classes, which he subdivides to suit his own convenience. All applications are distributed among the examiners, according to the nature of the inventions. The examiner sees to it that each application is properly examined in its turn, and finally, when satisfied that a case covers nothing that is not patentable, he sends it to the Issue Division, where a patent is drawn up and duly issued.—*St. Nicholas for April.*

—Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria destroys the *cause* of disease, which Quinine and other remedies do not pretend to do. It effectually neutralizes the poison in the system and thus prevents the chill. It contains no arsenic or poisonous ingredient of any kind, and may safely be given to an infant. Sold by druggists.

Probably.

"Papa, what is patrimony?"

"It is what is inherited from a father, my dear."

"Oh—and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"

The Sunday School

The Judgment.

LESSON 6, SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1888.

Golden text:—And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.

LESSON TEXT.
Matt. 25: 31-46.

31 When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

32 And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

33 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

35 For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

36 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

37 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

38 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

39 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

40 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

41 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

42 For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

43 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

44 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

45 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The Son of man shall come in his glory (v. 31). Jesus came to the earth first in his humiliation. He was a poor boy. He was a homeless man. He was despised and rejected of the world. He died a felon's death. Jesus gave glimpses of his glory, to a few favored disciples, while still in the flesh. His present exaltation is recognized by those who trust him. But he is not yet glorified in the sight of the world. This shall not always be the case. "The Son of man shall come in his glory." The holy angels shall be with him. He shall sit on the throne of his glory. Every eye shall see him. None will question his power then. Yet Jesus will have no new glory at that time; only the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. Do you recognize his glory now? Are you looking longingly for his coming to make it manifest before the world? If so, he knows the fact, and he will approve you as his own at his appearing. You must recognize his glory at one time or another. It will make little difference to him, but all difference to you, whether you recognize it now, or when no alternative is left to you.

Before him shall be gathered all the nations (v. 32). There is a great difference between coming to Jesus and coming before Jesus. Any one can come to Jesus, or stay away, as he pleases. Every one will have to come before Jesus, whether he wants to or not. Jesus invites all to come to him that he may save them, that he may comfort them, that he may give them peace. Jesus will summon all to come before him, that they may be judged according to their deeds done in the body. If one has come to Jesus on his own choice, he will welcome the call to come before Jesus at the choice of Jesus. But if one has refused to come to Jesus when he might, it will be a terrible thing for him to be summoned before Jesus when he would fain stay away. But welcome or terrible as that summons may be, it will come to every nation and to every soul; and it will be responded to by all.

Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world (v. 34). It takes a long time to make ready a good home. The homes we have here on earth were not prepared for us as they are, without patient and prolonged labor by somebody. It may be that we began with nothing and toiled for years to get a home for ourselves and our loved ones. It may be that others toiled for us, and that we have entered into their labors. But in one way or another, that which we enjoy in our present possessions represents no little toil and endurance. How much was done and endured by our forefathers, ere the Puritan and Cavalier and Huguenot, and Jesuit, in the long-gone years, to make ready our present national inheritance! We ought not to forget the labors of those who were before us, as we recognize our privileges and possibilities as American citizens. But how little all this that was done for the preparation of an earthly home, in comparison with what has been done to make ready for us our heavenly inheritance in Christ! The whole Bible is the story of God's preparation of a home for you and for me. It is to that home that Jesus will welcome you and me if we are his faithful disciples until we are summoned before him.

I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat (v. 35). One of the great delights of friendship is to be able to do a service to our friends in an emergency. It would be a source of gratitude and pride if we could know that we had materially aided one whom all the nation gave deference and praise. To have received the thanks of congress for a service to one's country is an honor, not only to the recipient, but to his descendants. Many a noble family in the old-world kingdoms points to its emblazoned shield with evidence of recognized service to loyalty as the basis of the family name and renown. But what are all this to the thought of being called out before the assembled universe and publicly thanked by the King of kings and Lord of lords for a service rendered to himself in his time of need? How the possibility of such a service ought to fire the soul with ecstasy! What would a lifetime of toil and sacrifice be, in comparison with this reward?

Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? (v. 37). The surprise of those to whom the commendation is given, shows that they were not only welcomed, but thanked by our Lord, in the judgment, will be hardly less than their delight. Every follower of Jesus could say to his Savior: "I was an hungered, and you gave me meat." Those of feeblest faith could come into the Savior's presence to express gratitude for all that he had done for them. But to hear that Jesus was grateful to them for their service to him—what could cause them greater wonder? They had wanted to do something for him. Love always longs to show itself in service. The heart seeks to expend itself for its dear ones. But how often a loving one feels that his best efforts at service have been a pitiful failure. It has, when, when did I ever do anything that was worthy of my best friend's gratitude? This feeling burdens many a loving disciple's heart today concerning him who is dearer to him than the world. Yet when the story of the world is told by him that he is grateful for their long-ago services, their astonished cry will be: "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee?" But their surprise will not change the eternal record.

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me (v. 40). It was not in feeding the Christ in the midst of his hunger, or in visiting the sick and imprisonment, in the world, that one can find his welcome to eternal life, but it is in doing for the lowliest of his brethren for Christ's sake will be recognized as a proof of loving devotedness to himself. In the Christian's readiness to minister to the humblest of his saints, it has his care to feel the chance of showing itself in a foreign land by our readiness to minister there to any fellow-countryman of ours in need. True patriotism would find expression in our willing service to the humblest representative of the government in the people's representative. True friendship would prompt sacrifices for our friend's loved ones as well as for their friend. True discipleship would show a ready response to the interest felt in any of our brethren in Christ. It is not humanity, but Christianity that is the ordinary test of devotedness to him. It is not the mere building of hospitals or soup-houses, or the visiting of prisons, that proves love for Jesus; it is willing ministry to the humblest and most unpopular brethren of him whose name is upon them. We may have to yield the reputation of a share in world-approved charities to prove by that which Christ will approve as done for himself. But whatever we attempt for him will be recognized and never forgotten.

Depart from me, ye cursed * * * Inasmuch as ye did it not (vs. 41-45). It is for what they did not do, rather than for what they did, that the condemned are sent away at the final judgment. And what sin can be greater than the sin of neglecting a known duty? Suppose that you should not love to your mother or to your wife; suppose you did not provide food and clothing for your children; suppose you saw a house on fire at night and did not sound the alarm; suppose you saw a man struggling in the water and refused to throw him a rope or reach out a hand to his aid, when you might have rescued him—could you call yourself guiltless because you had committed no overt act of crime? Suppose, again, that you know a worthy cause of charity, and withhold more than is meet out of the money entrusted to you of the Lord; suppose that you know a soul which needs your warning or your counsel, and you fail to speak it; suppose that you know a preferred Saviour and refuse to trust to him for salvation;—can you say that no sentence of condemnation can fairly come upon you? It is a terrible responsibility, this of not doing our utmost for Christ's sake; of risking thus the fearful sentence at the judgment—"Depart from me, ye cursed . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not!"—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

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A PHILADELPHIA WOMAN.

How She Made a Large Fortune on a Clever Invention.

The story of one Portland girl deserves to be recounted. This is Miss Helen Blanchard, now a resident of Philadelphia, who was specially gifted, and who succeeded in a field commonly supposed to be open only to the masculine intellect. She is of an inventive mind, and with a passion for mechanical contrivance from her childhood. Naturally, she was foreordained to invent something, and she did it. The something, or rather the first thing she invented was an attachment for sewing machines to sew "over-and-over" stitches. The story that was told of her runs to the effect that one day, while at work at a sewing-machine she got out of patience with the way it worked, and in a passion kicked it over, with the remark that she could make a better machine than that herself. Straightway, continued the vivacious chronicler, she proceeded to invent the "over-and-over" attachment.

In point of fact, the account thus given is largely a myth. Miss Blanchard did not and does not kick sewing machines, but she did very decorously and properly, after long and careful study, invent the "over-and-over" attachment, and obtained a patent on it. This laid the foundation for a large fortune, which it is pleasant to be able to say she now enjoys. She owns large estates, a manufactory and many patent rights. Her fortune, royalties and income, without venturing statements accurate enough to be impertinent, may be described in the fluent language of the dime novelist or sensational reporter as "beyond the wildest dreams of avarice." She earned it all herself. She had no assistance from any one, and hired money at twenty-five per cent. to pay her first Patent Office fees.—*Boston Globe.*

Mama, Mamie and Sarah.

There was, in the next stateroom to one which the Listener not long since occupied, a family of three—mother and two daughters—who had sharp, clear voices, that could occasionally be heard through the board partition. And in the silent but unsteady watches of the night, at frequent intervals there came an inquiry like this:

"Mother! You sick?"

"No, Mamie."

"You sick, Sarah?"

"No, Mamie. How do you feel yourself?"

"I guess I'm all right now!"

Silence for a little while; and then the exclamation:

"Mamie!"

"What, mother?"

"You sick?"

"No, mother."

"You sick, Sarah?"

"Not yet, mother."

Then a duo from the two daughters:

"How do you feel, mother?"

"Well, I feel awful queer. I'm afraid I'm going to be sick."

And so the night went on, and it was a relief at last when the mother had worked herself up into a paroxysm of seasickness, and Sarah had followed suit, and Mamie had joined in the demonstration.—*Boston Transcript.*

Inconsistencies of Female Exposure.

Miss E. would quicker expose her entire bosom in the drawing-room than show her leg above the instep; she has an education which makes the one proper, the other improper. But at the seaside by day she reverses the order of display and gives the people the sight of a shapely ankle and leg to the knee where she displays the surf, while she sedulously shrouds all the top of the neck. To criticise Miss E. as a young woman lacking in proper refinement, would be unjust, for she is scrupulous to the last degree in her regard for what is proper in her own world. * * * The efforts of the true moralist must be directed toward the development of an inborn sense of right and honesty, of virtue and morality, rather than toward the mere dimensions of dress, toward shortening here and lengthening there in the interests of modesty.—*Annie Jenness Miller.*

Somewhat Mixed, This.

A small boy of my acquaintance is rather slow in committing prayers to memory, and requires a good deal of prompting. This night he began his regular prayer in his regular way:

"Now—I—lay—me—" and here he stuck fast.

"Down"—said the mother, prompting. Whereupon Johnny set off again with great alacrity and fluency—

"Down came a blackbird and nipped off her nose!"

Hoc fabula docet that the preference of the present generation for secular over sacred literature begins at an early age.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Capricious Appetite.

Irregular, unsteady, and hard to satisfy is not a blessing. Anybody who "knows how to keep a hotel" can tell you that the people who are the hardest people to provide for. With digestive apparatus demoralized by dyspepsia, these people hardly know what they want, and are often unsatisfactorily nourished even with the daintiest dishes that can be set before them. A hearty and generous eater is easier to provide for, and will be more apt to find his own advantage and for the credit of those who feed him.

Dyspepsia and indigestion are domestic horrors which all may rejoice to be rid of. It is a glorious thing to be well and "ready to eat pretty fair quantities of good food." "I could not eat with any comfort," is the record of many a dyspeptic before taking Compound Oxygen. There is no more important effect a treatment by means of this great revitalizer, "I have a hearty appetite, and now enjoy my food." Worth trying. Write to Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for pamphlet about dyspepsia, also interesting treatise on Compound Oxygen. Sent free.

His Daughter's Message.

"All the money you ever handled couldn't buy that little piece of paper." With that he handed me a manifold soiled scrap on which I was at first unable to decipher a word. At length I deciphered in rude, disjointed letters the two words, "Dear Papa." He said: "My little girl wrote that. She died. I discovered it in the playhouse of his little daughter who died only a few days ago. Some time when in the midst of her play, her little heart had turned toward him, and she had scrawled these two words—and then, having borne testimony of her love, threw the paper away.—*Augusta, Ga., News.*

Gums rosy and red
Teeth white and pearly.
When arising from bed
You should cleanse thus early.
Morning, noon and night
Pure SOZODONT the teeth makes bright.

DR. TALMAGE ON HUMAN STARS.

Our Influence on Our Neighbors—The Coming of Christ's Second Kingdom on Earth.

BROOKLYN, April 23.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached this morning at the Tabernacle on the subject: "The Star Wormwood, or Brilliant Bitterness." After Dr. Talmage had expounded the sarcasm of Elijah at the offering of the Baalites he spoke as follows:

Revelations viii., 10-11: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon a third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and all the other commentators agree in saying that the Star Wormwood of my text was Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my subject this hour calls us to gaze at the Star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man referred to in my text, Attila, the king of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators or the merciful or the good, but Attila called himself and demanded that others call him the scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 troops mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and put into three classes. The first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood, 300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer; and, a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried: "It is the aid of God;" and all the people took up the cry: "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia and his army had given up the siege, the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army inspired with the same occurrence resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conqueror in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him not with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried at night and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The grave diggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being a scourge of God he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliancy and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions to be devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are about the misanthrophic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yes, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence over others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the state, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature, that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question: Is your life to others a benediction or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood?

Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospelization which will yet flood the mountains and valleys of our sin cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope.

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people, and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience with you when you were young and slapped when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at times and is suppressed by them till they can hold it no longer and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high water the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill dam, but afterward makes a wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices, or one step from the still foot. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas! that there are so many homes not known to the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits and whacked and cuffed and ear-pulled and senselessly called to order and answered sharp and suppressed until it is a wonder that under such pressure they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs. What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence?

I will suppose that you are a star of wit. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough and have enough to cry about. God bless all skillful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits can not reach. They have for examples Elijah, who made fun of the Baalites when they called down fire and it did not come, suggesting that their heathen god had gone hunting, or was off on a journey, or was asleep and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying: "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking or pursuing, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Christ, who with healthful sarcasm showed up the lying, hypocritical Pharisees, by suggesting that such perfect people like themselves needed no improvements, saying: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of mettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at other's misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of artemisia absinthium into a draught already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quick it can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this, and I will suppose you are a star of worldly prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher styles of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful iconoclasm of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stocking a thousand bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right. Can you tell me how much good a James Lennox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of concentrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he can not help himself. Suppose that because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he was nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila, and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood and you have embittered one-third, if not three-thirds, of the waters that roll past your employes and operatives and dependents and associates, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them. The clumsy pall bearers may make the gates of your sepulcher quake by striking your silver handled coffin against them, but the world will feel no jar as you go out of it.

There is an erroneous idea abroad that there are only a few geniuses. There are millions of them; that is, men and women who have especial adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great, it may be small. The circle may be like the circumference of the earth or no larger than a thimble. There are thousands of geniuses here this morning, and in some one thing you are a star. What kind of a star are you? You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic, or social, or political fountains, or are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the tree of life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch? Dear Lord, send us all out on thy mission. All around us embittered lives, embittered by persecutions, embittered by hypercriticism, embittered by poverty, embittered by pain, embittered by injustice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smile, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by gospelized behavior? Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitter. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens life. It sweetens mysterious Providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death. It sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company: "If you could have three wishes gratified what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met this morning I tell you what they would be: First—More of the grace of God. Second—More of the grace of God. Third—More of the grace of God. In the door yard of my Brother John, missionary in Amoy, China, there is a tree called the emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor tree be planted by a rose bush it grows a little higher than the bush, and spreads out above it a crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives; are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over you its crown; are you high in position and talent, putting over you its crown. Oh, for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the wormwood?

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood.

Tyre—the atmosphere of the desert fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emeralds and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the question. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles, her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Carnac and Luxor; the stupendous temples of her pride. Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrine and her avenues roared with the wheels of procession in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the visions of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced the sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the lair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchers and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks and dodging among the sarcophagi and leaning against the columns and stooping under the arches, and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by, as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes, was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon—with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride Amyitas, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon, those hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tip top a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold, or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" What battering ram smote the walls? What plowshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illuminated the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove, and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon, and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves saying, "Babylon was proud. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots in other lands God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies charmed from other lands a race of hardy men who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's ax forests fell and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the banks of lakes begin to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail car and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of eastern coal. Furs from the north pass on the rivers fruits from the south. And trading in the same market is Maine lumbermen and South Carolina rice merchant and Ohio farmer and Alaska fur dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon 60,000,000 of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished, and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood and like them we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall put on millennial era, and that when Christ comes again he will set his throne somewhere between the Alleghanies and the Sierra Nevadas. But be not deceived. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn a saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought nor mildew nor scourge of locust and grasshopper, if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitals will fall more disastrously than when Sampson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crime. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down all the despotisms of earth, from the top of bloody thrones, began to shout: "Aha! so we would have it," while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

HE HAD EIGHT WIVES,

And the Evidence Shows that he Tried to Get Two More.

CARTHAGE, Ill., April 21.—John S. Delano, of La Harpe, whose arrest on charges of bigamy was noted yesterday, is a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars. He married Matilda Poole, of Norwich, Ohio, and deserted her in 1845. He then married Mary Avery, a widow, at Auburn, Iowa. She died leaving four children.

Delano married Hannah Courose, at Boscobel, Wis., during the civil war, and she died a few months afterward. His next victim was Ellen Battles, of Clairmont, Iowa, whom he deserted in 1867. He married Elizabeth Frits, at Boscobel, and deserted her. He then married Mary Holmes, residence unknown, and she met the same fate. On February 14, 1871, he married Mrs. Mary Fields at Iron Hill, Iowa.

They moved to Clinton and there it was thought Delano was murdered by a man named Lyman Kellogg. He was assaulted by such a person but was not killed. Delano fled to La Harpe in this county in 1871 or 1872, and has since farmed there. Delano married his eighth wife, Mrs. Sarah Atwater, at Fountain Green, in this county in February, 1884.

His seventh wife, Mrs. Mary Fields, of Clinton, attempted to get a pension for Delano's service in the Mexican war, believing him to be dead. Delano had applied for a pension, and Mrs. Fields, finding out that he was alive, came on from Clinton last Wednesday and had Delano arrested for bigamy. It is said that Delano has made two attempts to marry since his marriage to Mrs. Atwater.

OFF FOR RABBITT MOUNTAIN.

Great Wealth Dug Up in the Mines North of Lake Superior.

CHICAGO, April 21.—Capt. William P. Spaulding of Sault Ste Marie, is in the city. He has just returned from the mining country north of Lake Superior. To a reporter he said that the finds of precious metals made in the interior recently have been so numerous and rich that there will probably be a rush of people into the country as soon as the season opens. "I would be afraid to tell you the value of some of the pieces of silver that I have seen taken out," said he, "because you would hardly believe me.

"The silver is found almost pure. Much of the ore aveages $2,800 a ton, and occasionally the precious metal is found in a mass almost pure."

The mines are about 150 miles from the lake. The most recent strike was the Wilde mine at Rabbit mountain. The product of this mine has so far exceeded the most sanguine expectations. Captain Spaulding is very enthusiastic over the new discoveries.

PERROT'S FORT.

Built in 1685, and Its Identity Lost, It is Now Discovered.

LACROSSE, Wis., April 20.—Quite a sensation has been created by the agreement of twenty or more distinguished scholars from historical societies of Wisconsin and the Minnesota state normal school of Winona and the University at Madison that the missing fort on the chart of Perrot, the French explorer, had been discovered near the village of Trempleau.

Singular mounds and inscriptions were also found. This fort, the ruins of which were recently discovered by surveyors, was built in 1685 by Perrot and his followers. Excavations will be made and a complete history written, making a most valuable contribution to the history of the state and of great interest to archaeologists.

Egyptian Cotton Shows Well.

ALEXANDRIA, April 20.—The Egyptian cotton plants are in a very advanced and healthy condition owing to an unusually hot March. In lower Egypt 15 per cent., and in upper Egypt 60 per cent. more land is under cotton cultivation than in 1887. Large districts have been sown with mitafi seed, which yields 60 per cent. more than the ashmouni. With a fairly good season a very large crop is expected.

That Tired Feeling is very common in the Spring. Appetite, Strength and Ambition seem Lost. Impure Blood Headache and Dizziness Prevail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Overcomes That Tired Feeling, Cures Headache, Builds up the System, Purifies the Blood, Makes the Weak Strong. 100 Doses One Dollar.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lampas—Sore Shoulders.

H. F. P., Sterling, Nebraska: For the lampas in your mules, first give a cathartic, namely, powdered aloes, 2½ drachms; bicarbonate of soda, one ounce. This amount to each mule as a drench in warm water. After the physic has operated give bran mashes once a day, every other day, for two weeks. Take a knife with a very sharp point and touch the gums a little with it. Do not cut deep. A slight touch along the gums is all that should be done. Some recommend burning the gums, but this barbarous, and should not be thought of. The mules should have ten day's rest. Do not feed highly for two weeks, especially of corn. For sore shoulders, examine the collar carefully and see that it is properly adjusted. A bad-fitting collar is a fruitful source of soreness. If the soreness has only advanced as far as ulcerating pimples. Mix an ounce of sulphur in the feed each morning, wash the part affected with salt water and keep the collar soft. This will cure simple sores, but when the skin assumes a hard, leathery appearance in the center with an inflamed ring around it a sharp knife must be used to dissect out the hard piece. This will freshen it so that it will heal by proper treatment. Wash the sore with soap and water, wipe with a sponge or soft cloth and apply this: Carbolic acid, 1 drahm; unsalted lard, 3 ounces. Apply morning and evening, washing before applying with soap and water. The water should be tepid.

Discharge From the Nose.

R. H. L., Chenango county, N. J.: For the fetid discharge from your horse's nose, give this twice daily for a week: Sulphate of copper, one drachm; iodine, one drachm. Once a day fill a pail with boiling hot water. Take a bag open at both ends. Pass one end over the pail and the other over the animal's nose. Let him inhale the steam. It may be necessary after a week or two to repeat the above. Give gentle exercise. Groom well, and keep the animal out of direct draughts of air.

Bermuda Grass.

F. D. Hahnenkratt, Florence, Colorado: Bermuda grass was introduced into this country from Bermuda in the early part of the present century, and is considered a valuable grass in the South for stock. It is familiarly known as wire grass. It has no seed, and is propagated entirely by layers, each joint being a layer, and taking root rapidly. It is deemed a great pest by some planters, as when it gets a hold it is hard to extirpate. Some of the bottom lands in Georgia have been rendered almost entirely useless for cultivation by it. It will not grow on sandy land but does well on stiff, tenacious clay soils. It luxuriates on clay hills. It is placed by some analysts as in the first rank of pasturage grasses, as it has 14 per cent. of albuminoids. On common uplands it rarely grows tall enough for cutting, but on rich bottom lands it luxuriates, yielding as high as four to five tons per acre. It loses 50 per cent. of weight in drying. Will some reader of the BLADE FARM in the South please tell Mr. Hahnenkratt where he can procure layers of Bermuda grass?

Has Fits From Fright.

M. L. G., Dixon, Mo.: We fear there is no permanent cure for your mare that has fits. See that the collar fits properly, and give this: Sulphate of zinc half a drachm; linseed meal one ounce. Make into a ball and give twice a day for a week. Dot not allow her to get very fat. Feed bran mashes frequently. Give no corn.

Manure Accumulation—Corn In Dry Weather.

If farmers will not let manure accumulate around the stables during the winter, they will find less time to spend in town, and they will be ready for spring when it's ready for them. Always haul the manure from the stable to the field and never pile it up to heat and waste by rain washing the richness out of it.

Messrs. Rakestraw and Young are right in the cultivation of corn during dry weather, but I feel like differing from the latter as to the cultivation of corn after it has tasseled out. Corn should be thoroughly cultivated when small with a slanting toothed harrow, and after it is too large for the harrow, then take the cultivator and by constant working until harvest. It can be kept clean of weeds by that time. It planted in good season it will be large enough to shade the gound sufficiently to keep all weeds from growing. If it were not so we in this Western country would raise but little corn, as we have from 50 to 200 acres of small grain to harvest, and from 20 to 100 tons of hay to put in every year to carry our stock through the long winters. So cultivating corn in harvest is out of order out here to say the least.—CORN RAISER, Kansas.

Condition Powder for Hogs.

C. P. E., Willis, Kansas: Mr. Harris in his work on the pig, gives this as a condition powder for hogs, especially when corn or peas is fed: Twenty pounds finely sifted coal ashes; four pounds common salt; one pound superphosphate of lime. Put in a trough where the hogs may lick at it at will. A good condition powder is: For each hog, given twice a week for two weeks, then omitting for a week and giving for two weeks more, this: A full teaspoonful each of powdered charcoal, sulphur and salt. Give in soft feed. This destroys acidity and keeps the system regulated. Hogs are too frequently overfed. They should be fed at regular intervals, and the sty kept clean. It is a mistake to suppose that a hog will thrive well in filth. Pure water is essential to successful hog raising. Double the quantity of food is frequently required to fatten an animal when it is given irregularly and in large quantities.

Destroying the Willow.

Mrs. J. B. Phillips, Perley, Wis., wishes the gentleman who wanted to know how to destroy willows to write to her. We desire to say to the lady that two or three of the kind readers of the BLADE FARM have already answered the question. The BLADE FARM family are assisting each other as well as the editor, in making the farm department of the BLADE very useful.

Chest Founder—Barbed Wire Cut.

Durant, Homesville, Nebraska: Chest founder is only another name for laminitis. It is not in the chest, as many suppose, but in the feet. There is no permanent cure for it. It may be alleviated by poultices, foot baths or clay puddles and rubbing around the coronet with fly blister once every six or eight weeks. As to your mare that was cut by barbed wire, the wound healing over and becoming callused, the only way to make it heal properly will be to open it up, swab out the sore with burnt alum. After the wound is freshened up, take of lard two ozs; beeswax, 2 ozs.; rosin 1 oz.; carbolic acid, ½ oz. Mix and melt the first three; then add the carbolic acid, stirring until cool. Apply this to the injured part. If the hair follicles are not dead, after healing has taken place, the following will make the hair grow: Strong mercurial ointment ½ oz.; castor oil, 1 oz.; oil of origanum, ½ oz.; vaseline, 1 oz. Rub all down together in a mortar that has been well warmed. This is a gentle stimulant, and is very beneficial when the hair bulbs have been weakened.

Swelled Bags—Lumps on Mouth.

J. Z., West Liberty, Iowa: For the swelled bags and coagulated milk in your cows, give each one a drench of half a pound salts in a quart of warm water in which a cupful of molasses is stirred. Afterwards give an ounce of saltpetre to each in their drinking water once a day for a week. Rub the udders gently with powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladonna, two ounces; lard, two ounces. Mix well. For your horse, in the side of whose mouth a stone formed by saliva was found, we advise you to carefully examine his teeth. It is evident that there is something wrong either with the jaw or teeth. Make the examination thorough. Horses get tooth-ache the same as human beings, and at times the trouble shows itself in swellings, which fester and break. If the tooth approximate to the swelling is injured, a renewal of the running of saliva and bursting and running of pus from the lump is likely to occur again. If the lump, now healed, has not become callused, iodine ointment well rubbed on will reduce it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Stirring of the Soil.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing so much said on deep and frequent stirring of the soil, I could not keep from telling my experience. I have lived on sandy loam, clay loam and prairie soil. I have a small barshear plow. The first plowing I turn the furrows away from the corn or other crop. In a day or two I turn the ground back and up as close to the plants as possible without covering them. The next plowing I use a double or single shovel plow, and go a little further from the plants, also a little deeper, each plowing getting a little further off and deeper, the last plowing going just as deep and near the middle of the row as I can. The result has been that I have taken more premiums at our county fair for the last two years than any other two farmers, on corn and vegetables. As for land drying out, I find the more it is worked the more moisture there is in it. If you plow clay ground before it becomes hard and baked, you can raise corn or anything on it without rain. In 1886 I raised sweet corn that had three big ears to the stalk, and there was no rain from the time it was planted till harvest, being the dryest year I ever saw.—DAVID F. REID, Vancouver, Washington Territory.

Tomato Worms.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some reader of the BLADE tell me how to get rid of large green tomato worms. My vines have been completely ruined for two years although we picked the worms off most every day.—A. A. ENSLOW, Keewanee, Ill. [We shall be pleased to hear from members of the BLADE FARM on questions relating to the destruction of worms, beetles, slugs, caterpillars, etc.—ED.]

Potatoes on Top of Ground.

EDITOR BLADE FARM.—In reply to "Old Subscriber," Bangor, Maine, in BLADE FARM April 12, will say that the finest potatoes I ever saw were grown by simply covering with old hay or straw to the depth of about three or four inches and no after cultivation or work till digging time. Plow your ground and lay off or mark your rows shallow. Drop your seed and cover with straw, old hay or half rotted barnyard manure, and there will be few or no weeds that will come up through the mulching, and your potatoes will be large, clean and according to my experience most productive.—J. P. C., Seneca, Kansas.

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I noticed a request of "Old Subscriber" in April 12 of the BLADE FARM, as to raising potatoes under straw. I have had some experience in that line, and as I take great interest in the farm myself, I will tell him my mode of culture. If the ground is very mellow no plow is necessary. Plant one foot apart each way, about two inches deep; cover with straw from the stack or horse stable, so that after it has settled it will be one foot deep. They will get ripe in the same number of weeks as when planted in the ground. They should not be allowed to lay after ripe, as they are always wet and will rot. In dry seasons they are preferable as in wet seasons, on wet ground, you may take off your hat and say good-bye to the potatoes when done planting. I had as large a yield under straw as in hills and with far less labor.—EXPERIENCE, NOM DE PLUME.

Care of Breeding Sows.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will try and give some practical advice on caring for sows before farrowing, and choosing sows to breed. In choosing sows to breed, care should be taken to have them growthy enough, but not to much so. Aim to select those that measure as much or more around the heart and flank girth than they do in length, from ears to tail. Never bred those that are longer than their girth measure. If you do you will have hogs with their backs swagged all out of shape and hams and shoulders that amount to very little. Short legs are preferable to long ones, and have them stand well up on their toes. Select those with broad backs and hips, tolerably broad between the eyes, short nose and a good crest or poll, coming well up between the ears. Such is near my ideal of a good brood sow.

In coupling I should choose a male hog that was somewhat blocky, tolerably short, deep body and short legs.

Having bred them, care should be taken in feeding and sheltering them. I should not let more than two sleep together, and about a month before farrowing separate them into shed rooms, near 8x8, with 16 foot runaway. This gives them plenty of exercise. Make your sheds facing south, with drop doors. Bank the ends and north side with straw, and make as warm as possible.

In feeding aim to give them such food as will keep their bowels tolerably loose, and in good, thrifty condition. Corn may be given once a day, oats once, and slop once for the first 12 weeks. The last month they should be given slops altogether three times a day. Make the slops of wheat bran and middlings, half and half, mixing oil meal with it in the proportion of one part oil meal to five parts bran and middlings. Mix it it thin enough so they can drink it readily.

With such a course of treatment there is no sow but what will do well, provided they are handled carefully and not abused in any way.

A good feed of fine coal once a week will be beneficial, and salt occasionally will help to keep up their system. At another time I will try and write something about the care of young pigs and sows after farrowing.—YOUNG FARMER. [We shall be pleased to hear from Young Farmer again on the question of the care of young pigs and sows, as every farmer is interested in them. Weakness in young pigs is a complaint that is frequently heard.—ED.]

How to Dehorn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to tell the many farmers asking me how to dehorn cattle, as I cannot find time to answer one-fourth the letters I have received since my letter was published in the BLADE of March 29.

Hoping my brother farmers will accept an answer through the BLADE, I will endeavor to make it plain and answer all of them at once. The best time to dehorn cattle taking everything in consideration, is in cold weather, when there is no danger of flies getting into the sore while it is healing over.

First—You must have stanchions to fasten the cattle in; they must be five feet six inches high (to work safe for the cattle) below the cross piece on top of the stanchions and braced solid.

Next, the saw; I use a narrow blade meat saw, the narrowest I can get. Put the cattle in the stanchions, get in front of cattle with a common leather halter, put the halter on cow with the head stall behind the ears, so it will be out of the way of sawing. Now run the strap or rope (rope is best), up under and over the top of cross piece at top of stanchion about fourteen inches to one side of cow's neck, so you can pull her head up and around close to the stanchion and hold her solid. Get her head up as high as possible, so that if she throws herself she will fall on her hips, and there is no danger of her hurting herself.

Pull her head to right and take off left horn, then to the left and take off right horn, and turn lose as soon as possible. Saw close to the head. Do not be afraid of a little blood. They will not bleed so bad to cut close as they will if stubs are left. Saw off horns so there is from one-fourth to one inch of hair on horn. After it is off they will not bleed but a few minutes after they are turned loose, and some will not bleed a teaspoonful, while others bleed freely for a short time.

With all my dehorning I never had one to bleed enough to hurt it, and never put anything on head to stop blood or make it heal over. Nature will heal it over in a short time and hair will grow over if cut close enough. Do not be afraid of getting too close, for you are over an inch and a half from the brain when you have a half inch of hair on horn.

As to age, it makes no difference. I have dehorned cattle from 6 months to 16 years old, and cannot see any difference; only bear in mind the younger the cattle the closer you want to saw if you do not want stubs, because the young cattle's horns will grow if you do not get the root of the horn off. Now if this finds room in your columns and some of the readers try it I would be pleased to have them report success, and will say in conclusion, that if one man tries a small bunch of cattle he will never winter another herd with horns on.—S. E. COOSWELL, Castleton, Kas.

Planting Various Crops.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Seeing an inquiry in the BLADE FARM from Capt. Clyde, Minneapolis, Minn., in regard to planting various crops, so as to give them the benefit, if any, in the changes of the moon, I will say that I always plant, as near as I can, just before the full of the moon for all crops that grow above ground and in the dark of the moon for all crops that grow in the ground. I have seen it tried, and am satisfied that the moon has an effect on crops.—J. C. WARD, Wichita county, Kans.

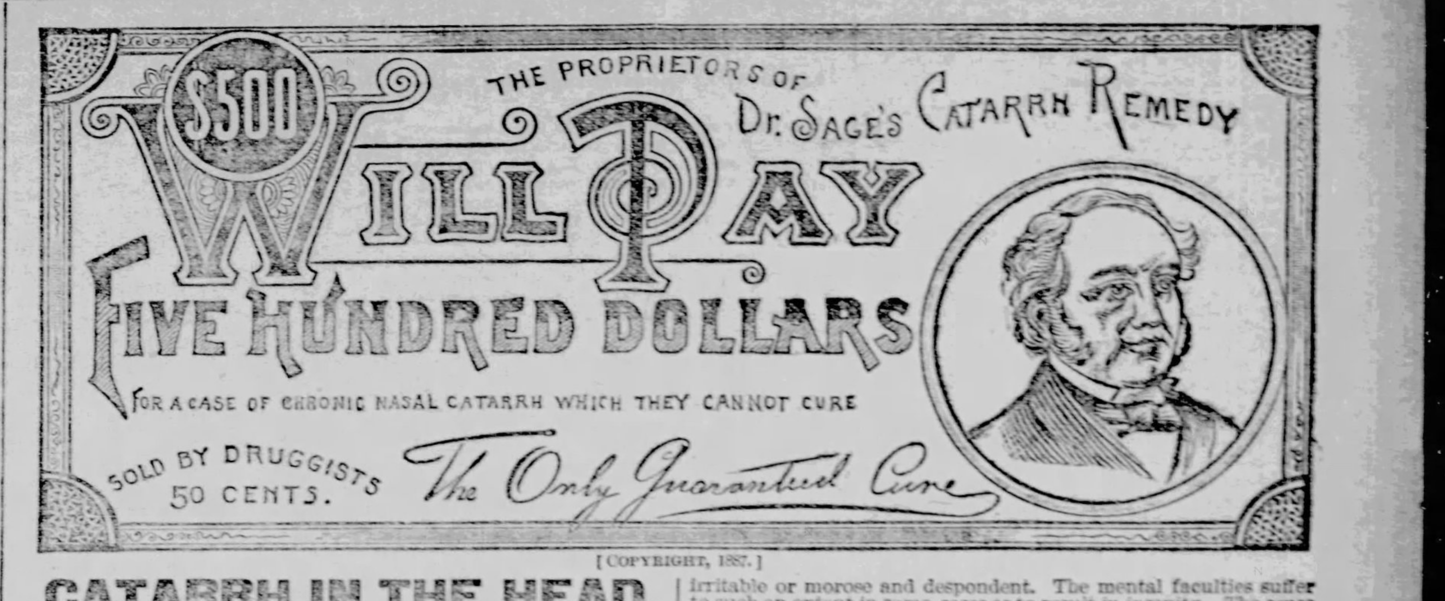
Lymphagnitis.

B. L., Wright county, Mo.: For your horse that has lingering evidences of lymphagnitis, first give a dose of 2½ drs. of aloes and powdered ginger 1 dr. Make into a ball with as much soft soap as is needed. After this operates, take of sulphate of iron, 2 drs.; cream of tartar, ½ oz.; flower of sulphur, ½ oz. Make this into a ball, or give as a drench, once a day for a week. Feed no corn for at least two weeks.

INDIANA OUTLAWS.

The White Caps Continue Their Reign of Terrorism.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., April 19.—The Crawford County "White Caps" were on the war path last night. James Seebers, Robert Bloomfield and Mrs. Nancy Wilson had incurred their displeasure. Last night 50 of them rode up to Mrs. Wilson's house, where Bloomfield and Seebers were spending the night. Both men and the woman were seized, taken to the woods, stripped and tied to trees. The men were given 125 lashes each. The men fainted several times, but water was thrown on them and they were resuscitated, to be again lashed. At the end of 25 lashes the woman was apparently in a dead faint, and spared further torture. When the victims were untied they fell to the ground and were left there. The "White Caps" rode away to the residences of other disreputables to notify them to leave the country or take the consequences. Several people who have been warned have fled to Kentucky.



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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

EXCITING CAUSES. In consequence of repeated attacks of acute catarrh, or "cold in the head," as it is usually termed, the mucous membranes of the nose and the air-passages of the head become permanently thickened, the mucous follicles or glands diseased, and their functions either destroyed or very much deranged. Although chronic catarrh is most commonly brought on in the manner above stated, it sometimes makes its appearance as a sequel of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, or other eruptive fevers, or shows itself as a local manifestation of scrofulous or other taints in the system.

HOW IT BEGINS. In the early stages of the disease, the patient may be annoyed by "only a slight dropping into the throat," as many express it, the amount of the discharge from the air-passages of the head at this stage of the disease being only slightly in excess of health. In some cases the discharge is thick, ropy, and tough, requiring frequent and strong efforts in the way of blowing and spitting, to remove it from the throat, in which it frequently lodges. In other cases, or in other stages of the same case, the discharge is thin, watery, acrid, irritating, and profuse. The nose may be "stopped up" from the swollen and thickened condition of the lining mucous membrane, so as to necessitate respiration through the mouth, giving to the voice a disagreeable "nasal twang." From the nature of the obstruction in this condition, it is useless for the sufferer to endeavor to clear the passage by blowing the nose; this only tends to render a bad matter worse, by increasing the irritation and swelling of the already thickened lining membrane. The swelling of the mucous membrane does not in all cases become so great as to cause obstruction to respiration through the affected passages. In some cases, the patient suffers from headache the greater portion of the time, or experiences a dull, heavy, disagreeable fullness or pressure in the head, with a confusion of his ideas, which render him quite unfit for business, especially such as requires deep thought and mental labor. Memory may be more or less affected, and the disposition of those who are otherwise amiable is often rendered irritable or morose and despondent. The mental faculties suffer to such an extent in some cases as to result in insanity. The sense of smell is in many cases impaired, and sometimes entirely lost, and the senses of taste and of hearing are not unfrequently more or less affected.

OZÆNA; OR, ULCERATED CATARRH. The ulcerous or more aggravated stage of the disease, from the offensive odor that frequently attends it, is denominated Ozæna. The secretion which is thrown out in the more advanced stages of chronic catarrh becomes so acrid, unhealthy, and poisonous, that it produces severe irritation and inflammation, which are followed by excoriation and ulceration of the delicate membrane which lines the air-passages in the head. Although commencing in this membrane, the ulceration is not confined to it, but gradually extends in depth, until it frequently involves all the component structures of the nose—cartilage and bone, as well as fibrous tissues. As the ulceration extends up among the small bones, the discharge generally becomes profuse and often excessively fetid, requires the frequent use of the handkerchief, and renders the poor sufferer disagreeable to both himself and those with whom he associates. Thick, tough brownish incrustations, or hardened lumps, are many times formed in the head, by the evaporation of the watery portion of the discharges. These lumps are sometimes so large and tough that it is with great difficulty that they can be removed. They are usually discharged every second, fourth, or fifth day, but only to be succeeded by another crop.

DECAYED BONES. Portions of cartilage and bone, or even entire bones, often die, slough away, and are discharged, either in large flakes, or blackened, half-decayed, and crumbly pieces; or, as is much more commonly the case, in the form of numerous minute particles, that escape with the discharge and are unobserved. It is painfully unpleasant to witness the ravages of this terrible disease, and observe the extent to which it sometimes progresses. Holes are eaten through the roof of the mouth, and great cavities excavated into the solid bones of the face: in such cases only the best and most thorough treatment will check the progress and fatal termination of the disease.

IT LEADS TO DANGEROUS DISEASES.

Catarrh, and ozæna, are liable to be complicated, not only by the system, blood, and fluids, suffering from scrofulous or other taints, as has already been pointed out, but also by an extension of the diseased condition to other parts beyond the air-passages of the head.

THROAT DISEASE. The acrid, irritating, and poisonous discharge, which runs down over the delicate lining membrane of the pharynx (throat), produces in this sensitive locality a diseased condition similar to that existing in the air-passages of the head. The back of the throat may be pale, or of a dark-red color. In the advanced stages, its surface will be studded with very small ulcers, which, as seen through the mouth, look like small pimples or "canker sores," for which they are often mistaken. The patient may at times experience a tickling sensation in the throat, with perhaps a slight cough. The voice is often more or less affected, and the tonsils often become enlarged.

EXTENDS TO LARYNX. The acrid, poisonous discharge which drops into the throat from the head is, by the act of inspiration, drawn into the larynx, or still lower down into the trachea (wind-pipe). In this way the disease creeps along the air-passages, the acrid, poisonous discharge arousing in its track the same irritation, inflammation, thickening, and ulceration, of the lining membrane, which characterize the disease in other portions of the air-passages. When affecting the larynx, the case is usually attended with more or less cough, which is sometimes very severe; at other times, only a slight hacking. Tenderness in the affected regions, hoarseness, and loss or partial suppression of voice, are common to this stage of the disease.

BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION. We have already detailed the manner in which the throat, larynx, and trachea, in succession, become affected from catarrh, or ozæna. By the same process of extension, the bronchial tubes, and lastly the perenchyma, or substance of the lungs, in their turn, become diseased, and bronchitis and consumption are firmly established. Tightness in the chest, with difficulty of breathing; soreness; darting, sharp, or dull, heavy pains, or a prickly, distressing sensation, accompanied with more or less cough and expectoration,—are evidence that the bronchial tubes have become affected, and they should admonish the sufferer that he is now standing on the stepping-stone to CONSUMPTION, over which thousands annually tread, in their slow yet sure journey to the grave.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS. By means of a small canal, called the eustachian tube, an air-passage and communication between the throat and the organs of hearing is formed. The inflammatory process follows along the mucous membrane lining this passage, thickening its structure, until the eustachian tube is closed. While the thickening of the mucous membrane is going on, and the passage is gradually becoming closed (and this process sometimes extends through several years), the patient will occasionally, while blowing the nose, experience a crackling noise in one or both ears, and hearing becomes dull, but returns suddenly, accompanied with a snapping sound, until, finally, hearing does not return, but remains permanently injured. In other cases the hearing is lost so gradually that a considerable degree of deafness may exist before the person is really aware of the fact. Either condition is often accompanied with noises in the head, of every conceivable description, increasing the distress of the sufferer. The drum of the ear becomes ulcerated and perforated, and an offensive discharge is kept up by the internal ulceration.

DYSPEPSIA. A large portion of the acrid, poisonous, purulent discharge, which drops into the throat during sleep, is swallowed. This disturbs the functions of the stomach, causing weakness of that organ, and producing indigestion, dyspepsia, nausea, and loss of appetite. Many sufferers complain of a very distressing "gnawing sensation" in the stomach, or an "all gone" or "faint feeling," as they often express it.

SIGNS OF THE DISEASE.

All the symptoms given below, as well as others which have been previously stated and which it is not necessary here to repeat, are common to this disease in some of its stages or complications; yet thousands of cases annually terminate in consumption or chronic bronchitis, and end in the grave, without ever having manifested one-half of the symptoms here enumerated.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH. Dull, heavy headache through the temples and above the eyes; indisposition to exercise; difficulty of thinking or reasoning, or concentrating the mind upon any subject; lassitude; indifference respecting business, lack of ambition or energy; obstruction of nasal passages; discharges voluntarily falling into the throat, profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious, mucous, purulent, mucopurulent, bloody, concrete blood and pus, putrid, offensive, etc. In others, a dryness of the nasal passages; dry, watery, weak, or inflamed eyes, ringing in the ears, deafness, discharge from the ears, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, death and decay of bones, expectoration of putrid matter, spiculæ of bones, scabs from ulcers leaving surface raw, constant desire to clear the nose and throat, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impairment or total deprivation of the sense of smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, loss of appetite, nausea, indigestion, dyspepsia, enlarged tonsils, raw throat, tickling cough, difficulty in speaking plainly, general debility, idiocy, and insanity.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES. Any thing which debilitates the system, or diminishes its powers of evolving animal heat and withstanding cold or sudden changes of atmospheric temperature, and other disease-producing agencies, renders the individual thus enfeebled very liable to catarrh. Among the most common debilitating agencies are a scrofulous condition of the system, or other impurities of the blood, exhaustive fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, or these badly treated; exhaustive and unnatural discharges, intemperance, excessive study, self-abuse, adversity, grief, want of sleep, syphilitic taints of the system, which may have been contracted unknowingly, or may have been inherited, having perhaps been handed down, even unto the third or fourth generation, to an innocent posterity from infected progenitors; too sudden rest after great and fatiguing exercise, and living in poorly ventilated apartments. These are among the most fruitful causes of those feeble, deranged, or impure conditions of the system to which catarrh so frequently owes its origin. Although the immediate or exciting cause is generally repeated attacks of "cold in the head," which, being neglected or improperly treated, "go on from bad to worse," yet the predisposing or real cause of the disease is, in the majority of cases, an enfeebled, impure, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, which invites the disease, and needs only the irritation produced in the nasal passages by an attack of cold, to kindle the flame and establish the loathsome malady.

CONSTITUTIONAL IN CHARACTER. Some sufferers from catarrh are convinced with difficulty that there exists in their system a weakness, impurity, or derangement of any kind, which permitted the disease to fasten itself upon them. They may not feel any great weakness, may not have any pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, or ulcers, upon their whole person; in fact, nothing about them that would, except to the skilled eye of the practical and experienced physician, indicate that their systems are weakened or deranged with bad humors; and yet such a fault may, and generally does, exist. As an ulcer upon the leg, or a "fever-sore," or an eruption upon the skin, may be the only outward sign of a fault in the system, so, frequently chronic catarrh is the only sign by which a bad condition of the system manifests itself in a manner that is perceptible to the sufferer himself, or to the non-professional observer. The finely-skilled physician, whose constant practice makes his perceptive faculties perfect in this direction, would detect the constitutional fault, as an experienced banker detects a finely-executed and dangerous banknote which the unpracticed eye would pronounce genuine.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT,—Guaranteed Cure.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our chief aim must be directed to *the removal of that cause*. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

LOCAL AGENT. As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. Its ingredients are simple and harmless, yet when scientifically and skillfully combined, in just the right proportions, they form a most wonderful and valuable healing medicine. Like gunpowder, which is formed of a combination of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, the ingredients are simple, but the product of their combination is wonderful in its effects. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease. The reader's mind cannot be too strongly impressed with the importance of combining thorough constitutional with the local treatment of this disease. Not only will the cure be thus more surely, speedily, and permanently, effected, but you thereby guard against other forms of disease breaking out, as the result of humors in the blood or constitutional derangements or weaknesses.

CHIEF RELIANCE. In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and syphilitic taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is permanent. The system is so purified, regulated, and strengthened, as to be strongly fortified against the encroachments of catarrh and other diseases. The effects of the Golden Medical Discovery upon the system will be gradual, and the alterative changes of tissue and function generally somewhat slow. They are not, however, less complete, radical, and lasting; and this constitutes its great merit. Under its influence all the secretions are aroused to carry the blood-poisons out of the system, the nutrition is promoted, and the patient finds himself gradually improving in flesh; his strength is built up, his lingering ailments dwindle away, and by and by, he finds his whole person has been entirely renovated and repaired, and he feels like a new man—a perfect being.

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Price of Discovery $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00. Price of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete pamphlet Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute,
No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets
The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
SIZE OF PELLETS.
PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!
As a LIVER PILL, they are Unequaled!
SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE!
Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. ONE PELLET A DOSE.

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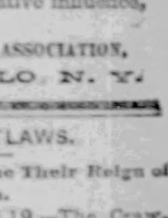
in their composition, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a gentle laxative, alterative, or active purgative, these little Pellets, give the most perfect satisfaction.



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Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. 25 cents a vial; by druggists.

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MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT should always be kept in HOUSE, STABLE and Factory.

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MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for MAN and BEAST. Greatest Curative discovery ever made.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures PILES, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS—all INFLAMMATION.

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MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Stiff Joints.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT cures all ailments of HORSES, MULES and CATTLE. Rub in !

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, used vigorously is death to Swinney, Wind Galls, Sore Backs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT rubbed in saves many a valuable Horse and Mule's limbs.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, Penetrates Muscles to the Very Bone! Wonderful! Try it!

WINTER WHEAT CROP.

The Northwest Generally Falls Below the Average and Shows a Heavy Shortage—Kentucky and Missouri Have No Reason to Complain.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 20.—The prime winter wheat crop report in the *Northwestern Miller* says: The developments of the last fourteen days, and particularly the last seven, have put a large per centage of the winter wheat in a condition where there is no longer any doubt. April has been favorable—sunshine and plenty of moisture, but both have failed to give the favorable change that was hoped for. Information of a reliable character at this stage of the month puts the shortage in the Winter wheat belt at from 18,000,000 to 36,000,000, as compared with the preceding crop.

The most favorable reports still continue from Kansas, but correspondents recently report a decrease in acreage as compared with former seasons. The winter-wheat belt has moved westward in Kansas, and the chances for a favorable season are by no means as favorable as when the great bulk of the wheat was grown in the eastern portion of the state. The outlook in some portions of Missouri, particularly in the Missouri river valley, was never better; in other parts the outlook is just the the reverse. Correspondents in Texas seem highly encouraged, not only with the outlook for wheat, but the general crop prospects. Ample moisture would carry the wheat to harvest.

The last fourteen days in Tennessee and Kentucky have been unusually favorable, but we at the North have lacked the sunshine, and the wheat have been recovering a good deal of lost ground. Illinois now promises to give the poorest yield per acre of any state in the winter-wheat belt, and while other states have held their own, there has been a continued depreciation in the general situation there since the first of April. In Indiana it is not quite as bad. From one-half to three-fourths of the acreage is in good condition, and promises an average crop. The remainder ranges from fair to very poor. Take the state of Ohio as a whole, and particularly the southern portion of it, the showing at present is poor and discouraging, as with good rains there has been no corresponding general improvement.

In Ontario, so far, wheat is all right. There have been a few trying days and cold, bleak winds, and the wheat looks brown, but its actual condition will not be known until growing weather puts in an appearance. The stock of wheat in dealers' hands in Ontario are almost nothing. Millers are unable to get winter wheat to keep mills going, and report a better demand for flour. Washington territory has a fair prospect, but the ground is not as wet as usual. We can do without rain until June. There is no surplus on hand from last year's crop.

FREEING THE SLAVES.

A Readable Letter From Rio Janeiro—Seventy Thousand Emancipated—Killing the Indians.

NEW YORK, April 18.—A Rio Janeiro letter to the *Herald* says: The new ministry have already made public through a semi-official organ, that the principal and more immediate objects in their programme will be the abolition of slavery this year and measures for the improvement of the finances and currency of the country.

These declarations have given almost unmixed satisfaction, and the Liberal leaders have hastened to assure the government of their support in regard to both objects.

The wholesale emancipatory movement which was initiated last December in the province of San Paulo has already produced the freedom of 70,000 of its 208,000 slaves. At last the province of Rio Janeiro is affected, and the liberation movement has been commenced in the municipalities of San Fidelis, Campos and Macahe. In Fidelis, chiefly devoted to coffee raising, 2,000 slaves, 400 belonging to one family, were liberated by their owners at the end of last week.

In Compos, a great sugar producing county of the province, 3,000 were set free within ten days. In Macae, 3,000 have already been emancipated. The Araruama family, owners of great plantations, and of the splendid central sugar factory of Quissman, inaugurated the movement by giving immediate freedom to over 1,000 slaves, and engaging to pay fair wages to all their freedmen who choose to remain on their plantations.

The province of Rio de Janeiro, which has hitherto been the stronghold of resistence to abolition, has thus begun to give way, and there is no doubt that example of San Fidelis, Campos and Macahe will soon be followed in other counties.

Petropolis has fixed April 1 for the extinction of slavery within its limits, and in the metropolis of the empire the city fathers have determined on signalizing the return of the Emperor to Rio on June 20 next, with the liberation of all the remaining slaves in the city, now reduced to about 3,500 in number.

Accounts have been received from the southwestern frontier of San Paullo of alleged poisoning of Indians in mass. According to the statements forwarded thence to a San Paullo paper a certain Joaquim Bueno, who has 70 armed men under his command, recently assaulted a large Indian village, and while the frightened Indians were absent poisoned with strychnine not only all the food and drink abandoned by the fugitives, but also the wells and springs. According to Bueno's own declaration he found, when he returned a few days later, 3,000 corpses of Indians in the village. He also boasted that in another village he had poisoned 800 Indians, and that he was about to treat similarly another in which 5,000 Indians resided.

LOUISIANA ELECTION.

The Democrats Kept the Rifles in Sight, and Thus Caused a Republican Defeat—Nicholls Elected.

NEW ORLEANS, April 18.—At the young men's Democratic headquarters it is charged that Major Andrew Hero, the Republican campaign manager, did not keep his party pledge to support the citizens' ticket. He is held responsible for the scarcity of Republican tickets with citizen candidates on them at many of the polling places. Hero favored putting a full Republican city ticket in the field. Warmoth, the Republican candidate for governor, polled a good vote in the heavy negro wards.

At the Continental Guards Armory the Young Men's Democratic association had a detail of 150 men armed with repeating rifles ready to be called into service if any emergency should arise. The election was generally very quiet, as far as known throughout the state. In this city there was a shooting scrape in the Second ward, in which one man named Byrnes was slightly wounded. There were several shots fired at the polling place in the Fourth ward, but nobody was hurt.

The indications are that Nicholls is elected governor by a majority of 20,000. Specials to the *Times-Democrat* give the following Democratic majorities in the parishes named, and estimated from partial returns: Concord, 2,560; East Feliciana, 2,000; Bunville, 2,000; Vermilion, 800; Iberia, 600; Ouachita, 3,000 (very few votes were cast for Warmoth); Madison 1,500; Caddoe, 3,000.

NEW ORLEANS, April 18.—8 P. M.—As reported last night, Nicholls and the rest of the Democratic state ticket were elected by from 20,000 to 50,000 majority. The count in the city is progressing slowly.

CATTLE DECISION.

Sheep Owners Not Required to Drive Around the Intervening Sections.

SALT LAKE, Utah, April 18.—Judge Zane, in the Third district court, has rendered a decision of great importance to the sheep and cattle men of the west. The Promontory cattle company a few years ago purchased a large tract of railroad land in Box Elder county. The railway lands are the even numbered sections, the alternate sections still belonging to the public domain.

Through this purchase they became the owners of railroad lands or tracts of country stretching forty miles north and south and thirty-six miles east and west.

The government lands which are included in this area foot up 350,000 acres. John S. Houtz and a score of other defendants who own large flocks of sheep, claimed that they had the right to the use of the public lands for grazing purposes and also to pass over the company's lands to get there.

The sheep nipped the herbage on the company's lands in crossing, and as the company could not fence except in single sections, for that would inclose government lands, an application was made to the court asking that the sheepmen be kept off the tract altogether.

Judge Zane refused to grant the injunction. He said if the injunction was issued it would secure to the plaintiff the right not only to its own land, but also the exclusive right to the use of the government lands. It would further impart a great hardship on all persons driving this class of stock from one section to another in compelling them to go around some forty miles.

Matthew Arnold's Funeral.

LONDON, April 19.—The funeral of Matthew Arnold took place to-day at Lalehan, near Staines, his birth place. The Dean of Westminster and Canon Farrar officiated. Judge Coleridge, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, and many other prominent men were present.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

SHERMAN IN THE SENATE.

An Interesting Speech Brought Out by the Dakota Bill.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—In the course of his speech in the Senate on the Dakota bill, Mr. Sherman showed by the vote in the Senate that the electoral commission bill was not a Republican but a Democratic measure. Seventy-six Democrats had voted for it and only 21 Republicans, while the votes against it were 14 Republicans (including himself) and one Democrat (Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut.) Democrats were therefore precluded from assailing the bill as a partisan measure. He declared his full conviction that Mr. Hayes had been fairly and legally elected, and that if by some hocus pocus Mr. Tilden had been inaugurated he would have been illegally elected.

He explained the incongruity of Packard not getting the governorship of Louisiana by showing all that was subject to local laws and decisions, and declared his conviction that Packard had been illegally deprived of his office.

Senator Sherman, in continuing his defense of the Hayes election and a general arraignment of the authorities of Southern states for intimidating negro voters, took up in order the assertions which have been made by Southern senators in the debate, turning his attention to Senators Vest, Eustis, Butler and others. Mr. Sherman was listened to with profound attention and spoke in the most earnest way in denunciation of what he termed the great conspiracy to suppress the negro vote of the Southern states.

The Work in the Two Houses of Congress.

HOUSE.

On motion of Mr. McRae, of Arkansas, Senate bill was passed authorizing the Kansas City, Texarkana & Gulf railroad company to construct bridges over the Red and Little rivers in Arkansas.

On motion of Mr. Anderson, of Illinois, Senate bill was passed extending the system of beacon lights to Illinois river.

On motion of Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, Senate amendments to the military academy bill were concurred in.

The House then resumed the consideration of the Indian appropriation bill, the yending question being on the motion of Mr Randall, (Pa.) to strike out the Choctaw judgment section. Motion lost and the bill was passed.

Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, from the committee on military, reported his bill placing Gen. W. F. (Baldy) Smith on the retired list with the rank of major general. Private calendar.

A motion to proceed to consideration of private business was defeated by the managers of the various appropriation bills, and on motion of Mr. Blanchard, of Louisiana, chairman of committee on Rivers and Harbors, the House went into committee of the whole on such measures.

The first bill on the calendar was the pension appropriation bill and Mr. Blanchard shewed a disposition to object to its consideration in the interests of the river and harbor bill, but in view of the statement by Mr. Foran, of Ohio, that it could be disposed of in an hour, he withdrew all objection and the pension bill was taken up.

SENATE.

Senator Hoar offered a resolution to provide for an official reporter during the debate on the fisheries question. His report to be given to the press.

The bill passed the Senate on Thursday to admit the southern half of Dakota as a state.

HOUSE.

On Saturday, in the House, immediately after reading of the journal, a contest for consideration arose between the special order—the homestead bill—and the river and harbor bill. An attempt was made to arrive at an amicable arrangement whereby the consideration of them special order should be postponed until may, but Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, fearing that the tariff bill might be interfered with, interposed an objection. Finally the House refused—yeas 85, nays 126—to consider the special order, and the House went into committee of the whole (Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee in the chair), on the River and Harbor bill.

THE SENATE.

The session of the Senate to-day was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr H Pereira Mendez, Rabbi of the Spanish and Portugese congregation of New York who, according to the Jewish custom, wore his hat while engaged in prayer. This is the second instance probably, in the history of the government—certainly within the last half century—when a Jew has offered prayer in the Senate.

Among the bills reported from the committees and placed on the calendar was the following: To provide for the erection of public buildings for postoffices in towns and cities where the postoffice receipts for three years preceding have exceeded $3,000 annually.

Mr. Vest, who reported it, said he would ask its early consideration, as it was a very important bill and was recommended by the postmaster general.

Mr. Hale offered a resolution (which was adopted) directing the Civil Service commissioners to furnish lists of all persons certified for appointment to the patent office from the 4th of March, 1885, to March, 1888, and lists of all persons selected and appointed under such certification.

On motion of Mr. Harris the House bill appropriating $200,000 for an arsenal at Columbia, Tenn., was taken from the calendar and passed.

The Senate then resumed consideration of the international copyright bill, the question being on the amendment offered yesterday by Mr. Morrill, providing that newspapers and periodicals may copy articles from foreign newspapers and periodicals.

The international copyright bill was, after an interesting discussion, laid aside without action, and the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill for the establishment of a bureau of Animal Industry.

WINTER GRAIN.

The Report of the Statistician of the Agricultural Department.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The report of the Statistician of the department of Agriculture upon the condition of winter grain for April says: "The degree of protection afforded by a covering of snow differs much in different localities. In the more northern latitudes winter wheat is not much grown, and there is very little of spring or winter in New England or Northern New York. West of Lake Michigan wheat is mostly of the spring variety; but Michigan, lying between large bodies of water and sheltered by timber, is an exception, growing winter wheat almost exclusively and quite successfully.

In the wheat area of Western New York and in Pennsylvania partial covering by snow is expected, and usually enjoyed partially or continuously. Even here the month of March is liable to discover bare areas and to exhibit frequent alternations of snow, sleet, thaw and other climatic conditions of snow unfavorable to the health and well-being of the wheat plant. The reported dates of seeding in Michigan were from August 1 to November 1. The average of the present condition in the States is only eighty-two, and Michigan falls below the average, being only seventy-six.

IN MEMORY OF GRANT.

A Big Time Expected at the Banquet in Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, April 24.—The banquet of the Americus club to be held at the Monongahela House next Friday evening, in honor of the birthday of Gen. U. S. Grant, will undoubtedly be the most successful dinner, as far as the assembling of distinguished men of the Republican party is concerned, ever held in this city.

The guests who have so far accepted the invitations and who will be in the city on Friday morning, are Senator John Sherman, of Ohio; Senator J. D. Cameron and Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania; ex-Senator Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana; Col. Fred D. Grant, Hon. Richard Smith, J. P. Foster, president of the Republican league of the United States, and Andrew B. Humphrey, secretary of the league, both of Mew York; Governor James Beaver, Lieutenant Governor W. T. Davies, secretary of the Commonwealth, Hon. C. W. Stone, Hon. John Dalzell, Adjutant D. H. Hastings, General Martin Beem, of Chicago, and Hon. John C. New, of Indianapolis. Among the letters of regret is one from the late Hon. Roscoe Conkling.

THE WORKMEN WON.

After a Lockout of More Than a Year the Granite Cutters Win.

BOSTON, Mass., April 21.—After a bitter struggle of more than a year's duration the lockout of the granite cutters has been declared at an end, the manufacturers having agreed to pay the same bill of prices they were paying previous to the lockout.

The granite manufacturers wished to have the members of the Boston branch of the granite cutters national union accept a 10 per cent. reduction and an increase in the length of the days work. These demands, the members of the union refused to accede to, the result being the lock-out.

CONKLING IS DEAD.

The Great Man Passed to the Beyond Early This Morning.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Roscoe Conkling died at 1:50 o'clock this morning. Putting his strength to test through the blizzard of March 10 was the cause of his fatal illness. He continued to work, and at last, on March 30, had to succumb. April 3 he called Dr. Agnew, and on April 9 Dr. Sands, after a consultation, determined on performing one of the most delicate operations known to surgical science. His nephews, Judge Alfred C. Cox and Alderman Conkling, his brother, Col. Fred A. Conkling, and Mrs. Oakum, were sorrowful observers of the passing away of the great Senator. The strong frame that in his delirium required the stoutest porters of the Hoffman to hold him even while wasted by disease, now lay lifeless in the hands of the Great Destroyer.

Mrs. Conkling and Mrs. Oakum were kneeling at the bedside of Mr. Conkling when he died. Mrs Conkling had her hand clasped in his. Mrs. Conkling left the room when the face of the dead senator was covered and went into her room and fell exhausted on a lounge.

THE PALL BEARERS.

The pall bearers selected are: Judge Shipman, Abram S. Hewitt, S. L. M. Barlow, Clarence A. Seward, Manton Marble, Senator John C. Jones, Senator Don Cameron, Wm. J. Wallace, Walter S. Church, and Isaac H. Bailey.

SENATOR CONKLING'S FUNERAL.

Impressive Ceremonies in the Chapel in New York.

NEW YORK, April 20.—Funeral services were held this morning in Trinity Chapel over the remains of Roscoe Conkling. From early morning drooping, rain sodden flags, hanging at half-mast on the city hall, and numerous public buildings as well as private, reminded the citizens of the metropolis that New York was to bid farewell to-day to all that remained of the distinguished statesman and jurist whose presence here had been so welcome to the citizens.

The hour fixed for the funeral services was 10 o'clock. Long before that hour people began to gather in West Twenty-fourth street, and standing on the sidewalk opposite the house in which Mr. Conkling's body lay in its coffin, silently gazed at the windows of the room in which he died. A detail of police formed a line on either side of the stoop leading to the house and through the line there were permitted to pass only the relatives and friends of Mr. Conkling.

Shortly after 9 o'clock a plain hearse and eleven carriages drove up to the door, and from that time police stationed at either end of the block prevented business wagons and other vehicles from driving through. From the carriages descended the pall-bearers and friends of Mr Conkling's family, who entered the house and ascended to the room in which the body lay. The lid which closed the face of the dead statesman from view had been fastened in its place soon after the body was received in the casket and was not removed.

On the coffin rested a large bunch of white roses, lilies and immortells, whose fragrance scented the air in the death chamber. Below was a large green wreath knotted with purple ribbons.

At 9:45 o'clock the coffin was lifted from the stands on which it rested and was borne from the room to the waiting hearse, by the undertakers assistants. Walking on either side were the pall-bearers dressed in black, and with broad white scarfs draping their bodies from the shoulder to the waist.

They were Judge Shipman, Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, S. L. M. Barlow, Clarence A. Seward, Manton Marble, Senator John P. Jones, Senator J. Don Cameron, Judge William A. Wallace, Walter S. Church and Isaac H. Bailey. They entered the three carriages preceding the hearse and carriages and hearse slowly moved up the street, while eleven other carriages as slowly drew up one by one in front of the house.

In them entered Mrs. Conkling, supported by the arm of Col. Frederick A. Conkling, the brother of the deceased statesman, his daughter, Mrs. Oakman, and her husband, Walter, G. Oakman, his niece and nephew, Miss Laura Conkling and Alderman Conkling, his nephews, Judge Alfred Conkling Coxe and Mr. Howard Conkling; Col. Fred. D. Grant and his mother, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. Jesse Grant and Mrs U. S. Grant and their husbands, and a few other immediate friends.

Immediately after the last carriage door had closed on its occupants, the funeral procession, simple and unostentatious as that of the humblest citizen, began its short progress to the church on the adjoining block. Led by the carriages containing the pall-bearers, it passed to Trinity chapel on Twenty-fifth street, near Broadway.

One side of Twenty-fifth street was already lined with carriages that had conveyed to the church numerous friends of Mr. Conkling, who were already seated in the church awaiting the beginning of the funeral ceremonies.

Here, as in Twenty-fourth street, the sidewalks were crowded with people. The coffin was taken from the hearse, and borne into the church by the undertaker's assistants. It was followed by the pall bearers, and in their turn slowly walked the wife, the brother and other relatives and friends of the dead Senator.

Slowly the solemn procession walked through the center aisle of the chapel. The huge organ pealed out its soft notes and the choir boys chanted, "O Paradise! O Paradise!" Every seat in the chapel was filled and the aisles were crowded. On the the steps leading up to the altar magnificent floral offerings were laid. The casket with its simple black covering was placed on the bier in front of the altar, upon it were placed wreaths of immortelles and lilies, together with bunches of white and purple lilies.

Every one in the vast edifice remained standing till the chant of the choir boys was finished, and then bowed their heads in prayer with the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, who was the officiating clergyman. The services were simple and contrary to expectation. No sermon was preached. The entire assemblage rose after prayer and joined in singing "Rock of Ages."

This finished, the choir boys rose and walked slowly down through the aisle to the music of Felton's chant, followed by the undertaker's assistants, the pall bearers, and the mourners.

The friends followed, and the chants of the choir boys who returned through the side aisles grew fainter and fainter, until it seemed to die away into a soft whispering amen, and the services in New York over the great statesman were brought to a close.

The hearse, followed by the carriages bearing the mourning relatives, was driven direct to the Grand Central depot, where a special train was in waiting to convey the remains to Utica, where the final services will be held to-morrow.

IN UTICA.

The Remains of Senator Conkling Back to the Old Home.

UTICA, N. Y., April 21.—The day on which the citizens of Utica are bidding farewell to all that is mortal of Roscoe Conkling opened with clouds threatening rain. The draped city, notwithstanding the presence of many strangers, exhibited less than its usual stir, for business was to be suspended during the entire day in many establishments and in all commercial houses at least during the hours devoted to the funeral and viewing of the remains. The principal delegations from abroad arrived during the night, but the trains of the morning have brought throngs of official and unofficial friends from all parts of the nation.

The remains of Mr. Conkling lay in state from twelve o'clock. Before noon a very large number of the friends of the decersed had assembled in the vicinity of the house and during the following hour a continuous stream of people passed into the residence to take a last look at the features of the dead.

The floral tributes were very numerous anp of unusual magnificence. Conspicuous among them was a large wreath of calla lilies intertwined with blue immortelles, attached to which was a plain white card bearing the words, "The President."

The flowers are from the White House conservatories, and were sent in care of Postmaster Bailey to Mrs. Conkling by the President and Mrs. Cleveland.

Calvary church was filled to overflowing long before 2 o'clock, the hour named for the beginning of the services.

Upon the arrival of the procession it was met at the entrance of the church by the rector, Rev. A. B. Goodrich, D. D., in his robes. During the passage of the procession into the church the rector read the opening sentences of the beautiful and impressive burial service of the Episcopal church, commencing, "I am the resurrection and the life."

When all were seated the burial anthem, taken from the 30th and 90th psalms, was rendered responsively by the officiating clergyman, the choir singing alternate verses. After a brief but impressive service, the sad procession wended its way to the cemetery where the committal service of the church was held in the conservatory.

The pall bearers were: William H. Comstock, William H. Watson, Francis Kernan, Henry D. Pixley, Theo. Pomeroy, William Blaikie, Purtilus V. Rogers, E. Prentiss Bailey and Charles M. Dennison.

THE WOOL QUESTION.

Views of Boston Merchants on the Probable Effect of the Repeal of the Duties—Disaster is Sure.

BOSTON, April 21.—The wool question is discussed by several prominent manufacturers in the *Evening Record*. The president of the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers, William Whitman, said in answer to the inquiry: "What will be the immediate effect of the repeal of the duty on wool proposed in the Mills bill?" "It will operate first to reduce the price of our home wool materially, and to raise somewhat the market price of foreign wool. That this result will follow repeal will not be denied by frank spoken men in the wool business, and I have no doubt that buyers would be guided by this conviction in their purchases.

"If they were satisfied that this bill was soon to become law, large orders would be placed in the foreign market, to take advantage of the rise, and orders at home would be restricted to the absolutely immediate necessities of the trade. The fall at home, I am convinced, would be much greater than the corresponding rise abroad, and the two great movements would continue until a readjusted market level was reached. As our home product is only about one sixth of the total world product, it is inevitable that the falling off here should be greater than the appreciation abroad in the final adjustment of the price level."

"What effect would this falling off in price at home have upon the wool growing industry of the country.

"As to that," replied Mr. Whitman, "I speak upon the positive declaration and assurance of the chosen representatives of the wool growers and of individual growers in private advices. With the present cost of labor, breeding and raising, such a fall as would result from the repeal would be a prostrating blow to the industry. To what extent it might recover under the changed condition is a purely speculative and undetermined point."

"Would this disaster be limited to the wool growers alone?"

"Not at all. Such a change as is proposed would depreciate the value of existing stocks. The relative proportion of such stock to the annual production is far larger in the woolen industry than in the cotton, for example. Large advances have been made by commission houses to mills on the strength of such security in no small measure, for the ready money capital of the mills alone is not sufficient for the needs of this business. All such advances, I say, would be imperiled, as well as the investment of the mills, by such a sudden capsizing of the market, bringing depreciation, instability and uncertainty."

"What do you think of the economical propriety of maintaining protection for the wool growers?"

"I have never advocated protection for any industry which can't be appropriately carried on by the use of the natural resources of this country, with proper remuneration for the labor employed. Now, the fact that our wool-growing industry has reached its present proportions, and that we produce here more than one-sixth of the world's product, is solid, irrefutable evidence that it is desirable to maintain and foster such an industry on our soil. With such a product already at hand at home, it would be economically unwise, in my judgment, to depend upon foreign sources for supply when the future price and product abroad are beyond our foresight and calculation to measure. By competition here, the price of domestic wool has fallen, and the present low price is almost unexampled."

When Joseph Sawyer, of Sawyer, Burt & Manning, was asked what his views were in regard to the question of free wool, he replied: "There is no doubt that our American wool-growers would be unable to raise wool in competition with other countries where sheep-farming is cheaper. If the tariff was taken off wool there would, in my opinion, be a corresponding advance in the price of wool in other parts of the world, for there would be just so much less produced in this country. The foreign supply could be cornered. We have seen that done repeatedly. At one time we had some South American wool afloat, and between the time of its shipment and the time of its arrival in Boston it had doubled in value, owing to a corner in the market.

"The tariff on wool, by encouraging its growth in this country, secures a balance. Another effect of killing the wool-growing interests of this country would be to stop the production of a kind of wool that is not grown elsewhere, a stronger and better wool for many fabrics than any that can be got from abroad. A still more injurious effect would be the lowering of the grade of many foreign wools, for it is by importation for breeding purposes of high class sheep from Vermont and other states of the Union that the sheep farmers of Australia and South America are able to produce even as good wool as they do now."

A visit to the celebrated Harris Mills, at Woonsocket, R. I., brought out the fact that the price of wool has actually been reduced under the operations of the protective duty. It was remarked that Edward Harris, the founder of the enterprise, now dead, was wont to say in the early days that when Ohio wool got down to 50 cents a pound he would put into its purchase all the money he could raise and all he could get trusted for. To-day that wool can be bought for 31 cents a pound.

SOLID FOR HARRISON.

Indiana's Candidate Will Receive All the Votes From His State.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 20.—Pursuant to a call from the Republican State Central committe, Congressional district conventions were held throughout Indiana yesterday for the selection of delegates to the Chicago convention. Following is a list of the delegates selected: First district—John B. Bockrum, Booneville; Arthur P. Twineham, Princeton. Second—S. N. Chambers, Vincennes; Joseph Gardner, Bedford. Third—John Overmyer, North Vernon; W. N. N. McDonald, Seymour. Fourth—M. D. Tackett, Greensburg; W. H. Clark, Rising Sun. Fifth—John V. Hadley, Danville; W. L. Dunlap, Franklin. Sixth—W. A. Cullen, Rushville; John F. Wildman, Munice. Seventh—E. W. Halford, Indianapolis; R. A. Black, Greenfield. Eighth—J. D. Early, Terre Haute; Robert N. Nixen, Newport. Ninth—T. J. Kane, Noblesville; N. Throckmorton, Lafayette. Tenth—E. C. Field, Crown Point; A. K. Sill, Monticello. Eleventh—A. C. Bearss, Peru; Hezekiah Caldwell, Wabash. Twelfth—James S. Drake, Legrange; W. H. Knzely, Columbia City. Thirteenth—J. W. Crumbacker, Laporte; M. W. Simons, Plymouth.

In twelve districts the delegates were instructed to vote for Gen. Harrison for President and in the remaining districts the delegates personally pledged themselves to vote for his support.

The state convention to nominate four delegates-at-large will be held in this city on May 3.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., April 20.—The Republican convention of the First Congressional district of Indiana was held here. Instructions were given favorable to the nomination of Gen. Benj. Harrison for the Presidency. The Gresham men were beaten at every point after a vigorous contest.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 20.—In the Sixth Congressional district the Republicans renominated Gen. Tom Browne for Congress for the seventh time by acclamation.

The Fifth Congressional district (Democratic) nominated George W. Cooper for Congress in place of Col C. C. Matson. Matson is a candidate for the nomination of Governor by the Democrats.

GENEVA, Ill., April 20.—The Republicans of the Fifth district have renominated A. J. Hopkins for Congress.

THE BLAINE ENTHUSIASM.

A Belief that the Convention Will Stampede to the Maine State man.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 23.—The *Chronicle Telegraph* editorially claims to have information of a bold scheme to control the Republican Presidential nomination. The plan is to stampede the convention for Mr. Blaine with the expectation that if he does refuse the nomination his declination will not be received until after the adjournment of the convention. In this event the National committee will be called upon to name the man.

The committee, it is claimed, is controlled by those at the bottom of the scheme, men who were brought into political prominence by their association with Mr. Blaine in previous campaigns.

In fairness to the claims of other eminent Republicans who are not candidates, if Mr. Blaine will accept the nomination, that gentleman is urged to plainly reaffirm his position before the convention assembles.

By 65,000.

NEW ORLEANS, April 19.—Official returns and estimates give Nichols in this city 27,000 votes and Warmoth 12,000. Shakespear's majority overy Daxey for mayor is about 6,000. The bance of the young mens Democratic ticket is elected by 6,000 to 9,000 majority. The *Times-Democrat* estimated Nichols majority in the state at 65,000. As far as heard from Gov. Warmoth carried but two parishes with majorities as follows: East Baton Rouge 592 and Iberville 500.

Word comes to-day that Dr. I. W. Andrews so long president of the Marietta college and a prominent educator, is dying at his brothers' in Hartford, Conn., where he was taken sick with lung troubles some weeks ago.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FOUR PRINCES SENTENCED.

Russians of Royal Blood Sent to Siberia for Long Terms for Various Crimes.

LONDON, April 21.—An Odessa correspondent telegraphs as follows: "Two hundred and sixty convicts recently arrived here from the Kharkoff central prison for transportion to Saghalien by the volunteer fleet steamer, Nishni Novgorod. Among them I find Prince Nikolai Vichvanoff, sentenced to hard labor for life, for the murder of his sister; Prince Dimitri Assaliani, to six years, hard labor for highway robbery; two nobles, brothers, named Wardek and Alexei Gagorischvik, to twenty and fifteen years' hard labor, respectively, for highway robbery: and the celebrated Don Cossack Captain Andrei Kyriakoff, to eight years for arson and robbery. But the chief figure of this notorious group is the Persian Prince Gumaj un Mivza, sentenced to twenty years' hard labor for the murder of his elder brother. The motive for this fratricide was the inheritance of 5,000,000 roubles, which the murderer wished to obtain. There are also in the party twenty-three other murderers, whose sentences vary from three to twenty years' hard labor.

In some cases a limited number of strokes from the knot is added to the sentences, and will be inflicted on arrival in the penal settlement. Two prisoners, guilty of double and triple murders, are sentenced respectively to six and thirteen years. The son of an orthodox priest who murdered the rector of his seminary is sentenced to twenty years, while another convict escapes with three and one-half years for the murder of his step son. This record is appaling, but I am told that it would be interesting to have as a set-off a record of the number of proved cases of murderers who have been acquitted in the same district during the same term.

GERMANY'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Queen Victoria Arrives in Berlin and Visits the Sick Chamber.

BERLIN, April 24.—The *North German Gazette* referring to the visit of the Queen of England, says: "Her Majesty will be welcomed by the whole population of Germany, and above all by the inhabitants of Berlin, with the veneration and sympathy so justly due one who has for many years ruled a friendly state, and who is the mother of our Empress.

"All German hearts will thankfully accept as a token of the Queen's deep sympathy for the fate of our reigning house the fact that she comes to the sick bed of our beloved Emperor, and personally shares the deep affliction and great anxiety with which we are filled to-day. May she be enabled to bring comfort and hope, and when she departs from Germany to take with her the assurance that the sympathy she has displayed will always be kept in grateful remembrance here."

Queen Victoria arrived at Charlottenburg at 9 o'clock this morning.

The Empress, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen received her at the depot. Prince Henry and his sisters, the Princesses Victoria, Sophie and Margaret; Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador at Berlin; the Duke of Rutland and the Burgomaster and Municipal council of Berlin, were also present. The greetings between Queen Victoria and the royal family of Germany were warm.

The queen paid a visit to the emperor shortly after her arrival at the castle. The doctors feared that the meeting would excite the emperor, and probably upset him, but their fears were groundless. The emperor seemed rather brighter after the interview; his temperature was normal.

NO LESS THAN MURDER.

A Mother and Child Die for Want of Care Under the Prayer Cure.

BOSTON, MASS., April 23.—The town of Medford is excited over the death of Mrs. Lottie A. James and her new-born child, Friday morning. Mrs. Connor, the mother of Mrs. James, practices the cure of diseases by prayer or by the method of a Christian scientist.

The husband of the dead woman is away from home on business, and it appears that no midwife or physician, other than Mrs Connor, were called till both mother and child were dead.

Dr. J. L. Coffin, was then summoned, and after inquiring into the facts insisted having an autopsy. The town physician who assisted in the autopsy states that it showed that mother and child were perfectly healthy before their decease, and that with the care which should have been given by a common nurse, both would have been alive. Nothing whatever appears to have been done for the child. It is probable that Medical Examiner Durell will institute legal proceedings against Mrs. Connor.

CHUN SING IMMERS .

The First Mongolian to Unite With the Baptist Church in Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 23.—Chun Sing, a Chinaman, was received into membership in the Immanuel Baptist church last evening. The building was crowded with a fashionable congregation, and Rev. George C. Larimer had just preached a sermon specially prepared for the occasion. Taking him by the hand, Dr. Larimer said: "On confession of your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ I baptize you, Chun Sing, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

While saying the words the preacher bent down the form of the candidate until he was totally immersed in the water and as he came up the choir sang, "All hail the power of Jesus name," while the congregation dispersed.

Chung Sing is the first Chinaman who ever united with the Baptist denomination in Chicago. The Methodists number several Mongolians among their numbers, and three belongs to the Presbyterian church. Two years ago, Chun Sing joined the Wabash avenue Chinese Sunday school. There he was converted to Christianity and his baptism last night was the result.

ON THE TARIFF.

The Mayors of Cities Representing 2,000,000 Americans Favor Protection.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The New York *Press* publishes letters to-day from the mayors of 31 manufacturing cities on the tariff question.

Counting those whose opinions have been printed, 143 mayors, representing two million Americans, have expressed their notions of free trade and protection, 106 of whom favor the present policy of protection. They have solidly favored the continuance of the protective tariff.

Eighteen believe in a reduction of the tariff, one is a free-trader out and out and the rest agree with President Cleveland. These figures show where the American people stand on this question.

Mayor Amor Smith, of Cincinnati, says: "I am of the opinion that a policy looking toward free trade would very injuriously affect the manufacturing interests of this city. I think that a very large majority of the wage-earning classes, especially mechanics working in factories, are opposed to the abolition of the protective tariff system."

The mayor of Dayton, Ira W. Crawford, writes: "I believe that the adoption of a free trade policy would disastrously affect our industries, most of which are agricultural. The sentiment of the manufacturers themselves is to that effect. But very few of them favor such a policy. I think, too, that the majority of the wage-earners favor protection, yet many of them favor a reduction of our present system, and not a few the abolition of the tariff. But, take it all in all, we are in a community that demands protection."

CHICAGO FEELS EASIER.

A General Belief That no More Strikes of Importance Will Occur This Year.

CHICAGO, April 20.—"There will be no great strikes here this year," said a local labor leader to a reporter last evening. "There is no possibility," said he, "to renew the fight for eight hours. All those of the workmen and traders who want them can have them without any trouble. The building trades are working eight hours all over the city.

"The masons, the carpenters and even the hod-carriers are now eight hour men. Building this year will not be interfered with. The brewers strike could also have been avoided if the leaders of the Central Labor Union had been a little wiser.

"It was a lost game from the start, and the Central Labor Union will lose one of its most powersul and rich organizations. I hope the bankers will take this as a warning, and will remain at work."

A new labor organization has been formed recently in this city. It will hold its first meeting on the first Sunday in May and will be known as the Knights of Labor Trades Council. There are ten national district assemblies represented in this city, such as the clothing cutters, machinists, iron and steel workers, etc., and in order to make them work harmoniously it was found advisable to organize the council. The leaders claim that the council will be able to muster 30,000 men on the labor holiday September next, and that it will succeed in strength and influence the somewhat dilapidated trades assembly.

OHIO REPUBLICANS

Make a State Ticket, Elect Delegates to the National Convention, and Adopt a Ringing Platform.

DAYTON, April 19.—The Republican State convention was largely attended, and great enthusiasm was manifested throughout its harmonious sessions. The following platform was adopted:

The Republican party of Ohio, in convention assembled, reaffirming the platform of 1887, adopted at Toledo, presents the following additional declarations:

A FREE BALLOT AND FAIR COUNT.

First—Free and untrammeled suffrage lies at the foundation of the Republic, and its restoration by every constitutional means in states where it has been overthrown or impaired, and its maintenance everywhere is our settled and determined purpose. We denounce the Democratic party for its nullification of the war amendments to the constitution, whereby the Republicans of the South are practically denied a voice in the government of the nation, and the power of the Democrats of that section is unlawfully augmented.

We charge that the Democratic party is now in the enjoyment of power confessedly procured by the unlawful suppression of the franchise in the Southern states. We affirm that the acceptance of power thus secured, the apparent purpose of the party to continue the methods mentioned and its shameless defense of the criminals who, in the states of Maine, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, have sought to stifle the popular will by frauds and forgeries, justify us in charging that it has practically become in a national sense an organized conspiracy against free and fair elections.

In view of these facts and believing that to deprive the legally qualified voter of his franchise or to impair the public confidence in the fairness of the count, is to weaken and ultimately destroy free institutions. We call upon the patriotic citizens of Ohio to rebuke the party responsible for these crimes against suffrage, and we demand of Congress that in the exercise of its constitutional authority, it enact such laws as will insure freedom and fairness in the elections of representatives to Congress.

PROTECTION TO AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Second—We favor much economic legislation as will protect all American industries that can be profitably pursued by American citizens; we insist that our producers are entitled to the control of their own markets to the extent of their ability to supply them; we denounce all efforts to open those markets to competition with the cheap labor and abundant capital of foreign nations as hostile to the interests of labor and destructive to national and individual prosperity.

We regard the last annual message of the President, and the recent action of the majority of the Ways and Means committee of Congress as a direct and open assault upon these industries which will, if unresisted, result in introducing a policy of free trade that in the near future will paralyize or destroy our own industries, reduce the compensation for labor and impoverish the nation.

A JUST PENSION BILL.

Third—It is the duty of Congress to pass, and of the President to approve, a wise, just and more comprehensive pension bill, giving relief to disabled veteran soldiers and subsistence to the helpless widows and orphans of deceased soldiers, without regard to the time when disability was incurred, or to the cause of death.

FAVORS THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

Fourth—The people of Ohio unqualifiedly condemn the refusal of the Democratic majority of the house of representatives to permit the passage of the direct tax refunding bill, passed by the Republican senate, which was a proposition to repay to the loyal states without interest the money paid by them at the beginning of the war to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and to cancel the unpaid balance, principal and interest, due from the rebel states upon said taxes, and we denounce as treacherous and cowardly the surrender of the Northern Democrats in Congress to the small minority of the ex-Confederates and their allies, and the abandonment of the bill, which, if passed, would have contributed nearly a million and a half of dollars to the relief of the tax payers of Ohio.

ENDORSES FORAKER'S ADMINISTRATION.

Fifth—We commend and endorse the administration of Governor Foraker as wise, prudent, patriotic and economic.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Sixth—We endorse the legislation of the present General Assembly, and approve its action in redeeming the promises made in the Republican platform of 1887.

SHERMAN'S ENDORSEMENT.

Seventh—The Republicans of Ohio recognize the merits, services and abilities of the statesmen who have been mentioned for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and, loyal to any one who may be selected, present John Sherman to the country as eminently qualified and fitted for the duties of that exalted office, and the delegates to the Republican National convention this day selected are directed to use all honorable means within their power.

The following are the state officers put put in nomination:

Secretary of State—Dan J. Ryan.

Judge Supreme Court—Judge Joseph Bradbury.

Board of Public Works—Wells S. Jones.

The delegates at large to the Chicago convention are: Gov. J. B. Foraker, Hon. Ben Butterworth, ex-Governor Charles Foster and Hon. William McKinley.

THE FAITH CURE.

New York Comes to the Front With Alleged Practical Illustrations.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Five hundred people crowded into the Faith Cure Tabernacle at the foot of Chapel avenue, in Greenville, this afternoon. Sister Jackson, who founded the faith cure religion in Jersey City, seven years ago, had charge of the meeting in the chapel, and she repeated her experience of how she was cured by faith, and of the work she had been doing since her cure. She told of a sister in Jamestown, N. Y., who had been insane, and she prayed with her. A few days afterwards the sister went into an unoccupied house with a can of gunpowder and held it near her face while she touched a match to it, and it exploded, blowing the house to pieces, but leaving uninjured the woman who wanted to die. She prayed with the sister again, and her mind was returned to her, and since that time the woman had devoted herself to the work of making converts to the faith cure religion.

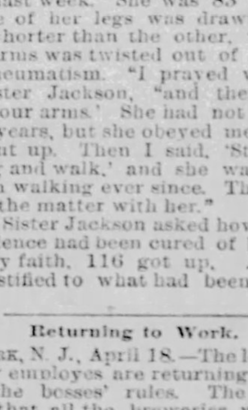
She told of another woman whom she visited last week. She was 83 years old, and one of her legs was drawn up two inches shorter than the other, while one of her arms was twisted out of shape, all from rheumatism. "I prayed with her," said Sister Jackson, "and then I said, 'Raise your arms.' She had not done that for ten years, but she obeyed me and the arm went up. Then I said, 'Stretch out your leg and walk,' and she walked, and has been walking ever since. There is not a thing the matter with her."

When Sister Jackson asked how many of the audience had been cured of bodily ailments by faith, 116 got up. Afterward they testified to what had been done for them.

Returning to Work.

NEWARK, N. J., April 18.—The locked-out brewery employes are returning to work under the bosses' rules. The prospect now is that all the breweries will be in operation to-morrow with a force consisting of about half the old hands and the balance new ones.

ROYAL



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CINCINNATI STRIKERS.

Anarchy the Cause of All the Trouble in the Porkopolis.

CINCINNATI, April 21.—"That the majority of strikes of any consequence in the past in this city were brought about and prolonged mainly through the influence of socialistic and anarchistic workmen, few experienced, unbiased workmen will deny."

This was the remark last evening of a prominent Knight of Labor and employe who has not changed bosses in eighteen years past.

"At least," he continued, "if that element does not show up prominently at the inception of the fight it will directly afterward come to the fore as just loaded down with the ammunition of the talkee-talkee order. As an illustration, take the shoemakers' recent strike and lockout difficulties. A close calculation would prove that Frank Moore made an average of three speeches of an hour and a half duration per day during the eight weeks that the trouble was on.

"I have no doubt but that was one of the happiest period's of Moore's existence. To harangue a crowd is his consuming desire, and there, day after day, were hall, audience, stage, and all necessary adjuncts, with only himself to do the spouting.

"My acquaintance with Moore dates back several years, and I well remember our first conversation of any length. About two years ago I happened to drop in at our Assembly headquarters on an evening other than that of the regular weekly meeting. Moore and one other man were present.

"On my joining them, in the comfortable little pute room, the conversation speedily turned into the groove in which clearly it had been smoothly gliding before my entrance. The very vigorous treatment rioting strikers at the Chicago pork packing establishments had received from Pinkerton's men was referred to.

"'That could not happen in Cincinnati,' said Moore.

"'Why not here?' I inquired.

"'Because,' said he, "if it were attempted the streets would be made crimson with blood, and it would not be solely with the blood of the strikers, either. Sixteen hundred workingmen, well drilled and organized, and armed with Winchester repeating rifles, are ready at short notice to take a hand in any such affair in this city.'

"This was in the light of startling news to me, but, not manifesting any great surprise or curiosity, I inquired if these 1,600 armed men were anarchists.

"'Well, yes; they are of that class.'

"'That man Armour would be made short work of here,' he continued.

"'What would be done with him?'

"'Well—well, he'd be put out of the way.'

"'You don't mean that he would be killed?'

"'He'd be done away with.'

"'Why?'

"'Because he has among his millions money that belongs to me and my neighbors, and our wives and our children, and our children's children.'

"When Moore had sufficiently declared himself to show his anarchistic hand, I determined to feign being favorably impressed with his argument, and thus to try and draw from him more concerning the mysterious body of riflemen.

"They are called the Independent Rifles, and they drill regularly, though secretly, at a number of small halls or rooms about the city, by companies. No single hall accessible to us would be large enough for the whole corps or battalion to practice in at once, and such a proceeding would also be apt to attract too much attention from the public.

"I asked who was the officers."

"'Well, we have no officers,' he continued, 'and the duties and dues are not at all trying or excessive. The applicant must sign the constitution and by-laws, which are simply a declaration of everlasting and unqualified enmity toward capital in all its forms. Then he must provide his own Winchester rifle.'

USED OLEOMARGARINE,

Failed to Put Up the Notice and Paid $50 Fine.

SPRINGFIELD, O., April 21.—Thomas Dugan and C. A. Bird, prominent hotel proprietors, have been fined $50 and costs each and sentenced to ten days in jail for using oleomargarine on their tables without posting notice in dining rooms.

FOTHERINGHAM WINS.

He Gets a Verdict of $20,000 From the Express Company.

ST. LOUIS, April 19.—The jury in the suit of David S. Fotherham vs. the Adams Express for damages for false imprisonment, were instructed to-day, and after being out three hours and a half, agreed on a verdict of $20,000 for the plaintiff.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, April 25, 1888.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	April 24.	April 17.
4½'s coupons	125⅛	124
4's registered	125⅛	124
Pacific 6's of '95	124½	120½

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—increase	$ 3,375,875
Loans—decrease	3,614,415
Specie—increase	2,002,800
Legal tenders—increase	1,445,000
Deposits—increase	487,700
Circulation—decrease	36,700

The banks now hold $14,246,300 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Noon.—Money easy at 2@3 per cent. Bar silver, 93.

The stock market was less active after 11 o'clock but a more general firm tone marked the dealings and all the list made advances. Lake Shore became the leader of the market, gaining ⅞ per cent., followed by New England and Oregon Trans. with a ¼ and ⅜ respectively, while Manhattan was exceptional with a gain of 1⅛ per cent. More animation was shown again late in the hour and at noon the market was very active and strong at the best prices of the morning.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: C. S., 51¾; D. & H., 109⅝; D. L. & W., 130⅜; Erie, 26⅜; H. V., —; J. C., 83; K. & T., 12¾; Lake Shore, 92½; L. & N. 57⅛; M. C., 80½; Mo. Pac., 76⅛; N. Y. C., 106¾; N. W., 109½; N. E., 39⅞; O. T., 24⅜; P. M., 34⅞; R. T., 25½; Reading, 62½; St. Paul, 72⅝; U. P., 56¼; Wabash, 13¾; W. U., 76¼; C., B. & Q., 119¾.

TRADE.

The general trade of the country was only fair for the season during the week just closed. In wheat there was much activity, and prices were higher. At the close they were easier. Collections have been fairly good.

THE MARKETS.

Markets Weak.

The markets to-day for wheat were active for deferred months, July showing more than usual activity. Prices were lower, closing steady. There is nothing new of importance in the situation. Cables steady. Exports light. May wheat was ⅝c lower than at the opening and 1c below the close at half-past one o'clock yesterday.

Corn sold fairly well, but the market was a little lower. Oats quiet, clover seed dull but steady.

Prices of May wheat at leading points to-day were:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	88	88	87⅜	87½
Chicago	81⅛	81⅛	80¾	80¾
New York	93½	93¾	93¼	93¼
St. Louis	85½	85¼	85	85½

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, cash wheat sold light. No. 2 soft Red, 88c, ¼c decline.

For future delivery trade was active, especially for July and August. Prices were lower and weak. No 2 May, 88c, and finally 87⅞c, 1c decline; June, 88⅞@88⅜c, ⅞c decline; July, 88c, and on last sales 87½c, 1c off; August, 87⅛@86⅞c, 1⅛c down.

Corn was taken to a fair extent. Prices lower. No. 2, 55¼c; No. 2 May, 55c, ½c off. Oats neglected. Clover seed dull, steady; cash and April, $4 00; October, $4 37½.

CLOSE—Wheat, cash, 88c; May, 87¾c bid. Corn—Cash, 55¼c; May, 55c. Oats—Cash, 34½c; May, 34½c. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 00; October, $4 37½.

The Produce Market.

The market has been a little dull during the week, on account of unseasonable weather. Prices are steady for most things. Butter, best, 25c; second quality, 20@22c. Eggs, 13c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 65c. Poultry—Chickens, 11@12c; turkeys, 13c. Beans, $2 75; potatoes, 90c; sweet potatoes, $5 00 per barrel; apples, $3 50 per barrel. Strawberries, 30@35c per quart. Oranges, Messinas, $4 25; Floridas, $4 50; lemons, $3 50. Cranberries, bushel crates, $3 75. Pineapples per dozen, $2 00; cabbage, new, per crate, $4 00; lettuce, per lb., 15c; radishes, 35c per dozen bunches. Cucumbers, per dozen, $1 00. Onions, new, 35c per dozen bunches. Hides weak; green, 5c; cured, 6c; calf, green, 6c; cured, 7½c. Tallow, rendered, 3¾@4c.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, April 24.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat, May, 81⅛c. Corn, 54¼@54¾c. Pork — May, $13 87½.

DETROIT, April 24.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 88¾c; No. 2 red, cash, 88½c; May, 88¾c; June, 89½c; July, 88¼. Corn—No. 2, 55½c asked. Oats—No. 2, 35c asked; No. 2 white 38c bid.

CINCINNATI, April 24.—Flour easier. Wheat dull and lower at 87½c. Corn easier at 56½c. Oats firm at 31@34½c. Rye steady at 72c. Pork dull at $14 50. Lard weak at $7 65. Bulk meats and bacon easier and unchanged. Whisky steady; sales 955 barrels on a basis of $1 09.

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Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

MILWAUKEE, April 24.—1 p. m.—Wheat firm; cash, 79c; May, 79c; June, 80⅜c. Corn quiet; No. 3, 53c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, 34c. Rye steady; No. 1, 63¼c. Barley quiet; No. 2, 72c.

CHICAGO, April 24.—1 p. m.—Wheat lower; cash, 81⅛c; May, 80⅞c; June, 82c. Corn easy; cash, 53⅜c; May, 54½c; June, 53⅞c. Oats easy; May, 31½c. Rye, May, 63c. Prime timothy, $2.58. Flax seed, $1.45. Whisky, $1 15. Pork lower; case and May, $13.82½; June, $13.92½. Lard steady; cash, $8; May, $8.05; June, $8.07½; steam rendered, $7 22½.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Wheat less active and ¼@½c lower; receipts, 1,650 bu. No. 2 red; May, 93½@94c; do June, 93⅛@93⅜c; do July, 92¾@93 3-16c; do September, 92¼@92⅞c; do December, 94 9-16@94 13-16c; May (1889), 99@99⅛c. Corn—⅛@½c lower and rather quiet; mixed western spot, 65@68c; futures, 59½@63c; receipts, 57,900 bu; sales, 296,000 bu. Oats dull and a shade easier; western, 38@45½c; receipts, 78,000 bu; sales, 35,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 00@7 50. Pork steady; new mess, $15 00@15 25; old mess, $14 50@14 75. Lard easier; steam rendered, $8 42. Butter steady on fine grades; western, 16@27c; state creamery, 25@27c; Pennsylvania and Elgin creamery, do 27c. Cheese dull at 1@12¼c; state factory old, 9½@12¾c; do new 5@11¾c; western flat, 11½@11¾c. Sugar quiet and steady; crushed, 8c; powdered 7@7⅛c; granulated, 6¾c. Molasses, steady; 50 test at 20½c. Coffee—Spot rio firm and quiet; fair rio, 14½c; options is 10@25 points higher. Sprits of turpentine is dull at 40c. Eggs—Western, 14@14½c.

Live Stock Market.

CINCINNATI, April 23.—Pork—$14.50. Lard—Stronger; $7.75. Bulk meats—In fair demand; short ribs, $7 62½. Bacon—Steady; short clear, $8 95. Whisky—Steady; sales, 1,175 bbls; finished goods on the basis of $1 00.

BUFFALO, April 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,811; dull and prices declined 15@25c from last Monday; common to fair, $3 75@4 25; good to choice shipping, $4 50@4 90; extra, $5 00, stockers and feeders, $2 75@3 75; veals, $3 50@4 50; Sheep—Receipts, 10,200; active and prices advanced 10@14c; wooled sheep, $5 50@7 15; shorn, $5@6; wooled lambs, $7@8 25; shorn, $6@7. Hogs—Receipts, 21,294; active and 5c higher; light pigs, $5@5 35; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 40@5 60; selected Yorkers, $5 65@5 75; selected medium weights, $5 85@5 90.

EAST LIBERTY, April 23.—Cattle sold 10 to 15b lower than last week's prices. No cattle shipped to New York. Hogs fair; Philadelphias, $5 80@5 90; mixed, $5 70@5 75; Yorkers, $5 55@5 65; common to fair, $5 2@5 50; pigs, $5@5 25; 10 cars hogs shipped to New York. Sheep—Excited; 35c higher than Saturday.

KANSAS CITY, April 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,022; shipments, 373; market stronger and 5@10c higher, especially for butchers' stuff; stockers and feeding steers, quiet but steady; good to choice corn fed, $4 25@4 60; common to medium, $3 25@4 15; stockers, $2 00@2 90; feeding steers, $3 00@3 60; cows, $1 00@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 5,300; shipments, 2,640; weak and 5c lower; good to choice, $5 30@5 40; common to medium, $4 70@5 20; skips and pigs, $2 20@4 50. Sheep — Receipts, 2,923; shipments none; strong for good to choice mutton at $4 25@4 75; common to medium $2@4.

Boston Wool Market.

The market is weak. Manufacturers are indifferent, and concessions in price don't always have the effect of inciting them to operate. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 30@37c; Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., 27@28c; Territory, 16@23½c; Texas and Southern, 14@18c; combing and delaine, 26@32½c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 19@26c; pulled wool and noils, 27@37c; scoured and tub washed, 32@50c; California spring and Oregon, 14@22c.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened at 85⅞c; highest, 86⅛c; lowest, 83¾c; closed at 84⅛c; puts, 82c; calls, 86⅛c.

To-day's market has been active but lower. The market opened fairly firm, advanced, but closed with an easy tone.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, April 23.—The Mark Lane Express in the weekly review of the British grain trade says: Farmers are too busy seeding to attend to thrashing. Supplies of native grains have materially slackened. The country markets during the week were firm; sometimes there was a further advance of 6d@1s. In London sellers held back for an improvement; occasionally 6d was paid. The sales of English wheat during the week were 49,853 qrs. at 30s 7d per qr., against 44,471 qrs. at 32s 6d during the corresponding week last year. Country oats, beans and peas were in small supply and in favor of sellers. Foreign wheat was quiet and steady. The unfavorable crop reports from the United States were too early to affect the spot trade, inasmuch as ample supplies are in sight for the immediate future. The Russian ports are mostly open with free sellers. The market, however, is sensitive. The receipts were small and the stocks very moderate. The off-coast market was liberally supplied; 25 cargoes arrived, seven were sold, five were withdrawn, five remain for orders and eleven are on sale, including five California cargoes. The oat trade was quiet; stocks are low, but there are large quantities in Baltic ports, awaiting shipment. To-day wheat was firmer; English and some foreign kinds were 6d higher. Flour was 3d dearer. Maize wrs scarce and dearer; sound was 26s. Malting barleys were steady; common grinding was easier. Common oats were 3d@6d lower.

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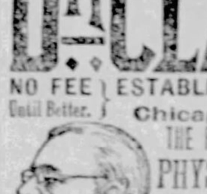

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